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BEATEN PATHS;

AND THOSE WHO TROD THEM.

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BY

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN,

AUTHOR OF 'HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,' 'TRAITS OF TRAVEL,' 'CIVILIZED AMERICA,' ETC.

'Hoo! Hoo! I am almost giddy with roving about. I could have read further yet, but am not well able to dive into profundities. I leave them to stronger wits.'—*Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE ENGLISH ABROAD 1

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS MOORE 42

CHAPTER III.

THOMAS CAMPBELL 91

CHAPTER IV.

A THREE DAYS' TOUR WITH COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH 107

CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM-OLD SCROPE DAVIES 146

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

EMINENT ACTORS.—TALMA, JOHN KEMBLE, EDMUND KEAN 171

CHAPTER VII.

DIPLOMACY, AND SOME OF ITS AGENTS 222

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS.—CHRISTOPHER HUGHES.—WILLIAM PITT PREBLE.—AUGUSTE DAVEZAC.—VIRGIL MAXCY, HUGH LEGARÉ, JAMES M. BAYARD 241

CHAPTER IX.

ITALIAN SKETCHES.—YOUNG ITALY.—MAZZINI . . 303

CHAPTER X.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE 356

BEATEN PATHS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

Few phrases are better formed to provoke a searching inquiry into cause and effect than the hackneyed one "at home and abroad." The scattered remarks of tourists and essayists on the state of English society on the Continent have been profusely illogical and contradictory; and, even when correct and to the point, the want of condensation makes them of little worth. But were some ingenious compiler to select the most salient passages bearing on the subject, a volume might be produced that would deeply wound the pride that Englishmen so proudly call national. And as the English abroad derive many of their peculiarities from their previous condition at home,

it is well cautiously to consider what manner of persons they are in that normal state.

Such a country as England forms a field of vast dimensions for the exercise of speculative philosophy. The benefit and abuses of power, the useful or baneful effects of wealth, the influence of rank, the results of industry, civilization in fact on a great scale of experiment, had never yet so many elements combined for a fair testing of its merits and its faults; and, be it added, for the establishment of a social system which, like the political constitution of the country, though not written down into a formal code, ought to present a whole of practical wisdom and virtue.

The original English character, whether creating or arising out of the institutions with which it is identified, and the fluctuations it has undergone for centuries, is foreign to my present subject. I take it as I find it in its actual living aspect; and I see that, with many advantages superior to those of other countries, the errors in the plan of social polity are more inimical than those elsewhere to the enjoyment which is the main ingredient of happiness.

An attempt to explain the web of prejudices tangled round the English character would be as fruitless as an effort to unravel the fibrous roots of the oak, its noble and appropriate emblem.

Like them, they form part of its very existence; are fed by the same sap; and are perhaps as necessary to the growth and greatness of the branching structure above them. The main strength of a nation often consists in its prejudices. But that which gives strength does not always produce happiness. The wholesome training for muscular exertion is far from agreeable. So, the culture of a disdainful pride, though giving to Britons power in a contest with her foes, greatly militates against the comfort of their intercourse with each other.

Were this national pride confined to the aristocratical orders, its ill effect would be less flagrant. The high-pressure engine of refinement is always furnished with a safety-valve against the danger of explosion. Good manners modify the mischief of corruption. But when the errors of the great are adopted by the vulgar, every part of the body politic feels it more or less; and as retail dealers adulterate wine until what was at first only flavoured becomes at last deleterious, so do the hucksters of gentility degrade the lofty bearing of high life. Reversing the process of defecation, the more it is filtered the more impure it becomes. What was dignity at court is arrogance in the city. The *Lafitte* which was dashed with *Hermitage* at Bordeaux is poisoned with brandy

at the London docks. The puissant woof of oligarchical *hauteur* is unravelled into a coarse thread. And the proud class which formerly gave its tone to the national mind, now sees itself confounded in the general dislike provoked by each vulgar gradation.

The deterioration of character consequent on this abuse of an original noble quality is immense. It is not merely that the ungraceful caricaturists of high rank become ludicrous and are despised. The evil does not evaporate in antic parodies; it sinks into the public heart. No man but the nobleman is proud of "his order" in England. And it is therefore the nobility and their family connections among the gentry, who form with them an almost exclusive circle, that can uphold a free and unrestrained position.

It is in the highest classes that one sees an easy and self-confident bearing. They can venture to indulge in an unconstrained suavity, because they fear no rivalry. Their place is so marked, by distinctive title, or by the technical "courtesy" which stands proxy for it, that they are safe from all injurious misconception. But all below the highest order, and above the lowest, are in a continued struggle for a superiority of conventional stations.

One of the most serious drawbacks to national

improvement is the proneness of eminent individuals to flatter the mass. Some of the greatest writers of English have done the greatest mischief by inflated panegyrics. Bacon boasted that "of all nations the English are not to be considered subject, base, or taxable," while the people quietly bore the yoke of an absolute monarchy, and arbitrary exactions — forced subsidies, *benevolences*, and wholesale confiscations. And be it remarked that about the same time Grotius observed in his 'Annals' that "the Englishman obeys like a slave, and governs like a tyrant."

Milton might be better excused than the illustrious panegyrist just quoted, when he spoke of the English as "men *ever* foremost and famous in the achievements of liberty," for his mind was ripe with the fullness of political freedom, which flavoured his historical memory, and merged the past in the time in which he lived.

Addison again in pompous doggrel exclaims,

"'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile."

While Burke, to wind up these encomiastic tirades by his fulgent bombast, proclaimed, in the very heyday of boroughmongering corruption and public servility, that "in England we have not yet been disembowelled of our natural entrails. We feel within us, and we cherish and

cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians of our duty, because all other feelings are false and spurious, tending to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, and to render us unfit for national liberty."

It was thus that the greatest writers, of all shades of political opinion, poured doses of flattery down the throats of the intoxicated people, or held up this false character of perfection before them, on the principle which made the Vicar of Wakefield place his wife's flattering epitaph over the mantelpiece in her lifetime. No wonder if the head of England, like the head of almost every other nation, and from like causes, has been turned; and that, in spite of statistical and moral proofs of enervating crime and social subserviency, her sons believe they are the best as well as the freest people in the world.

It is unquestionably from the class which is the least strict in morals, and least independent in spirit, that the majority of the hundred thousand English who yearly seek the Continent are subtracted. The good, plain, honest-minded millions composing the mass of the rural population, or the sober citizens, who frequent the temple for love of the Deity and humbly practise what the preacher recommends, furnish scanty contingents to the emigration; or they absent

themselves from home for a period too short to entitle them to be classed among "the English abroad." Neither do the members of the higher orders, with few exceptions, domiciliate themselves in foreign countries long enough to give them a place among those Continental colonists. No. It is from that incongruous mass of individuals who either float on the surface of society, or are wrenched from their moorings in it by some acts of imprudence, or accidents of misfortune, that the towns of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, are thronged, animated, enriched, and with regret it must be admitted, at times disgraced. For that promiscuous crowd frequently falls into a pharisaical licentiousness, marvellous to the natives whom it unceasingly reprobates as publicans and sinners.

There is probably no subject of vital interest to the community on which the generality of Englishmen are so strongly agreed as the imperfection of the system of English education in the universities, public schools, and private seminaries. For half a century the press has teemed with treatises on the subject, which has also repeatedly attracted the attention of Parliament and learned societies, and has indeed been a matter of national complaint since the days of Milton. The educational plan of the public schools has been in some degree

improved. But it still continues narrow and illiberal, even in reference to the times when they were instituted; inadequate and absurd as respects the present. Independent of the deficiency in many points of moral instruction, setting aside the evils of fagging and flogging, it can scarcely be denied that the deficiency of instruction in the living languages of Europe is altogether inexcusable. And to this glaring defect may be attributed much of the inconvenience, and not a few of the errors, into which Englishmen fall or are betrayed during their Continental travels.

To classify by their motives for emigration the English who inhabit the Continent—taking into view the many gradations from the men of fortune to the mere adventurers—would be quite impossible. But it may be safely asserted that not one in a hundred of those who quit England for the first time possesses a just notion of the people among whom they are about to pitch their tents for a season, or it may be to settle themselves for life. There is matter neither for wonder nor reproach in this.

This ignorance is to be sure more or less common to all countries; and there are few indeed so excusable as ours for even an exaggerated consciousness of its own power and influence. Without labouring through statistics, or accumulating

proofs to establish a truism, the fact of English greatness is now universally admitted; and I may safely add, that the glorious advantages it confers are accompanied with drawbacks that in certain cases cause a deterioration in the national character. This was more particularly the case in former days than it is in ours. The world has of late opened its arms to English intercourse. And a generation that visits a foreign people whom it has never known as foes, is naturally susceptible to the kindlier influence of feeling, from being ignorant of the fierce jealousies and bitter envies of their fathers before them.

It was not merely that Englishmen, until within the last half-century, were nurtured in the belief of their own enormous superiority, but they were also taught a most unfair and undervaluing estimate of others. It was the narrow and false policy of governments and public writers, taking advantage of the insular position of England, to cherish a general state of ignorance among the people in regard to those of the Continent, but more particularly as to our "natural enemies" and "lively neighbours," as the French were long, with odious prejudice or contemptuous courtesy, called.

I might heap quotations—"pile up the agony," in Yankee phrase—to prove how British authors

laboured to foster the error. But the following portrait (from Johnson's 'London'), coarse and outrageous as it is, may suffice to show the model on which untravelled Englishmen were wont to build their notions of Frenchmen and French character.

"All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hissed from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import.
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey;
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or *catgut scrape*,*
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

It was thus that a false picture of the Continental, and more emphatically of the French, character was held up to the English mind, through centuries of rivalry and war; and it is only by slow degrees that the true colours have been gradually appearing. The English going abroad with erroneous opinions actually made the newly-seen people what they were determined to find them, as prophecies so often bring about their own fulfilment. For the French, acute, prompt, and clear-sighted, discovered at a glance how they were looked on by the new-

* This is a slight but I hope a decent deviation from the text.

comers; and from a spirit of counteracting reciprocity, they treated as fools those who believed them to be rogues; and they turned to their own profit the ignorance which condemned them before trial.

It is a great mistake to judge the character of a nation by its treatment of foreigners. It is as often a consequence as a cause. And it should be borne in mind, when one thing follows another (like the effect we have just traced from what provoked it), that every sequence is not a consequence. Darkness follows light in the succession of the laws of nature. But one light may succeed to another without any violation of natural results. So, when foreigners act towards Englishmen in ways that appear unworthy, the latter should reflect that their own conduct may have given the provocation; and that when even a different course from the usual one occurs, they ought not to suppose it a variation from the national character, assumed for some sinister purpose. But Englishmen newly launched on the sea of travel rarely pause to take an observation. They are too much filled with considerations of self to allow of time for any other; and they pursue their course, thinking nothing more required for a prosperous voyage than gold for their ballast and self-importance by way of sails.

The English population abroad fluctuates considerably. But it is marvellous to mark the strong family likeness which pervades the mass, and to see how similar the construction of society and the habit of temporary or permanent settlers in one given place are to those in any other.

The English character is so thoroughly imitative, that it rarely shows the contrasts which constitute originality. We see masses of English men and women apparently the same in habits of thought and action. Each class apes the one next above it in dress, manners, and opinions. The very costume is the same in all the ranks. The lady hands over her old gowns to the lady's maid, who in her turn disposes of them to an inferior servant; and so they go down as long as the rags hold together, till the beggar in the streets wears raiments of the same cut and pattern of that of the duchess.

Not so on the Continent. Both in great matters and in small, independence is much more prevalent. Every rank has its respective style of dress, and would consider itself disgraced by adopting another's. The servility of tone inspired by deference to colossal fortunes or privileged station, has little comparative nourishment. The mind is not cramped in early youth by the exclusive drudgery of classical study, unmitigated

by that of general literature and the arts. Virtual equality is the prevalent principle. Each man follows his own bent. There is a constantly occurring variety of character and manners. Every one, in fact, seems more or less an original. But in England it is the high patricians who give the tone to all below them. Rank after rank becomes to a certain degree infected with their *morgue*. The middle classes are tainted with it throughout. And that portion of them who are admitted to the banquets of the great, are like the prolific tribe of insects called Aphides, which receives its colour from the quality of the plant it feeds on.

The conclusion to be drawn from these remarks is, that although in reference to each other the English people are very much alike, they appear to other people, whom they so little resemble, a nation of originals; while foreigners have so many distinctive personal peculiarities that when individually contrasted each appears *sui generis*, a separate sample of its kind.

English families living abroad are, in a great majority of instances, possessed of a certain income, derivable from some sure source at home, sufficient for their support, independent of any professional or chance pursuit connected with the foreign country they inhabit. And this

accounts for their general air of indifference and independence in reference to the people among whom they fix themselves.

It is next to be observed that not one in a hundred families starts from home with the intention of remaining for life and death in any one given place abroad, or with any perfectly defined place of settlement. Pleasure, economy, and the education of children being the great objects of almost all, their voyage is one of discovery; and this choice of a residence is almost always the result of chance, the probability of a change being always in their mind. From these causes scarcely any of the emigrants have any strong hold on any one locality, from ties of affection or dependence. They hire their houses, either furnished by the month or unfurnished for short terms—"three, six, or nine years," being the almost invariable wording of the leases; and few tenants contemplate, when they sign their agreements, a longer sojourn than the shortest of those periods.

The consequence of all this is to make those temporary tenants looked on by themselves and others as mere birds of passage; to give them loose habits of domestic arrangement and uncertain feelings towards those they associate with, whether it be the natives or their own

compatriots. None of the links that form a social chain exist in a community so constructed. Independent of each other as to pecuniary resources, unconnected in interests, divided in opinions, and without any common plan of domestic polity, they are bound together by ties of gossamer. Coming from a country the wealthiest in the world in all the external advantages of life—that is to say, in comforts, elegancies, and conveniences—they look little below the surface of things around them; and they see such manifest inferiority in these outward and visible signs as to satisfy them that they are of a race far superior in all the better attributes of civilization. They rarely examine the qualities of heart and mind which raise the people of the Continent to so high a level of enjoyment, the absence of factitious wants, the philosophy of home management, the richness of family affection, that blessing that passeth show.

From this mistaken view and the contempt it generates comes indifference towards others and too often carelessness of themselves. They acknowledge no immediate standard of moral conduct, no tribunal of public opinion, no neighbourly "board of control." Every one forms a line—and few a straight one—for himself. Every one constitutes himself a judge—and rarely a just

one—of his neighbour. An undisciplined extravagance pervades the whole. All the little passions are let loose, without any of the counteracting checks of a community which is restrained to a certain circle, and which knows that to bear and forbear is not only an impulse of generosity but a duty of self-preservation. The English abroad acknowledge no such salutary principle. To swear eternal friendship on a week's acquaintanceship, and to cast off a constant associate on an hour's notice, are everyday events. The familiarity which they practise towards each other has not the delightful tone of a long-cherished intercourse. It is but the necessity of their false position. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, they have not time to let companionship ripen into confidence. They must force an intimacy into unnatural growth, and either mistaking or misnaming its nature call it friendship. Such friendship is a flower which sheds no fragrance in its blooming, and which is torn up and flung to the winds without a sigh.

When the English settlers choose their locality, the great objects of their solicitude are to select the persons whom they are to know, and to avoid those whom they should not know. Wedded to the system which unhappily prevails at home, *appearance* is the test which regulates

their choice. Little inquiry into the real respectability, the essential "whereabout" of those around them is entered on. But many questions are put as to the fortune, the connections, the way of life (that is to say, the dinners and *soirées*) of the various families. Letters of introduction to some members of this society generally put them in the way of gaining information. But ten to one the information is false or prejudiced, influenced by pique, jealousy, or some other element of the uncharitableness which taints the whole. The bewildered inquirer is thus often led into serious scrapes, rushing into intimacies which it soon becomes advisable to break up, and avoiding acquaintanceships which it becomes too late to cultivate when they are found to be desirable. These evils are inevitable in the larger cities where there are materials for selection; for the English society is sure to be split into *cliques* and *coteries* and sets, avoiding and despising, or affecting to despise, each other.

In the smaller towns, where the settlers can make no choice at first but must visit *all*, they are sure to discover before an interchange of cards takes place, or at any rate at the very first *soirée* they assist at, that quarrels, calumnies, and fierce estrangements disfigure the whole round of social life. Quickly disgusted with this

state of things, in which they are sure by-and-by to become participators in their own despite, they seek out a less objectionable circle. Picking up some chance visitors among the native residents (invariably called "foreigners" by the English abroad) they make fawning advances to those, the best portion of whom stand aloof from, while the disreputable laugh at—and live on them. It is really mortifying to observe the estimate formed of the English character by "foreigners," who attribute to the nation at large defects which are but conventional results of the false position of individuals.

It may be safely said, without disparagement or libel, that an immense majority of the English abroad have never been in habits of extensive or familiar intercourse with the nobility at home. The exclusive system of the latter class puts a bar between it and that which furnishes these Continental contingents. And when they find themselves all at once in the fatal facility for titled foreign acquaintanceships, is it surprising that they play fantastic tricks, while they travestie High Life? When such persons get into daily intercourse with a crowd of *noblesse* it is by no means strange that they should misunderstand the latter and forget themselves. They cannot argue by comparison. They know nothing of the

philosophy which teaches that wealth and poverty should not be estimated by positive proofs alone; that what men want is as much to be taken into account as what they possess; and that the nobleman of small income on the Continent may be in reality a richer man than the affluent English Lord. Seeing nothing of the great wealth or the patronizing arrogance which was associated with their notions of nobility, they consider it as shorn of half its beams. Ignorant or unbelieving of Dryden's definition,

> "The nobleman is he whose noble mind
> Is filled with inborn worth,"

they view as a defect the unconstrained suavity which is the most pleasing attribute of high rank. With the vulgar-minded, but with them alone, "familiarity breeds contempt." And those imbued with that worst of all vulgarity which attends the want of self-respect, believe a haughty bearing to be the legitimate type of birth and title. They are thus led into a labyrinth of errors. Worshipping the symbol rather than the faith, they take the absence of the one as evidence of the want of the other. The good breeding of the foreign noble is considered want of dignity (that favourite word of the underbred); and the unembarrassed simplicity which they hold so cheap is thought less indicative of fashionable polish than their own

painful uneasiness to be at their ease. But notwithstanding this, they defer to and worry with their intimacy the very persons they so undervalue. And why? Simply from pride in having a stupid marquis or antiquated duchess on their visiting list; and in being able to write to their friends and to say to themselves—ay, even to themselves, for that is audience enough for vain-gloriousness when no larger is at hand—that they associate with nobility.

And when a travelling group of English aristocracy passes through, or a straggling family stops for a winter in some small capital or rests for the summer in a watering-place, what *empressement* is lavished by those who strive to wriggle into high society! How the servile herd, meaner than the *servum pecus* of Horace, flock round each new arrival, and load the table with visiting cards and invitations! How they strain every nerve in bending sycophancy! Piety, modesty, learning, and all the respectable qualities of our nature might lie neglected for ever, by those whose attentions are given in a direct ratio with the recipients' place in the list of precedence, or their rank in the Red Book.

The system of society adopted by the English abroad is naturally much affected by those who stand officially and by prescription at its head.

And the best check to its less reputable tendencies is undoubtedly to be found in the tact and discretion of the diplomatic and consular corps. It must be admitted that its members, to whom I have devoted a chapter elsewhere, have great claims on indulgence, if individuals among them do at times show a little unbecoming pride. Their forbearance is tried with sore temptations. They are very much spoiled by other people; and they have so much power in small matters of social intercourse, so much to communicate or withhold in the way of news, they are so often appealed to as arbiters or deferred to as dictators, that they may be excused if they occasionally become the patrons of a set or the pets of a *coterie*.

The influential body of mercantile men may be designated the phalanx which redeems the errors and sustains the honour of national reputation, on the long-extended line of Continental coast from Cronstadt to Cadiz. Though they bear a small numerical proportion to the whole mass of emigrants, they combine a vast amount of its intelligence and worth. It is lucky for England that the enterprise and industry of the community have induced so many representatives of her sterling qualities to push their operations into foreign countries; and to neutralize, by proofs of national

integrity, the impression forced on the Continental mind by the spurious gentility of their idle or dissipated countrymen. The high standing of the English trading houses of Antwerp, Bordeaux, Hamburg, Oporto, Leghorn, and other towns is notorious. But their commercial credit is not greater than their social value. They often rank with the foremost of the native firms in influence. They accumulate large fortunes with unblemished character. A dishonest failure is rarely heard of among them. They form an admirable race of citizens in their adopted countries; and they hand down from father to son the consciousness of their English, Scotch, or Irish origin, even when losing the accent or peculiar manners of the stock they spring from.

The professional tribes of England are not slack in sending out supplies to swell the crowd of make-shift adventurers. Among those necessarily confounded under that head many exemplary persons are to be met with. But although these exceptions are more than are actually required to prove the rule, they are by no means so numerous as to leave it doubtful that they *are* the exceptions.

Law, Physic, and Divinity being overstocked at home, a plentiful surplus of long-tried practitioners is drawn off to the Continent, consisting

not only of those who, from various occult causes find it convenient to "change their skies" as Horace says, but also of junior members of sundry degrees of merit, and not unfrequently of looser pretenders to professional distinction unhonoured with any degree at all. This last observation applies more directly to the English medical men who swarm in the capitals, and of whom two or three are sure to be gathered together in every town where a few hundreds of their compatriots have a local habitation. But I have also heard of impostors in the guise of clergymen, holding forth from the pulpit, and dealing out damnation to their fellow-men with the confidence of official competency, being all the while unauthorized to preach even the healing consolations of the Gospel.

I know not on what principle law is granted the precedence in the copartnership which unites the three professions, according to the common phrase. But in compliance with precedent (the great incubus upon our jurisprudence, be it observed in passing), I give the long robe its admitted priority. To make *honourable* mention of all the English lawyers who for forty years past have practised conveyancing (in its multifarious shapes) on the Continent and on their countrymen, would be a difficult task. In many

if not in most instances, the prowling practitioners who make foreign countries the scene of their skill, earn a scanty livelihood at the expense of unfortunate persons who have been forced from home by the malpractices of themselves and their like. This class of animal, which scents out the embarrassed emigrant as the crow scents carrion, form but a small item in the total of the English abroad. The mischief they do is chiefly confined to their fellow-countrymen. Acting as go-betweens with the spendthrift and the money-lending agents, in the expedients by which profligacy drives a trade, and to which honest poverty is often driven for subsistence, these harpies play a subordinate part in the drama of national disgrace. But the technicalities of the stage may well be applied to them in carrying out the metaphor. They are the prompters, scene-shifters, call-boys, and property-men of the *ci-devant* and *soi-disant* men of property, who sustain the chief characters in the strolling company of the English abroad. But the humane and philosophical, though only partial, measure for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, which has of late years been passed by the British Parliament, has removed a reproach from English law, and checked an impure source of revenue derived by its lowest practitioners.

In dealing with physic, which comes next in order on the professional muster-roll, or rather with physicians, there is more delicate ground to touch on and more of it to go over than during an incursion into the preserves of the law. The game now in view is far more plentiful. I believe I am rather under than over the mark in stating the English medical men in Paris alone at between fifty and sixty. There must be some hundreds of them scattered over the Continent. Now, to any one of common sense, it is immaterial whether those gentlemen practise under the authority of a diploma or a license; whether they have a university or a collegiate degree; whether they be mere bachelors of physic or regular M.D.s. Intuitive talent will raise the humblest in title, or the least eminent in routine, far beyond the quackeries of the schools. A clever apothecary is preferable to a stupid doctor. And there are many who from wielding the pestle, and with just classical learning enough to read the 'Pharmacopœia,' have left far behind in the professional race those who have Homer and Horace by heart, who could analyse the *ἱερὰ πικρά*, and kill *secundum artem*.

Admitting this, one may conscientiously denounce the floating mass of false pretension which, under the denomination of "the faculty,"

is mixed up with the English abroad. In every *coterie* a doctor or doctors will be found. No family can dispense with the advantage of their skill, or, as the case may be, be exempt from the evil of their ignorance. It is almost impossible to distinguish between the empiric and the man of science. The self-dubbed physician has the field as open to him as the regular graduate, and, like the Burgundians of old, he can proceed to the slaughter under the badge of St. Andrew—the patron of the one and the special privilege of the other. Checks are at times attempted by foreign governments to the influx of ignorant practitioners, but in vain. The English abroad resist to the death. They WILL follow their own system, and fee their own executioners. They are in this case to be pitied certainly. The foreign physician lets them die; the English doctor kills them. It is but a choice of evils: and, like the Romans of old, they prefer falling at once by the hands of their own freedmen, to lingering under the tardy butchery of the stranger.

But the case is too grave for a joke. There is nothing so sad as serious comedy. And from the professional buffooneries played by those travelling quacks such heart-rending consequences arise, so many widows, orphans, and bereaved parents are the victims of their igno-

rance and cupidity, that while placing them in the literary pillory one cannot laugh at their grotesque appearance; nor, affixing the brand with the gravity of Tristan, assume the levity of Petit Jean.

Fatal as is the practice of those doctors, in so many instances, against their patients, their wars against each other are far worse. Petty feelings should have small results. Envy ought to explode in mere ill-nature, and not take the bolder flight of persecution. But the latter is the ordinary concomitant of the jealousies among the medical corps abroad. As soon as a new rival of any merit enters the sacred circle of established practice, he is beset on all hands by the intrigues of his brothers in Physic, who often become his brothers in Law. No stone (morally speaking) is left unturned by that portion who are only (physically) fit to break them on the roads, for the purpose of ruining the interloper who dares to trespass on their "beat." That he is duly licensed to slay is no excuse for him. He is looked on as a poacher, even though he has taken out his certificate. And no abuse of power under the ancient game-laws could exceed the worrying efforts which are at times put forth to harass the obnoxious new comer. All the *tracasseries* of local restrictions are invoked; every possible

technical obstruction brought into play. And it often happens that a really able man is driven from the field by the dunces to whom their unlucky patients are thus turned over, bound hand and foot. In most of the Continental capitals, however, one English medical man of talents and experience is pretty sure to abide, with discrimination enough to know that the practice of London or Liverpool may not suit the climate of Lisbon or Naples.

The Episcopalian division of that "supernatural society of God, angels, and holy men," called according to Hooker's definition "the Church," is in its natural parts, that is to say the Churchmen, largely represented on the Continent of Europe.

Whether the spirit of holiness accompanies them in their traverse of the British Channel, I do not undertake to decide. But that it departs from a great many of them as soon as they touch the foreign strand, is a fact at once incontestable and grievous.

I deprecate the slightest intention of irreverence in speaking of the Established Church. Respect for its integrity cannot be shaken by the misconduct of some of its disciples. And even if the whole body of the English clergy abroad were infected with the dissipation which turns so

many of them from the right path, "the Church" would rest secure. Notwithstanding its self-confident torpidity, the practical good sense of Parliament in weeding out its corruptions will give new life to all that is wholesome in its doctrines and practice. And nothing in that practice more requires reform than the privilege which allows swarms of beneficed clergymen to forsake their home duties, for the indulgence of an absenteeism that leads to so many scandals.

To record those various instances of immorality, and what is in a worldly sense even worse, an indecent contempt of exposure, would be an invidious task, and would perhaps after all only encourage the morbid longing for notoriety which urges clerical as well as lay offenders to violate decorum. But it is certain that the quarrels among British clergymen on the continent of Europe, since the Peace of 1815 opened it to all comers, would furnish matter for an Appendix to Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation' —acute, searching, and unfair as it was—that would give cordial pleasure to the enemies of *l'Hérésie Anglicane*. One real good might result from such a compilation. By thus embodying in a general view many isolated instances of scandal a spirit of shame might be aroused among the congregations, who submit to or at

times become parties in the misconduct of their pastors.

This last-mentioned evil is after all the main one. It is the mixing up of lay disputants with the feuds of the divines that casts so deep a slur on English character. Those persons who have not travelled much out of England, who form their notions of clergymen from their own amiable and modest vicars and curates, and of clerical conduct from what is practised in the rural parishes at home, can form no idea of the contrast presented by so many of the wanderers in other lands. But those instances of disgrace are far more than overbalanced by abounding examples of respectability. The misfortune however in cases of this nature is that it is the exceptions which are always the most prominent. The man who forgets his cloth is always he who is *en évidence* before the world. He brawls in the streets and bullies in the vestry; turns the pulpit into a forum of dispute, and by sermons and pamphlets drags others into his quarrel. Instead of a minister of peace he becomes a demon of discord. His track has been too often traced in the bloody encounters of those whom he set by the ears. While the ministers who quietly perform their duties, devoting their leisure hours to the family or friendly circle, are unheard of.

beyond the towns they adorn by their virtues, and overborne by the notoriety of some petty place infested by such misdoings as are here faintly sketched.

The gangs of sporting characters, the "play men," the *levanters* from the racecourse, or the *legs* from the clubs, who leave England in periodical flights to settle for a season, or cross the Channel on some particular scheme of plunder, do not do half so much mischief to the national character as the sanctified hypocrites heretofore alluded to. The *chevalier d'industrie* is generally a man who pays his tradesmen's bills, rarely gets drunk, eschews local squabbles, and —sticks to his business; which is to prey on the unwary, or in default of other victims on his own kind, like fishes of the same tribe who devour each other. A good appearance in the world is important to this class of men; and it is rarely that one hears of their absconding with their bills in arrear, or that during their *séjour* they are mixed up in the broils of others. They herd together. They are not generally admitted into the upper circles, and the lower ones afford no field for their manœuvres. They can scarcely be said to form a feature of English character. Come from what country they may, "play men" very nearly resemble each other in habits of life.

I therefore exclude those *industriels* from my collection as Plato (but for a different reason) excluded merchants from his Republic; and leaving the question of classes for some less wholesale inquiry, I resume my desultory remarks on English Continental society.

The difficulty of expressing oneself clearly, in the language which the very children of the new people we mix with talk *so* fluently, puts all foreigners in some degree out of temper, and it may be out of conceit with themselves, on the threshold of the country they are about to penetrate. When a man is no longer at his ease he is thrown off his guard. Awkwardness and *mauvaise honte* are the parents of many mischiefs. He who is laughed at when he speaks does not give his audience fair play when he thinks. An Englishman landing in France in this dissatisfied mood—and he particularly from predisposing causes already pointed out—is sure to take his revenge, by striving to despise the natives to whom he appears ridiculous. Unable clearly to explain his wants, he finds out or fancies deficiencies in them. And thus his ignorance produces action and reaction, discomfort to himself and injustice towards others.

It is under the influence of prejudice like this that the tourist hurries on, and, one evil gene-

rating another, the further and faster he goes the greater is his incapacity for fairly judging, and the less his chance of being fairly judged. It is quite wonderful how few Englishmen appear ridiculous at home in comparison with the numbers who *are* so abroad. In the latter case scarcely one in a score seems to be in his right place. To use a common but expressive phrase, almost every one seems to have *a screw loose*. And so in reality it is. The want of rational and regular occupation, the efforts to turn into new channels for employment, the incongruous pursuits, and the frequent failures attending them, set the whole machinery of the Englishman out of order. Instead of one screw, it may be fairly said that all the screws, wheels, and springs of the national character are in a state of dislocation. So that scarcely any individual so placed can be taken as a fair sample of what his fellows or himself would be at home. And thus foreigners, who would form an estimate of the English people from that portion of it which they habitually see, are, if I may be pardoned a poor pun, *as much abroad* as they are.

And no wonder that foreigners should be so deceived and mystified, for there is really no more puzzling masquerade than the spectacle of thousands of human beings, who in their own

country (whatever their sins of vulgar emulation) have been almost all fitly employed, undergoing all at once an unsuitable and unseemly change.

When we consider how many of the faults of England are carried abroad by those persons, it is strange to observe how few of its virtues they take with them. And when these latter do, in isolated instances, appear, it is in a *travestie* like the assumption of historical characters by the motley crowd in a fancy ball. Thus is seen the industrious energy of English habits degraded into ignoble speculations, and manifold mean shifts and expedients for making money. Men, whose previous career had formed them for exertion, attempt its continuance in this new field. But miscalculation, of one kind or another, almost always carries failure in its train. Others, accustomed to the regular expenditure of a fixed income, finding that they are richer abroad than at home, are lured into stock exchange transactions, seduced into private play or horse-racing, and become ruined from the sheer evil of having more money than they require for their accustomed wants.

But the absorbing mischief is that position of idle "gentility," in which every Briton of the smallest pecuniary independence finds himself when settled on the Continent. No matter what

he has previously been—whether in trade, wholesale or retail, a manufacturer, a farmer, an *employé*—he is now a gentleman, by courtesy at least, and he has every facility for assuming the nominal attributes of this much abused designation. Every Englishman who does not absolutely carry on some traffic for the earning of his daily bread, is on the Continent an esquire by title and a gentleman by implication. Dropping into these dignities by the mere accident of their "location," as a squatter in the far west of America becomes a proprietor of the soil by the simple act of pitching his tent on it, it may be supposed how awkward these lords of the (chance) creation find themselves. It is much easier to assume a virtue than to adopt a *tone*. The expenditure of a few score pounds may gain for the donor the reputation of generous hospitality. A judicious bully may pass himself off for brave. But to play a first-rate part without previous rehearsal; to *act* the gentleman, in short, is the most difficult effort of talent, either on the shifting stage of society, or on what is technically called "the boards." The numberless failures of the Continental company are therefore nothing wonderful. And lamentable exhibitions are seen, of the ridiculous so lofty as almost to reach the sublime; of meanness so low

as to leave no lower depth; in efforts to force a footing into those glittering scenes where all is puff and paste—like the *soufflées* of the *salle-à-manger* or the *jewels* of the ball-room. But forming a contrast to those vulgar aspirants are to be found, if searched for, large numbers of retiring persons, who with advantages of gentle blood, education, and true respectability, are satisfied with the enjoyment of some small congenial circle, or who in default of that keep aloof from society altogether.

To live within one's income is almost considered a cardinal virtue by the natives of the Continent. Domestic economy may perhaps be carried too far in France, Italy, and Germany, to square with English notions of fashionable enjoyment. But for real happiness that system is assuredly the best which makes show subservient to comfort, and which regulates the outlay of money by the gratification of personal tastes rather than by the exigencies of public opinion. The difference of feeling in this respect is exemplified by the fact that "foreigners" never submit to a standard of general appearances, while among the English abroad few attempt to resist it. If, for instance, the happiness of "foreigners" depends on keeping a carriage, or a box at the theatre, or a good table, or expensive dress, they

indulge in that one particular enjoyment to the exclusion of others, if they have not means sufficient to accomplish all. With the English, on the contrary, it is all or none. If they sport an equipage, they will feel called upon to give dinners, balls, and routs. A opera-box entails a whole suite of expenditure. Everything must be done in what is called *keeping*. And this, be it observed, not for one's comfort or liking, but for mere appearance sake, and to escape the strictures of the Mrs. Grundys of the victim's particular world.

The consequence is continued embarrassment and great disrepute. Many accessory errors add to these evils. The comparative cheapness of wine and other luxuries encourages a profuse outlay, which more than meets the difference of housekeeping in England. Three dinners abroad for one at home, with a superabundance of champagne and claret, instead of port and sherry in moderation, soon leaves the balance at the wrong side of the book, and the Amphytrion becomes too often a defaulter and a fugitive. The horses, carriages, and furniture come to the hammer; the reputation is broken up with the establishment; and all that remains is the empty fame of an undiscriminating hospitality, lavished on thankless partakers, and furnished at the

expense of confiding creditors and the heavy cost of personal character.

But many of the regular and bill-paying English abroad are at times conspicuous for bad taste, which is in its effects almost as injurious as bad conduct. A general arrogance of manner towards the natives of inferior degree goes far to engender unpopularity. Tradesmen and servants are treated with ungenerous disdain. The consequence is that the English are often ill-supplied and ill-attended. Their overbearing airs towards the lower classes are however not less offensive than a too frequent forwardness of demeanour in the higher circles. At the various Continental courts it is a common complaint that English people, with little chance of being received at their own, thrust themselves before the most honourable of the natives. If foreigners dislike the English, it is not entirely for the mischief they have received at their hands. To have been beaten by them in war is not half so galling as to be slighted by them in peace. It is lamentable to the real cosmopolite to see how few of the privileges of citizenship the English in general have acquired abroad after so many years of association.

And now, in looking back on what I have written, with a conscientious certainty that there

is no exaggeration in it, I fear it may lead to a conclusion hostile to the English system of emigration to the Continent. Such is far from my feeling. I think, on the contrary, that all the better purposes of civilization are eminently advanced by the free intercourse so long existing with the various countries of Europe. Nothing else could so conduce to the expansion of the national mind, dammed up as it had been by so many previous years of war and isolation. But so great a good must be bought at a high price; and that is paid at the expense of a whole generation. The large masses of English who have taken the lead in exploring the ways of Continental life are like the early settlers in a new-found district, who hew their paths to information through unknown depths, misled by false lights, and meeting many mishaps by carrying their own habits of thought and action into uncongenial regions. The parallel is not meant to go further. The comparison applies only to persons, not to places. Otherwise the figure should be reversed; for the general tone of social life on the Continent of Europe compared with that of the New World, is like a cultivated field contrasted with a half-cleared swamp.

It is true there are enjoyments to be found in England utterly unknown elsewhere. But taking

the whole social plan into view, every unprejudiced Englishman will admit its insufficiency for persons of moderate income and of middle station. It is on the Continent that one learns the the art of making small means square with elegant desires. The opportunity for learning this lesson, and the certainty that its practice will be gradually introduced into the British Isles, are enough to counterbalance many of the evils pointed out in this chapter. But it is the children of the absentees who reap the advantages of their expatriation. Few of the grown-up persons who quit the long-indulged habits of English life for a residence abroad are satisfied with or improved by the change. The perverseness of old prejudices prevents their profiting by it. But the children, who are born on or brought over early to, a foreign soil, acquire by an instinct of adaptation what no experience can teach. The accomplishments, ease, and independence of foreign manners are insensibly grafted on the stem of English feelings. It is astonishing how the young so situated seem intuitively to blend the better parts of their own national character with those of the foreign people with whom they are associated, but not confounded, from the cradle up. And when those persons, on their education being finished, return home, their example ine-

vitably tends to soften the character of their nation. A better understanding on the great questions of international intercourse, on the true principles of foreign policy, on social analogies or anomalies, is the consequence. Intermarriages with foreigners lead to more liberal views of national distinctions. A thousand kindly sources of feeling are opened up; and the wells of public opinion are no longer poisoned by prejudice. All these and many concomitant blessings may be looked forward to with growing certainty. But perhaps they are to be only fully developed at a more distant day from a state of things, whose evils form an inevitable necessity.

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS MOORE.

During my several years' residence in France, and subsequently in Belgium, Holland, and Germany, with the occasional visits to England alluded to in a former chapter, I formed associations with many eminent men, shining lights in our literature; besides others of less note, but possessing qualities of great value for social intimacy and private regard. Ladies of literary pursuits and admitted talents were largely interspersed with celebrities of the other sex; and the memory of many hours of convivial and intellectual enjoyment, tempts me to pay a passing tribute to the genius, the taste, and the varied accomplishments of those who adorned the scenes I mixed in. But I restrain, for the present, at least, the natural prompting of my mind. I will confine myself to a few of the

more prominent among the men I knew so well; selecting from the memoranda included in a manuscript book, to which I am not willing to prefix the title "common-place;" and, adjusting them into consecutive order, I will begin with one of the most distinguished, and, probably, all things considered, the most agreeable of those men, passing notices of some others coming incidentally into the sketch.

My acquaintance with Moore began by a chance meeting, as I was walking one day, with the Rev. Lionel Berguer, in the spring of 1821, in the Champs Élysées at Paris. I had very much wished for such an opportunity of an introduction to him; for I always disliked the formality of letters, for that especial purpose, to eminent men, and had never sought for any for this object. Of Moore's talents I had an enthusiastic opinion. Of his person I had scarcely formed any particular notion beyond his being, like Portocarero the Spanish commander (according to De Thou), "of a soul altogether disproportioned to his body," or as Homer expresses it, in Pope's version,

> "Of Tydeus' kind,
> Whose little body held a mighty mind."

My first impression on seeing Moore was wonder at his very short stature. He fell quite below even my imagined standard. But his extremely

affable and pleasant manner soon made me indifferent to his personal appearance. Among other agreeable things he said he had nearly quarrelled with Washington Irving for not making us acquainted a few days before, when I stopped for a minute in a crowd on the Boulevards to speak to the latter, while he and Moore were walking together, on which occasion I had totally overlooked the Poet. He begged I would call on him at his cottage in the *Allée des Veuves*, close by our place of meeting; and I parted from him, with a most favourable notion of his address and manners.

This was greatly strengthened on my after-acquaintance. There was something very peculiar in Moore's "outward man." His whole tone and air, both in look, speech, and accent, was of the best kind of Irish good-breeding. There was a social warmth in all, mingled with a dash of ambitious vanity, as if he was anxious to please and conscious of pleasing. But this was without anything forced—no effort and no presumption. Yet there was a certain self-satisfied mixture with his cordiality, hard to describe, and which it was impossible to be angry with. Knowing the man's merit one made allowance for his consciousness of what every one knew.

Moore and I soon became good friends in the

common acceptation of the term; but I had at that time done nothing to make me an object of interest sufficient to gain a passport to his *friendship*. Had I been a lord, or a lord's cousin, or a successful author, there is little doubt but I might have then figured on his list; but his weak point was certainly an assumed fastidiousness of taste in the selection of his *friends*—if indeed it is not a blasphemy to imagine true friendship to be dependent on the mere rank or talent of its object. I discovered early, and was greatly surprised at Moore's sensitiveness on two points; namely, his own littleness of stature, and the opinions of persons of *bon ton*. I remember his telling me one day, as we went out in a carriage together to Versailles to a dinner-party, that while he was at the university, and about seventeen or eighteen years of age, he was greatly tempted to hang himself, in actual despair. On pressing him for the cause of such extravagant regret, for a personal defect which a strong mind should rise above, he said it was fear of his small stature being a bar to all chance of success with the fair sex. Our conversation turned on personal defects generally. He described vividly the horrid sensation he one day felt, in hearing the *stumping* on the floor of Lord Byron's club foot, as he lost his temper in a sparring-match with Mendoza at his

own house, and furiously pursued the retreating bruiser across the room ; recalling to my mind the stony tramp of the *Commendatore* as he came to sup with Don Juan. Moore was subject to frequent bitter annoyances on the score of his size. A certain Irish physician, whom he patronized, and who obtained a small notoriety by a quarrel with Ugo Foscolo, once coarsely told Moore that Theodore Hook said "he looked as if begotten between a toad and a Cupid."* This gave a severe and painful notion of Moore's rosy, smiling face and his thick body. His head bore no proportion to his limbs. Sitting down, his shortness of stature was not apparent. At dinner in Paris one day, at our mutual friend Villamil's, a wealthy and hospitable Spaniard, a rough, blunt Captain in the Navy, who was asked expressly to meet Moore, came in after all the company were seated; and with anxious eyes glancing round the table and seeing no one so disproportionately small as he expected, he said to our host, "Well, here's a pretty business! —You promised to have little Tommy Moore here—this isn't fair!" When Moore, in some confusion, got off his chair to be introduced in form, the plain-spoken tar made the matter worse by some bungling excuse which I forget, but which quite upset the Poet for the rest of the

* "A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest."—*Pope.*

evening. He was on another occasion greatly annoyed by young Edward Hutchinson, a boy of ten years old, asking him in a large circle in the drawing-room "if he were really little Tommy Moore that wrote the Melodies?"*

At the occasion on which I saw Moore most painfully tormented by the application of one of those inelegant diminutives to his name, was at the public dinner given to him at Paris, previous to his return to live in England in the year 1821. The Rev. Archibald Douglas, Richard Power, of Kilfane, Major Bryan, and some others of Moore's friends, among whom none were more active than myself, got up this most congenial compliment, which took place in the great dining-room of the "Salon des Étrangers," in the Rue de la Grange Batelier. It was well attended. Upwards of sixty highly respectable persons met together. Very many were refused tickets under pretence of the number being complete. Nothing could

*A near connection of mine dined once in company with Moore many years before I became acquainted with him, and while, though far advanced in manhood, he preserved his youthful appearance. On the ladies retiring, Moore rose to open the door for them, when a French gentleman, one of the guests, (who, not speaking English, had been rather bored by what he considered the boyish garrulity of the Poet during dinner,) exclaimed in great glee, "*Ah! le petit bonhomme s'en va.*"—"The little boy is taking himself off!"

exceed the good cheer or good effect of the whole thing. I was one of the stewards, and in that capacity had written an invitation to Lord Trimleston to act as President. The Marquess of Sligo was first asked, but he declined attending altogether, because his notorious friend, Colonel S—— (afterwards *more* notorious for his duel with Loraine White), was excluded by common consent. Lord Trimleston agreed, in a very friendly written answer, which contained a not unamusing bull.* He said "he should be proud to preside at any meeting to do honour to our illustrious countryman, whose talents placed him immeasurably above the reach of his contemporaries, but whose conviviality brought every one on a level with him." The worthy peer meant a very handsome compliment, but Moore and we of the committee very irreverently laughed at his way of paying it. At dinner it was, however, no laughing matter. The noble chairman, who had the Poet seated at his right hand, persisted on all occasions in calling him "his friend Tom," and made the most *gauches* allusions, in his toast-proposing speeches, to Moore's

* His Lordship was remarkable for that species of blunder. He was, in fact, more a Frenchman than an Irishman, being not only born, but educated, in Paris. One day, at a public dinner in Ireland, he lamented "having been born out of his native country."

minor poetry, his "verses to the Betties, and Mollies, and Jennies,"—all memory of which, Moore wished sunk in the very bottom of Lethe on this grand occasion. But he smothered his annoyance as best he could; made several excellent off-hand speeches, and sang many songs, turning round from the table for the purpose of accompanying himself on a piano which stood behind his chair. The evening went off very well. Many ready speeches were made—some of them being, no doubt, ready-made speeches—and various songs sung. I exhibited in both ways, though extremely hoarse from a severe cold, but Moore insisted that nobody should sing my song but myself.* Sir Godfrey Webster, one of the stewards, was distinguished among the speakers; also Douglas, who had been long celebrated in Ireland as a preacher of charity sermons; and Patrick Lattin, an Irishman of good fortune and great talent, who knocked down several glasses and decanters in the energy of his action.

A certain Sir John Byerly, covered with stars (nobody seemed to know where they fell from) made speeches and spouted verses, at first to the

* Moore mentions this dinner and my song in his Diary, vol. iv. p. 17. It was printed in an account of the entertainment, but I preserved no copy of it.

amusement, but afterwards to the annoyance of the company, by whom he was left the last at the table, and the only one who showed the slightest symptom of excess.

It was at this dinner that I was introduced by Moore to Captain Medwin, of whom more hereafter. Kenney the dramatist, who lived at this time at Versailles, came over to the feast to do honour to his friend Moore, making light of a double-Napoleon in such a cause. But Horace Smith, who also resided there, refused my invitation, on the score of the high price of the tickets, which greatly hurt Moore; and which gave me the first insight into the foible of my friend Horace's character, but it was very far overbalanced by his charming social qualities and his genuine kindness of heart.

Kenney was extremely hospitable. Smith also but in a modified degree. They each gave dinners occasionally; the first not half so often as he wished. Kenney felt pleasure in entertaining his friends, so did Smith. And while the one did it chiefly by the aid of good cheer and conviviality, the other contributed a large *quota* of puns and pleasantry. Smith's efforts never failed. He was very ready in conversation, and always in good spirits. Kenney was sometimes hypochondriacal, but his parties were entirely without pre-

tension. Hospitality was always there; ostentation never.

I remember particularly one day that Moore, Washington Irving, and myself went out to some distance from Paris on a long invitation, to a different style of repast, to meet Kenney, Horace Smith, Poole the dramatic writer, Howard Payne once known as the "American Roscius," but at the period I now refer to an adapter of pieces from the French for the London theatres, and withal a very unassuming and amiable man. Poole was somewhat of a contrast to him, but not without a sly, dry humour that was more amusing than kindly. There were several other persons present. We arrived at the hour fixed, and were welcomed by our host and hostess. Never yet did the chancemedley distribution of matrimony throw together a couple more dissimilar in appearance and manner; but I believe they were not only tied but attached to each other. He was small, nervous-looking, and narrow-shouldered. She stout-built, talkative, and using action enough to form a dozen orators, according to Cicero's recipe. The host was a mere nobody when she was present; yet she did not by any means bully him. As she expanded he shrank into himself; but there was neither tyranny on one hand, nor submission or the other. Only

that in speaking of the pair you would naturally say wife and man—Mrs. and Mr. M.—and rather call her his sirloin than his rib.

The *quart d'heure de Rabelais* was on this occasion spun out most intolerably. It seemed as if some dreadful accident had occurred in the kitchen and that dinner was put off *sine die.* The confusion of the family and the hunger of the guests combined to make the scene very painful. Mr. M—— became distressingly fidgety, paced up and down the room, rang the bell, and made excuses. The lady bustled about and made exits and entrances innumerable. Several servants and children were running hurry-scurry through the house. Everybody was worn out. Appetite which so sharpens wit lost its own edge. Not a joke was started nor a pun flushed. There was plenty of steel and flint, but nothing to bring them into collision. Of the dozen guests there was certainly not one so completely *flambé,* or as Shakspeare expresses the French idea, so thoroughly *flabbergasted,* as Moore.

At length after a mortal hour and half of expectation dinner was announced, and downstairs we went in solemn procession, more suited to a funeral than a feast. The weather was extremely hot. The dining-room small, a profusion of viands was steaming on the table. But 'tis a

jeu de règle on such occasions—the soup was cold and the wine warm. Yet that was the case only with those bottles of *vin ordinaire* which garnished the table, our provident hostess having had placed a couple of dozen at least of high-priced growths and promiscuous kinds in a capacious tub filled with water. Unluckily however the various paper labels pasted on the different flasks were all washed off, and they floated on the surface like fishes, leaving the contents of the flasks to be guessed at. The invitations to drink wine and the hobnobbing *à l'anglaise*, not abolished in those days, commenced quickly. "What do you prefer? White or red? Sauterne or Chablis? Madeira or sherry? Bordeaux or Burgundy?" were questions naturally put and innocently answered, no one imagining the difficulty of giving a practical reply. A clumsy servant plunging his hand into the tub to extract a bottle of Madeira, several of which had, contrary to all the rules of taste, been put into the water with the Champagne and other *boissons*, seized on a bottle of Burton ale, uncorked it and filled a bumper into the glass of the Poet. It was dead and unfrothing. So Moore without remarking the colour drank it off Imagine his astonishment and disgust when his palate recovered the shock. He was upset totally. He could not even attempt to rally. Smith could

not muster a pun. Irving, as usual with him at a dinner-party, fell asleep in his chair. Nobody had strength to shake off the wet blanket that covered the company; the stories which every one had come prepared with, no one had the heart to tell; and we were all sinking into silent stupidity when our hostess roused us into wonderment by suddenly calling on Moore "to give us a song"!

This was really electrical. The best-devised effort to overcome our torpidity could not so effectually have succeeded. A loud burst of laughter escaped from the whole party. Our hostess had tact enough to profit by the opportunity. She rose, and with a couple of ladies her guests beat a retreat. Irving in a fit of desperation roused up from his nap and began to tell "a real snake story" as the Yankees say, or some other kind of story, no matter what. It quite answered the purpose meant. We became all at once gay and garrulous. Heaven knows what turn the conversation took. When the coffee was announced we were in high glee; and the road to Paris echoed with many a hearty laugh from the carriage in which Moore, Irving, myself, and one more (Villamil I believe) went back late in the night, for the fun of which the day had held no promise.

But we of Paris never again availed ourselves

of our country friend's hospitality. Moore and myself went once more to Versailles to dine at Smith's (I see by Moore's Diary that it was on June 3rd, 1822), and we found the greatest possible contrast to the sketch I have just given. A small party, a plain dinner, well dressed and punctually served, lively discourse, and easy if not elegant manners. Berguer was one of the company, and the conversation turning on French politeness, he mentioned as an exception a fellow once having insulted him in the street, "and on my remonstrating with him," said Berguer in his drawling way, "he actually spit upon me!" "Oh, then he was not a Frenchman, he was a Spitzberger," replied Horace. This was a fair specimen of his readiness, though many of his jokes were far better, and sometimes as far-fetched.

At a dinner-table Moore almost invariably took the lead in conversation and almost always kept it, at least when men only were his competitors. Washington Irving told me an amusing anecdote of Lady Holland's manner of extinguishing Moore sometimes. I once myself saw him completely crushed by Hookham Frere, who was certainly a very agreeable talker and a wittier man than Moore in mere talk; but greatly deficient in the convivial *abandon*, the rambling egotism, and

tact of story-telling which so peculiarly distinguished Moore. I remember on the day I allude to, Frere was very fluent on the subject of Lord Erskine, dead not long before. He recited several of his *vers de société* and *circonstance* not published. The conversation turning some way or other upon *Potatoes*, Moore mentioned an advertisement he had that morning seen of a new species, which bore the tuber on the stalk above-ground and was called by the importer and advertiser "the ethereal potato."

"A symbol of O'Connell's eloquence," said Frere, and every one voted it a fair hit. But though it was not very brilliant I don't think Moore ever said anything in my hearing quite so ready. He was not gifted with a great power of repartee, was no punster, knew nothing in short of the sharpshooting of wit. But when he had the coast clear, and he generally took the field with the first spoonful of soup, and was allowed to run on, he was amazingly fluent in story-telling and light anecdote, particularly of Irish manufacture. When with a party which left him quite at ease with himself he was the most agreeable table-companion I ever met with, and his peculiar style of song-singing was delightful. I met him frequently in company both in Paris and London. But it must not be supposed that

his tone was always and in every place the same.*

It was during one of our visits together to Versailles that a circumstance occurred, which though very slight in itself and possibly liable to a different construction than that which I put on it, gave me a peep into Moore's character which I would willingly have been spared. He, Kenney, and myself were walking one evening, the former in that easy-indifferent mood which sat so pleasantly on him, when Kenney mentioned that a young relative of his wishing to enter some distinguished family as governess and hearing there was a vacancy, in that of the Marquess of Sligo, he begged of Moore to interest himself for her,

* The way in which Moore spoke of any party he was at might be fairly taken as an indication of the share he bore in the *frais de conversation*. Two entries in his Journal of two dinners on successive days are specimens of this.

1825, June 13.—"Dined at Rees', Paternoster Row, with Corry. Tom Campbell of the party, the day not very agreeable."

June 14.—"Dined at Lord Dacre's. Company: Lord and Lady Tavistock, Joanna Baillie and Grattan. Rather agreeable."

I am obliged to Moore's book for reminding me of this most pleasant party, made particularly so to me by my meeting for the first time the amiable and unassuming Joanna Baillie, as charming in manner as she was celebrated for talent. Moore himself was exceedingly agreeable, but he had not the talk *entirely* to himself. Old Lord Lynedoch was also one of the eight *convives*, a really fine specimen of a veteran soldier.

taking it for granted that he was in the constant habit of meeting Lord and Lady Sligo in society in Paris. Moore, who had listened to Kenney's preamble as though he had not been listening at all, replied in a tone and air that did not raise him in my opinion, "Really I don't know if I am acquainted with Lord Sligo."

"Really that is too bad!" thought I. It would be absurd of any one to pretend ignorance of the fact of his acquaintanceship or non-acquaintanceship with a person of Lord Sligo's rank and one of the leaders of the society in which the individual daily mixed. But in a notorious "tuft-hunter" like Moore it was insufferable. Yet I was willing to believe in the possibility of Moore forgetting his acquaintanceship with a lord, wonderful as it seemed, when one day talking of the talent of persons of rank, I asked him if he knew Lady Waterford, of whose charming poetry I gave him a specimen or two from memory. He made me precisely the same answer he had done to Kenney in reference to Lord and Lady Sligo; and I was quite satisfied that what in one case might have been *distraction* was in two simply self-forgetfulness.

I remember about this period suggesting to Moore the establishment of private theatricals in Paris. "Good God!" replied he, "what would

Lady —— say to such a thing? No, no, that would be indeed *mauvais ton.*" I could not help saying that I was surprised that he, with his position in literature and taste, and the memory of the Kilkenny theatricals still alive, should not give instead of take the tone on such a point in whatever circle he moved in. I don't think he relished the remark. But I am quite sure he was seriously offended with me on a later and much more important occasion.

The death of Lord Byron in 1823 was quickly followed by an account of the transaction between Moore, John Murray the eminent publisher, and the executors of the deceased poet, relative to the manuscript memoirs of which he had made a present to Moore some years before, under the condition of their not being published during his lifetime. Moore had not been long possessed of this valuable gift when he converted it into cash, by selling it to Mr. Murray (with the above-mentioned condition) for the sum of two thousand pounds.

Murray no doubt considered this a good speculation, but he might have thought differently had he been aware of the chances of a spurious or garbled edition of the work meeting the light before the period agreed on for its legitimate appearance. It was afterwards avowed that the

original manuscript had been for a long time in the possession of Lady Burghersh and also of Lady Adelaide Forbes. I myself was told by Sir Godfrey Webster that Moore had lent it to Lady Webster, and on his claiming it back, the day following, Lady Webster had (like Lady Burghersh according to Byron*) industriously copied a good portion of it. It also came to my knowledge through Mr. Villamil before spoken of, that a Mr. Dumoulin, an Irish officer on half-pay, was employed by Moore to copy the entire work, during the residence of the latter in Villamil's cottage on *La Butte Coaslin* close to Sèvres (in which residence I was his successor) where Dumoulin was a constant visitor, being then in ill health and dying soon after. What became of his copy of Lord Byron's manuscript I had no opportunity of learning. Nor can I say whether any of the extracts were preserved; but that some transcript of the work may be at this moment in existence is by no means impossible, although it is certain that Lord Byron's original autograph memoirs were burnt.

There always appeared to the public something obscure and unsatisfactory about this burning affair. I thought at the time that some phœnix was sure to rise from the ashes. I knew

* *Vide* 'Conversations of Lord Byron;' by Medwin.

that Moore could not repay Longman and Co. the two thousand pounds they advanced, to enable him to refund that sum to Murray (on the latter relinquishing his hold on the manuscript) but by the production of some work equivalent to that amount. I was therefore not surprised at being very soon after told by Mr. Rees, one of the firm of Longman and Co., that Moore had engaged to furnish them a life of Lord Byron, composed chiefly from the unexceptionable parts of the *burned* materials.

With this business I had no concern direct or indirect. Scarcely however had the world recovered from its regret and almost disbelief (for we always in the first instance involuntarily doubt what we regret) at the fatal news of Lord Byron's death, than I received a letter from Captain Medwin, from Vevay where he then resided, asking my advice relative to his intended publication of Lord Byron's "Conversations," telling me that he had made considerable progress in the preparation of the work, and that he had shown what he had completed to Sir Egerton Brydges and Sir John St. Aubyn, who had both strongly advised him to proceed. He said he expected to make a couple of hundred pounds by the volume, and altogether he reckoned on my assisting him in bringing it out.

In my reply I certainly encouraged him to its

execution. No one could be other than anxious to see a report of Byron's familiar table-talk, except those who had something to fear from its publication. Medwin's work made rapid progress, and in a short time I received his packet of manuscript in London, in September, 1825. I was merely passing through town and stopping for a day or two at an hotel in Jermyn Street. Colburn, my publisher, to whom I had mentioned the affair on behalf of Medwin, answered my summons "haste post haste." I delivered him the packet without opening it, giving him four-and-twenty hours to make up his mind as to the purchase and the price; and the next morning as the carriage in which I was about to start for the country drove to the door, Colburn hurried into my room, the manuscript in his hand, and his mind made up—a most difficult operation for a mind like his—as to the price. I cut short his preliminary humming and hawing, and brought the tantalizing bibliopole to the point. In a word he offered me five hundred pounds for Medwin's manuscript. I of course accepted the offer, took his bills for the amount—he had them ready drawn out—transmitted them by post to the author, and left town immediately.

The first (and *last*) number of a work intended to be periodical, called 'The Attic Miscellany,'

set on foot by Henry Bulwer, Charles Sheridan, and myself, was then on the point of coming out. I proposed to Colburn and he consented that a few extracts from Medwin's manuscript should be inserted in the new magazine, forming part of an article on Lord Byron and his suppressed memoirs, a most attractive subject at the time. I put Colburn in communication with Mr. Forbes, the editor of 'The Attic Miscellany' and entrusted with the care of its publication, leaving to that gentleman, on his being furnished with the proof-sheets, the choice of the passages from Medwin, and undertaking myself to write the article which was to introduce them. This I did in the evening of my first day's visit at the hospitable mansion of a friend in Northamptonshire, the first stage of my tour and after a hard day's partridge-shooting. I mention this to account for the imperfection of the hurried article. But there was nothing hasty in the opinion it expressed relative to the Byron memoirs, and I insert it here merely to illustrate the nature of Moore's feelings on a subject so remarkable in his literary life.

LORD BYRON AND HIS MEMOIRS.

"The death-knell of Lord Byron still rings in "the public ear. Its vibrations have been re-'peated in the wide-extended circles of society

"since the hour when Missolonghi was startled "by its tone. It has been echoed by every ve- "hicle of news and organ of opinion. The whole "world has spoken deeply in lamentation of his "death, and loudly in reprobation of his life. "The great majority of mankind in condemning "his mortal career has paid its homage to his "genius, by proving it all-powerful in awakening "sympathies which may be thought to own no "alliance but with conduct which we approve. "The interest and sorrow excited by his untimely "fate was universal. Men of all persuasions and "all parties felt that the mountain heights of ge- "nius were riven, and that a wide blank was left "gaping by the fall of one of their proudest ele- "vations. Looking back as far as our memory "can go, and round us as widely as our obser- "vation extends, we know not on whom more "fitly than on Lord Byron to fix the epithet, "which is applied as if in mockery to several of "his contemporaries—'a spirit of the age.'

. . . . . .

"Lord Byron's death once ascertained, the "whole interest of society seemed centred in his "memoirs. Curiosity swallowed up grief. And "people becoming weary of the comments of other "writers on him who was no more, turned with "anxiety to know what he had written of himself.

"Whether or not the public had a right to those "memoirs is a question which it is perhaps not "yet quite useless to discuss. It is at any rate "our opinion that they had the right; and that "the depositary of the manuscript was no more "than a trustee for the public. Lord Byron be- "queathed his memoirs to the world. The pro- "fits of their sale were alone meant for Mr. Moore. "Lord Byron's family had no pretension what- "ever to the monopoly. And though the delicate "consideration of the gentleman just named "prompted his offer of having the manuscript "perused—and purified if such be the proper "word—by the nearest surviving relative of Lord "Byron, we maintain that he was right in protest- "ing against its unconditional destruction.

"The history of the burning is fresh in the "public recollection. We think that Mr. Moore's "conduct is not clearly appreciated. Some blame "seems to be cast on his share in the transaction. "But it is our opinion that not a shadow of re- "proach rests on Mr. Moore. One imperative "duty remains for his performance, to give to "the world the genuine work of Lord Byron if it "be still in his power to do so. The opinion is "wide-spread, if not well-founded, that one copy "at least of the original is in existence. That "opinion is afloat, and nothing can sink it. If

"the Life which Mr. Moore is supposed to be "preparing comes out as his own production, it "will be difficult to convince the public that it is "not a compilation from the copy we allude to, "or from a memory powerfully tenacious of the "original. If it be not avowed as such, spurious "Lives will probably appear, professing to be the "identical copy, of whose existence no one will "consent to doubt. Nothing short of Mr. Moore's "positive assertion to the contrary will persuade "people that he could for years have run the risk "of leaving so interesting a manuscript uncopied, "or that he would have entrusted it, without pos- "sessing a duplicate, into the hands of any one.

"We are confident that Mr. Moore will con- "sider well the part he has to perform, and up- "hold his character for integrity and frankness, "in accordance with his disinterested and upright "feelings throughout."

It appears to me even at this distance of time that there was nothing in all this to give a shock to Moore's sentitiveness. Yet he was much hurt by it. And as I made no secret of its being mine, he took an early opportunity of telling me he thought it likely to do him mischief. I assured him that my intention was quite the contrary, and that I thought the effect of the article

would be so too. We then had some conversation about Medwin and his book, which was just published and making a prodigious sensation; and though Moore and myself met frequently afterwards, though letters passed between us and he invited me to go and see him at his cottage at Sloperton, there was no real cordiality in our after-acquaintanceship.

Every one who remembers the time in question must recollect the uproar caused in the fashionable and literary world by the appearance of 'Byron's Conversations,' by Medwin, which must not be confounded with Lady Blessington's publication under a similar title. No writer was ever more terribly mauled by reviewers than was Captain Medwin. His veracity was denied. His morality attacked. He was, figuratively, torn to pieces. But the world was wrong in pouring out this torrent of vituperation. The whole affair resolved itself into a question of Truth and one of Taste. As regards the first, I have no doubt but that Lord Byron talked as nearly as possible to the effect reported. It was to my own knowledge, as well as that of Washington Irving and others of Medwin's acquaintance in Paris in the year 1821, that he had then in his possession manuscript notes of his *noctes* with Byron and Shelley in Italy, and as Byron was then quite as young

a man and as good a life as Medwin, the latter could not have speculated on his death, as affording an opportunity to put forth a spurious report of his familiar chat. To all who knew Lord Byron personally (I was not of the number) those freely-communicated notes appeared strikingly like his general style of gossip—trenchant, not over-delicate, and at times not quite "founded on fact." But I really believe that Medwin thought he was doing honour to Byron's memory in giving those fugitive conversations to the world. He held him in high estimation as well for good fellowship as for talent, and he was aware that any misrepresentation was liable to immediate contradiction.

With respect to the bad taste of publishing private communications reflecting on the honour or virtue of others, there can be but one opinion. But after all there is something to be said in extenuation. The world (and Medwin knew it) expected with panting impatience every relic of Byron's genius, written or spoken. The intimate associates of men of great celebrity must make up their minds to be dragged forward some time or other, as foils perhaps, and sometimes even as *butts*, to the chief personage of the scene. The luminary and its satellites are sure to be subject to the moral measurement of all the star-gazers.

Most of those minor lights are no doubt better satisfied to be spoken of slightingly in such conjunctions than not noticed at all; and Medwin might have supposed that in repeating the great poet's small satire on some of his quondam friends he was rather flattering their vanity than offending their pride.

On the other hand, Medwin himself had no sort of sympathy for a set of persons he did not know. Not himself of the patrician ranks and almost all his life in India, he returned to England without knowing anything of its *notabilities;* and a chance residence in Italy to be near his friend and relative Shelley, brought him accidentally into companionship with Lord Byron, at a time when the latter had given up most of his former connections with the persons mentioned so disparagingly in the 'Conversations.' Medwin, the recipient of those streams of stricture, naturally took their tint or their *taint;* and in sending his book into the world he never thought of the susceptibilities he was about to wound. Such as the book was, I have no doubt it was the genuine record of Lord Byron's chit-chat in "hours of idleness," moments of spleen, or moods of malice. He might have mystified Medwin on some minor points, and the latter may have made some errors in dates; but there can be, I think,

small doubt that the slapdash mass of censure, sarcasm, philosophy, and fiction contained in those remarkable pages were really the poet's, and not the reporter's. And this fact being borne in mind, how strongly is the unfavourable opinion involuntarily presented of Lord Byron's character corroborated by the contemporary accounts of his familiar associates!

Various means, some not very worthy, were taken to throw discredit on Medwin. He was not happy in the method he took to vindicate himself. He wrote to me from Switzerland, when his name was in a dozen different ways put into the hue and cry of literary reprobation, to tell me he had sent one "cartel" to a Mr. Dallas (who was a clergyman) and another to Mr. Hobhouse, the avowed or supposed authors of some published reflections on his reputation. My opinion was that had he, instead of writing transalpine summonses as little likely to bring forth their objects as were Owen Glendower's calls to the "vasty deep," put a pair of post-horses to his carriage and come to London, with a brace of pistols in his portmanteau, opinion might (in those days of duelling) have taken a different turn. A man who had *dash* enough to publish such a book as his, should have been daring enough to follow up the consequences.

I remember making these remarks to Moore one day. "I agree with you," said he, "but I am told that Medwin is not a man of that *trempe*." He perhaps thought it useless to offer pistol-proof of his veracity. Perhaps he was right; for the loss of a life one side or another goes but a small way towards deciding an argument.

My opinion, expressed in the already-quoted article of 'The Attic Miscellany,' was ere long confirmed by the appearance of Moore's 'Life of Lord Byron.' The burned memoirs left their essence behind them, and the journal was no doubt *purified*. The book was truly delightful. The fresh and vigorous style of Byron was admirably relieved by the parts written by his biographer. I was charmed with the work; and after reading it I actually wrote a page of a letter to Moore expressing what I felt. But on reflection I threw it into the fire or tore it up—for I forget whether it was in summer or winter.

Many severe strictures were passed on Moore for the manner in which he displayed the character of his deceased benefactor in this biography; and many insinuations were sent abroad of the living poet's design to do dishonour to the memory of the dead one, in this pretended monument to his fame. There was much injustice in this on the part of the critics. The world at any

rate should have taken Moore's part; for however the character of Byron might have been better concealed by some partial suppressions, the ample revelations made in his journal gave infinite amusement to general readers, and he was not, in fact, exhibited in any false light.

Why, it may be asked, should Moore have expunged any of the salient outburstings of Lord Byron's egotism merely because they told against their author? He was most positively no *friend* of the noble poet in the fine and generous sense of the term. He had no sympathy with the impulses which were to the other inspirations. Their minds were cast in totally different moulds. The haughty and somewhat vulgar turn of Byron's temper was a complete contrast to Moore's refined obsequiousness. Byron half-contemned, half-hated society. Moore lived but in it and for it. The independent patrician railed at, reviled, and ridiculed the pretensions of aristocracy while imbued with them to the very core. The subservient plebeian fawned on nobility even when he knew that it held him cheap. There was no point of sentiment, in fact, common to the peer and the grocer's son. Literary tastes or a joint poetic temperament are not sufficient causes for friendship. They are more likely to prove bars to it, from their tendency to generate jealousy and envy.

Moore no doubt felt grateful to Byron at the time he accepted the gift of his memoirs in trust for his little boy, and probably even after the donation was turned into cash. But independent of that particular concern, I am pretty sure he had no strong attachment to Lord Byron. I well remember his speaking to me on the subject of 'The Liberal' in a way by no means friendly, and, while showing me a letter from Byron (containing the then unpublished lines on George IV.'s visit to Ireland), strongly reprobating his connection with Shelley and Leigh Hunt, as derogatory to him. But Shelley was quite on a social equality with Byron, and Hunt was a gentleman by birth, a scholar, a man of talent, and an honest-hearted man. The latter I never saw but once, and that by an accidental meeting at Colburn's, when I talked with him for half an hour, and was much pleased by his unaffected manners, which gave an impression of frank single-mindedness. Medwin's book formed the chief subject of our conversation. I expressed my opinion of the author in reference to that affair just as I have here stated it. Hunt did not say a word in dissent nor in disparagement of Medwin, then far away. I was pleased with this at the time; but, little imagining that Hunt's visit to Colburn was relative to his own forthcoming work, 'Lord

Byron and his Contemporaries,' it was not till I had read it that I could appreciate his discreet and amiable forbearance in conversation, relative to the rival biographer towards whom he had certainly no friendly nor favourable leaning.

A detailed opinion of Leigh Hunt's book would be out of place and out of season here. It had great faults and great merits, while many excuses might be made for it. The main point of public interest in the like works is their truthfulness. The minute motives of their authors are of small general value. It is very desirable to know the leading characteristics of celebrated men. But if nothing at all unfavourable is to be tolerated, biography becomes a mere one-sided mirror, and cannot show the prismatic colouring of the mind, whose shifts and changes must be seen to let the individual be really understood. It is quite probable that a friend may honestly state the errors, or an enemy nobly pay tribute to the merits, of a deceased individual. Every one has, no doubt, his particular bias, and his book will be sure to show it. But if facts are truly stated, they generally speak for themselves, though they may be to a certain point warped to support a theory or serve a purpose. The whole tenor of a great man's actions cannot be placed in a false light; and it is after all on circumstantial evidence that posterity will judge him.

In my desultory and not very intimate intercourse with Moore, few circumstances occurred between us sufficiently striking to give much piquancy to the sketch I have here attempted. My impressions were formed on data too superficial to let me know the secrets of his mind; for the cream of character is not to be skimmed from the surface of manners or conduct. He was decidedly possessed of many domestic virtues. He showed great courage and independence in his choice of a wife. He married for happiness, and beyond all doubt he found it. Whatever might have been his temporary fancies for others of the sex, for his wife he had a deep and steady affection. I remember his once saying to me, after passing an evening at my house in Paris, "It is well for us both that we have ballast at home to keep our life-bark steady. You seem to be as lucky as myself in that respect—and it is indeed good luck for imaginative men to have wives like ours."*

When I first saw Moore he was very inti-

* I think it was in reference to this very evening, at a time that Mrs. Grattan did not go into society for some weeks, that Moore made the following memorandum in his diary:—

"November 15, 1822.—Went at nine o'clock to Grattan's to sing to his wife (according to promise), and found some men assembled, which was contrary to compact. Among others a Captain Medwin, a friend of Lord Byron's, who

mate with Washington Irving, who just then was a literary lion in Paris, and much sought after. Moore paid him great attention, and, independent of the liking which Irving was well calculated to inspire, there was a secret motive for it. Moore greatly desired to get invited to the anniversary dinner regularly held at Paris by the resident citizens of the United States, in honour of the declaration of independence on July 4th. Lafayette was almost the only European guest at this fête, and Moore, recollecting his own grievous offences against American pride by his satirical verse and prose, nearly twenty years before, was anxious of an opportunity of making the *amende* at one of the national celebrations. In this however he was disappointed. Irving never procured him the longed-for invitation, and Moore one day complained to me that he had not

passed a great part of last year at Pisa, and has written a volume of poems."

This passage is only worth extracting as showing something like trickery with regard to Medwin, spoken of so slightingly, as if seen for the first time on this occasion, when he and one or two more dropped in by chance in the Paris fashion. He had been introduced to me by Moore himself only a few days before, at the dinner before mentioned, and strongly recommended by him to my attentions in virtue of Lord Byron's warm letter of introduction. Could it be that Moore composed this entry for his diary, or modified it, some years afterwards, when Medwin's 'Conversations' had thrown him so much out of favour with Moore's particular world?

done so, in general terms which did not conceal his vexation. But the fact was that Irving had not then the influence with his countrymen which Moore ascribed to him; for while viewing his literary success with pride, they took umbrage at his English *penchants*, and looked on his writings as too much deficient in vigour to give a fair idea of Transatlantic character. How long Moore's regard for Irving stood the test of this disappointment I know not; but the latter always spoke to me in warm and cordial terms of his admiration of Moore's talents and convivial qualities.

I had one day occasion to call at Smith the English printer's, in the Rue Montmorency, relative to a forthcoming number of the 'Paris Monthly Review,' a work which I with some others had recently started. Smith told me that Moore was at the very time above-stairs in one of his garrets, in the act of destroying some hundreds of copies of a volume of poetry (the original impression of 'Rhymes on the Road') which he had had printed in that office some time previously; but which, for reasons that are now neither here nor there, he had resolved to suppress. I sent up word that I was below, and on Moore's invitation I mounted to the attic repository of the condemned work. I found him with his coat off, his shirt-sleeves tucked up, and co-

vered with dust, slashing and tearing at a furious rate some reams of "small octavo." After some laughing and sundry jokes on authorship and reviewing, I consented to assist in the havoc; and in less than an hour we had totally destroyed every possibility of a single copy seeing the light. An *auto de fe* of the *disjecta membra* of lacerated heresy (poetical and political) was next decided on, and Moore having resolved to entrust this final execution to the superintendence of Douglas, before mentioned, he locked the garret door, and we went away in my cabriolet which was waiting. The same day before dinner I sent him a hundred lines—doggrel of the most orthodox stamp—relative to this transaction. Campbell, who saw this nonsense some time afterwards, thought it worth a place in the 'New Monthly Magazine' (of which he was editor), and it figured there under the title of "An Attic Story"—but very much, I should think, to the bewilderment of readers who had no clue to the affair in which the squib originated.*

* Moore mentions this little incident in his Diary, showing what little events and small jokes found a place in it. "November 16, 1822.—Went to Smith's and set about tearing the sheets of the 'Rhymes,' with the assistance of two journeymen and Grattan, whom I found there. Grattan, very much amused with the operation, said while we were about it, 'How useful Doll Tearsheet would be here!'" (vol. iv. p. 20).

The 'Rhymes on the Road' gave but a very faint notion of the original volume. Whether Moore preserved a copy for his private satisfaction or for posthumous publication I know not. But there was enough in what was destroyed to repay the readers of the frivolous verses which appeared under the above title; and it is possible that like the burned Byronian memoirs those suppressed satires, or the *excerpta* thereof, may be one day brought forward for the amusement of the public.

The trifling circumstance just related made the more impression on me from its being in the cabriolet which brought us that day from the heart of the *Marais* to the Boulevard de la Madeleine (where I was residing) that Moore opened out his then existing friendly feeling towards me in a way more marked than usual, with offers of assistance in forwarding my literary intentions, for my projects in authorship had then taken scarcely any more positive form. I had done nothing beyond the publication of a poetical romance which I was taking great pains to suppress, and the writing of some prose tales of which Moore had never heard, and the manuscript of which had been rejected by several booksellers with the greatest possible discouragement, and which lay in an old portmanteau under the chance of being

torn up for the ignoble domestic purpose of fire-lighting, until they were rather accidentally given to the world sometime after under the title of 'Highways and Byways.'

I therefore had scarcely any expectation of coming forward in any way in which Moore's services might be available, my writing being then confined to essays and occasional verses published anonymously in periodical works. I nevertheless bore in mind Moore's volunteer promises, and it was several years afterwards that I took an opportunity of drawing a draft on the fund.

I had in the interval done enough in literature to be astonished at my own success and to make me independent of any individual influence. Moore had on frequent occasions expressed himself in a flattering and friendly way of my productions, and I had always been on good and pleasant terms with him in our chance-meetings during my visits to England, which were from private causes more rare than in the early period of our acquaintance. I had heard in more than one quarter that he had from time to time mentioned me to mutual friends in a good-natured way. I was therefore not sorry to take or to make an opportunity of writing to him.

On arriving one night at Heidelberg, where I

resided in the latter part of 1831, after a long and fatiguing journey from London, I found a copy of Moore's 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald' which had been borrowed during my absence. In pursuance of a very bad and much too general habit, I took the book to bed with me, to help me to a good night's rest, after everybody else in the house had been a long time asleep. But I was mistaken. Such was the interest of the subject and the excitement it caused me, that I never closed an eye till I read through the whole work, and the broad daylight in which I finished it bore testimony, in the exposure of my reddened lids, to the powerful effect produced on me by that most deeply painful piece of biography.

Moore was certainly fortunate in the subjects which he chose or which were offered to him, for the exercise of his talents as a biographer. Sheridan* and Byron were great names in litera-

* While looking over this long-since written manuscript with a view towards preparing it for the press, I see in a London paper (January, 1861) that Mrs. Norton, being somewhat dissatisfied with all the existing biographies of her grandfather, has announced the intention of writing a life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, from her own particular point of view of his character and career. I wondered that her uncle Charles Sheridan, whom I knew well, and who had good literary talents which he never exercised sufficiently, left Moore to deal with the subject instead of undertaking it himself.

ture and politics; and Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the true model for a hero of romance. I do not think he was very successful with the first, and he certainly did not make as much of the last subject as he might have done. Few could have combined so thoroughly materials for the purposes of picturesque and powerful composition. But there was something so intensely mournful in the story, so unaffectedly beautiful in the character of the man, that, taken for what it is, without considering what it might have been, I think the 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald' is one of the most attractive books in the language. It is not an *inspiring* work. The reader is never roused. Even indignation for the wrongs of Ireland and the tyranny of those days is weighed down under the pressure of affliction. The hero dying his cruel dungeon-death from wounds re-

But I suppose bookselling speculation had much to do in the choice of the author to whom the materials were confided; and perhaps a son is not sufficiently independent in judgment and feeling to discuss impartially the acts and works of his parent. Mrs. Norton is a degree further removed from that cause of disqualification, and a generation further from the doubtful and complicated political transactions in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan so conspicuously figured. His merits as a dramatist and his private adventures will no doubt be gracefully and delicately treated by the tact of his beautiful and gifted descendant. And let us hope that she will find in this congenial task some consolation for domestic sorrow, in the loss of much nearer and far dearer relatives.

ceived in a gallant struggle is heart-rending. But it seems inconceivable that a man so tender and so gentle could have thus sacrified himself in the public cause. He had no ambition, in the common sense of the word; no thirst for glory; nothing personal in fact, to urge him on; none of that stuff which seems the necessary nourishment of heroism. As nature made him good, success would have made him great. But failing as he did, he only adds another to the list of anomalous characters, so prominent in history and so puzzling to philosophy.

Full of the feelings I have above expressed, I completed what I had attempted a couple of years previously on reading the 'Memoirs of Lord Byron;' and I wrote a letter to Moore, telling him what I thought of his new work, and at the same time I mentioned my own historical novel just then published ('The Heiress of Bruges'), and I begged of him to use his interest with the 'Edinburgh Review' to get it noticed, for I knew that in the multiplicity of works of fiction just then pouring from the press, those things were sure to go by "favour or affection"—and no literary man had ever less direct means of bespeaking the influence of the periodical press than myself. I soon afterwards received the following answer to my letter.

"Sloperton, February 17, 1832.

"My dear Grattan,—I am really so ashamed of myself for not having sooner answered your letter, that I know not what to say that can remove the impression you must all the time have been under at my apparent coldness and neglect, The truth is, soon after I received your letter I was seized with a sort of influenza, which incapacitated me for some time for all sorts of business, and the arrears of correspondence that during my illness accumulated on me, would melt your heart (even though it were stoned against me) to see. *You* must well know what a plague letter-writing is to the poor author who wants to be addressing 'my pensive public,' and both my table and myself groaned so with letters on my recovery that you—as well as many others of my best friends—were most shamefully postponed. Even now it is but a cheerless task to write when I have nothing to say, except that I wish you most cordially all the success you deserve, without being able to quicken or further that success in any way whatever. I have no interest with the Reviews (since Jeffrey left the 'Edinburgh'), and only consider it a piece of luck when they don't attack myself—which they however all do (except perhaps the 'Edinburgh') in their turn. The 'Times' I used to have some

influence over, but that too seems gone by, and they did as much harm to my 'Life of Byron' as they well could, by raising the *Saint* cry against it—the most fatal of all in England.

"I dined twice with poor Sir Walter before his departure, and he spoke with warm interest both of you and your writings. It will give me great pleasure to hear that this has safely reached you, and that whatever wonder, anger, or annoyance my silence may have caused has wholly subsided.

"Yours, my dear Grattan, most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

I had two or three other previously written letters from Moore, as friendly, pleasant, and characteristic as this one, but they were, with many others from celebracted men and dear friends, totally lost when my house was pillaged by the Dutch troops in their attack on Brussels in September, 1830.

In these desultory sketches I have not attempted to give an elaborate character of Moore, but merely thrown out hints towards the compilation of a character. That he had many very good points is certain. His courageously selecting a wife from the *corps de ballet* of an Irish provincial theatre was a bold and independent

act for a man so much under aristocratic influence as he was. Some facts to his disadvantage have been related to me, in no spirit of asperity, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They produced no ill effect on me, from my sympathy with the professionally literary man, whose want of prudence and over-confidence in others may have led him into some "questionable shape" of pecuniary dilemma.

There was a circumstance which told much in Moore's disfavour, related to me, and generally spoken of in a rather wide circle, relating to a most delightful friend of ours, whose early and sudden death he was reported to have heard of with an air and an observation of cold and heartless indifference. But I never judge men entirely from their words—not always even from their actions. There is, I well know, a spring in the human heart too deep to be discovered by such feeble indications. And I hope for the honour of Moore's better nature that the cold remark alluded to was but the faint and distant echo of a profound pang of grief.

One day just previous to my sailing from London for New York, in the month of July, 1839, I met Moore walking in Whitehall, looking well, cheerful, and rubicund. My eldest son was with me. I introduced him to the poet, and we exchanged a few passing words.

"What shall I say to the Yankees for you?" said I, as we shook hands at parting.

"Give my love to them *all*," replied he, a laugh accompanying the emphasis; and that was the last I ever directly saw or heard of him.

During my seven years' absence in America Moore paid the debt of nature, preceded or closely followed by several of our mutual acquaintances, some of whom have been mentioned in these pages. Others survived, to talk over old scenes and feed on old recollections. Among these were Charles Phillips and Crofton Croker, well-known Irishmen, with strong feelings, prejudices, and predilections. The appearance of Moore's Diary in several volumes, edited by Lord John Russell, made some sensation in the literary world, and drew forth many commentaries, particularly from those interested in or in any way compromised by it. It decidedly made an unfavourable impression as to Moore's habits of thought and general pursuits. They appeared to the many admirers of his poetical talents too frivolous and unworthy; and some harsh criticisms followed quick on their publication in successive volumes. The life of Moore was considered as to be still unwritten, and more than one person entertained the project of undertaking it. Crofton Croker contemplated the publication of

some of Moore's correspondence which had come into his possession, and knowing that I had some memoranda of my acquaintance with Moore, he wrote me the following note.

"3, Gloucester Road, Old Brompton,
"July 5, 1853.

"Dear Grattan,—Moore's life, and a sad one it is, must now come out. Alas for his memory! He was an actor all through his existence, the mask has fallen from his hand in death, and Lord John Russell has picked it up. . . . Perhaps you can tell me (see vol. iii. p. 11) who Sir John Wycherly was—a real person or an imaginary one I suspect a hoax.

"If you can trust me with your manuscript about Moore (of course in confidence), it would be an obligation, and I should further feel obliged by your correcting any statement with reference to yourself in the journal of the poet. I suspect the promised new edition will be a rare hash, and Longmans (see their advertisement headed 'caution') are not going to work the right way to redeem it.

"Ever yours,
"T. Crofton Croker."

To this I replied that my sketches, written many years ago, were somewhere in a manuscript

volume which I did not know how to find, and that any little mistakes in the Diary were not worth correcting; that I was glad Moore's life was to be written, and that I hoped it would be by some Irishman, etc. I now forget what was the subject of Messrs. Longmans' advertisement, and I never heard more about the matter accumulated by Croker, who died soon afterwards.

Charles Phillips, the biographer of Curran, was greatly aggrieved by the manner in which he was spoken of in Moore's Letters and Diary. It was I think his wounded feelings on personal grounds that aroused his indignation against the author, on points of national concern and with reference to other individuals. He embodied his opinions in about sixty pages, in pamphlet form, under the title of 'A Protest against Certain Passages in Mr. Moore's Autobiography,' a copy of which he lent to me, as he had done to many others, although he had reluctantly given up his intention of publishing it. How many he printed, or to what extent it was suppressed, I cannot say. He allowed me to make some extracts from the copy he lent me, and I returned it to him unseen by any eyes but my own. There were many passages in it of great severity. Not having read Moore's Diary nearly through, I cannot form a judgment on these strictures; but

in my hurried glance at it I saw nothing in regard to Phillips himself but a slight joke at the expense of his *great* speech on the trial of Guthrie *v.* Sterne, which he reprinted *in extenso* in an appendix to the suppressed pamphlet. Phillips, without exactly suggesting it, left me clearly to infer that he would not be sorry if the pamphlet was given to the public in the United States. I had no sufficient interest in the matter one way or another, to induce me to follow up the hint; and I can only suppose that the *brochure* lies safe in some literary limbo, possibly to be produced with other "curiosities" for the amusement of some future generation.

Poor Charles Phillips also has "shuffled off the mortal coil;" and he left a blank, not only in the Insolvent Court where he presided as a judge (soon filled up), but in the promenades of Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and the Park, where he was a constant lounger in leisure hours and on holidays, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and chit-chat.

And as for the chief subject of these recollections, Thomas Moore, it will be long before the world can expect to see a being alike to him in characteristics of his peculiar kind. He flourished at a period well suited for the cultivation and enjoyment of qualities so remarkable. He

was however a mixture of incongruities. Highly gifted yet meanly endowed; he had too much genius for so little independence of spirit. He rose above the depressing influences of low birth to sink under the caresses of the high-born. He was nothing without a patron and a pension; and he wanted the courage to use a wafer, or refuse an invitation that was sealed with a coronet. But he possessed the domestic affections and social instincts largely. He was the most agreeable table-companion I ever met; and he would have been a fine character had his self-reliance equalled his self-esteem.

CHAPTER III.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I WAS introduced to Campbell through the medium of a letter, pressed on my acceptance by an old and intimate friend of his, a Scotch lady, whose acquaintance I had formed in the south of France. I paid my visit and delivered my letter to the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope' in his lodgings in one of the streets off Cavendish Square, Margaret Street to the best of my recollection, which may be pardoned some indecision after a lapse of nearly forty years.

Nothing could be much less prepossessing than the appearance and manners of the bard to one who, like me, had formed his ideal standard of the man on a scale of poetic combinations. Not having at that time much experience of the lions of literature, I certainly had expected something of a higher order than this celebrated specimen at first appeared to be. Campbell had the

bearing and accent that one might attribute to a second or third rate Scotch schoolmaster. His rusty black coat, dark-coloured wig, short stature, careless attire, crabbed pronunciation, and cramped manners, formed a complete contrast to anything graceful or poetical. And when I have looked at the engraved portraits of him from Sir Thomas Lawrence's fanciful picture, in Vandyke dress, Spanish cloak, and the like appendages, I wondered if the original could ever have borne any resemblance to it.

His reception of me was gratifying enough. He knew me by name, as the author of a mediocre poem and a few papers which had appeared in the 'New Monthly Magazine' of which he was then editor; and, besides some complimentary remarks on those latter, he had to offer me a brief apology for having too hastily allowed to be returned, as unsuited for insertion, a couple of short tales which I had forwarded to him from Paris, where I at the time resided.

At this interview, and in some subsequent evening meetings at his house and elsewhere, Campbell showed me a good deal of civility, somewhat more than commonplace, and bordering on what a sanguine-minded person might be excused for believing to denote an interest in my literary plans, on which I freely consulted him.

There is nothing more unfair to persons of mark than the attempts of those who know them but slightly to portray their characters or descant on their manners. Few men are to be seen through at a single or even a double glance, particularly those who are observed and waylaid, so to say, by the professional sketchers, who lie in wait for and suddenly pounce upon them. The "eminent individuals" soon acquire a knack of keeping on their guard, of almost sleeping with their eyes open. They learn to assume a conventional air, adopt certain set phrases, sometimes lay themselves out for effect, and too often display but a "counterfeit resemblance" of their real nature. The lion-hunters teach the lions how to baffle them, and the latter shake the mane or lash the tail, or growl or grin, according to a regular stereotyped plan for deceiving the tribe they are beset by.

They also become suspicious, judge unjustly of many who seek their society from motives far different to those ascribed to them. To know truly, and on terms of reciprocal honesty, a celebrated man, you must meet him accidentally in some familiar circle, or have a point of mutual interest, causing frequent intercourse, without the suspicion of *pumping* attaching to the one, or the necessity of reserve or affectation disfiguring the other.

These are but general observations. They have no particular reference to my acquaintance with Thomas Campbell. But so convinced am I of their correctness that I should have hesitated to write about him at all, had my knowledge of him been confined to the partial opportunities above adverted to.

We became by degrees somewhat intimate, as I saw him often during my visits to London. My associations with Washington Irving at Paris having led to my writing a few prose tales, of which the two rejected by Campbell for the 'New Monthly Magazine' were by the bye a portion, I consulted the latter on the subject of their publication in the book form. He warmly promised to be their literary sponsor, requested me to send him the manuscript to read over and revise, and assured me he would have the projected book brought out "from under his own wing." This was high encouragement. I returned to France, and completed and arranged my materials with great spirit, and sent my manuscript to London, to a gentleman to whom I at the same time forwarded a letter of introduction to Campbell, to enable him to see and consult with this powerful ally, as to the proceedings required for the appearance of the work.

I anxiously awaited the reply, on which hung,

as I felt, the fate of my attempt. I was somewhat apprehensive of Campbell's critical judgment condemning it altogether. I had the least confident possible opinion of my own production. But I never for a moment doubted his warm and friendly disposition in the matter. My surprise and disappointment were therefore very great, when the gentleman who acted for me wrote to say that Mr. Campbell had not granted him an interview, but had sent him a message to the effect that "Mr. Grattan had quite misunderstood him; that he wished well to the manuscript work, but had no intention of interfering in any way towards its publication."

Whatever was the bitterness of my disappointment, it only served to incite my exertions and confirm my self-reliance. This first check was followed by several others which I have elsewhere mentioned. But I at length, after several trials not necessary to be here detailed, succeeded in having the first series of 'Highways and Byways' brought before the public. And I certainly had every reason to be satisfied with the prompt and flattering review which appeared in Campbell's periodical, and which was written, as I afterwards learned, by the late Sir Thomas Talfourd, in the most generous spirit of criticism.

On my next meeting with Campbell at some

dinner-party in London, he spoke in cordial eulogy of my book, which had then passed through three or four editions, and he said that "the only regret he had about it was that it might put Washington Irving out of fashion." This did not make any very strong impression on my vanity, for I knew that the last-mentioned author was at that time much dissatisfied with a passage which had appeared in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' in reference to one of his works. But Campbell proved evidently that he considered me worth cultivating, by giving me an invitation to dinner, which was soon followed by a proposal concerning one of the most important transactions of his public life, the establishment of the London University.

The proposal was that I should accompany him to the first preparatory meeting of the friends of the projected institution, at which Mr. Henry Brougham was to preside, and that I would take upon myself the task (which a gentleman from the City was however ready to perform) of proposing a vote of thanks to Campbell on that occasion, in honour of his being the originator of the plan (which he most undoubtedly was), and in reference to the series of letters which he had addressed to Mr. Brougham on the subject, in the pages of the 'New Monthly Magazine.'

This request of Campbell's somewhat startled me. I, in the first place, thought it odd that a man should be the author of any public measure for his own glorification. In the next, it appeared extraordinary that one of Campbell's high literary standing, so much connected as I supposed him to be with various leading characters of the day, should select a person so very little known as I was, even as a writer, to take a position so prominent, in what (as I told him) would be the first public meeting I ever attended in England, and being quite unskilled in the tactics of speech-making. He nevertheless persisted in his wish; and I, without giving either absolute consent or direct refusal, accompanied him in a carriage from his house in Upper Seymour Street, to the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, the great room of which was the scene of the meeting.

A large number of persons was already assembled, and Campbell was well received by many of those supporters of the intended institution, the establishment of which he had triumphantly assured me, as we drove along, "would inevitably produce a revolution in the country." He lived long enough to see the fallacious nature of this expectation; and those who have survived him are still more able to judge of its extravagance.

But even several of those who were present at this first public demonstration in favour of the undertaking, must have been struck as I was, with the symptoms of the shallowness on which its foundation was laid, and have augured ill of its success, from so insincere and inauspicious a commencement.

Willing to forward Campbell's personal wishes on this occasion, I looked among the groups scattered through the room, for some acquaintance of station and influence, to whom I could transfer the honour he had intended for me. Comparatively a stranger in London, I had a very limited circle to choose from; but I soon espied Mr. Spring Rice, the present Lord Monteagle, then a Member of Parliament, and a candidate for Ministerial office, which he soon afterwards attained. I begged of him to be the mover of the much-desired vote of thanks. But he cautiously declined, saying, "he should first like to know how Brougham felt about it." And Brougham entering the room very soon after, I perceived Mr. Rice speaking to him, and receiving for answer to his communication or question (whatever it might have been) a significative and decidedly negative shake of the head. I was soon made aware by Mr. Rice that this was in absolute disapproval of the *vote*, and he recom-

mended me to have nothing to do with it. I decided to follow this hint as far as my personal action was concerned. But I still felt anxious that Campbell should not be disappointed; and observing Mr. John Wood, member for some Lancashire borough, and subsequently Chairman of the Board of Excise, and whom I slightly knew, I asked him if he would undertake to perform the proposed act of kindness, and indeed of justice, to Thomas Campbell. But this gentleman also refused, giving as a sufficient reason that he was not personally acquainted with the poet, nor in any way directly interested in the object of the meeting.

Just then I observed Campbell bustling about, flushed and fidgety. He came up to me and asked me what was my decision on *the* question? I frankly told him, that "from some observation I thought the thing required a person of influence connected with the proposed University; that two Members of Parliament had thrown cold water on the affair; and that I hoped Mr. Brougham was not opposed to it."

"Ah! that's just it," said Campbell. "He is, he is. He wants to rob me of my due, and to take the honour to himself. But I'll have it done. The man from the City is coming, and *he* will do it in the right way."

At this moment a few taps on the table, and the call of "Chair! chair! Order! order!" proclaimed the meeting to be opened. I approached the long table stretching down the room, and I saw Mr. Brougham sitting at the head of it, addressing a few persons round him, in the most rapid and colloquial way, while a great bustle prevailed in the other parts of the room, as every one closed-in on the scene where the proceedings had naturally but so unexpectedly commenced.

The first words I distinguished were a muttered and almost indistinct mention of "our friend, Mr. Campbell, and the other liberal and spirited originators of this important movement;" and this opening tribute being paid, whatever its purport and dubious as was its extent, the Chairman went on, raising his voice and entering into some remarks on the proposed institution, which that meeting was to be the means of consolidating, and other general observations adapted to the occasion.

The proceedings of this preliminary meeting were thus, after a few sentences from a gentleman who seemed to act as secretary (in reference to a resolution for another and general assemblage of those interested), coming fast to a close, when a short gentleman ("the Man from the City") stepped forward, close to the upper end of the table, and

addressing himself directly to the Chairman, observed that "he thought it but right and fair, before this meeting separated, to fulfil an act of justice to an eminent and distinguished individual, by passing a vote of thanks to"—

"Now really this is altogether irregular," cried Brougham, briskly, and rising from his seat; "I must positively put a stop to this"—

"But, Mr. Chairman," resumed the Man from the City, "I have a right to move a vote of thanks, which I am sure will be supported by"—

"Good God! Thanks! For what? or to whom? We all deserve thanks, nobody in particular."

"I little thought," said the Citizen, warming, and raising his voice—"I little thought that Henry Brougham would be the man to put me down in proposing an act of justice, and"—

"Now, now, really this is too bad. Put you down! Good God! There is no question of putting down or setting up. This is not the time. Surely in my opening observations I did ample justice to the claims of Mr. Campbell."

"I really must take leave to say," exclaimed a short and stoutish gentleman with prominent features, close to Brougham's elbow, "that this is all premature and quite out of place. Let us at least wait till our laurels are grown before we would place them on our brows"—

And the speaker (who some one near me said was Sir John Hobhouse) would have no doubt gone on poetically and cleverly to the point, had he not been interrupted by the voice of Campbell himself, from about the middle of the room, protesting against any vote meant to do him honour, as quite repugnant to his feelings and wishes!

"There now, hear, hear! I thought so," said Brougham.

"But, Mr. Chairman, let me still say"—cried loudly the would-be mover of the vote—

"Good God! Don't you see that Mr. Campbell doesn't wish anything of the kind?" interrupted Brougham; while the shrill tones of Campbell's voice joined in the confusion of sounds.

"Louder! Louder! Get upon the table!" shouted many of the amused listeners. And, to my dismay, I saw little Campbell scramble up on the table, from the very middle of which, in his loudest accents, my eyes fixed full upon him, and my astonished ears taking in every word he uttered, he "solemnly protested he had no wish whatever for anything to be said or any vote passed in his honour, and that when he entered the room he had not the remotest notion of anything of the kind being intended or thought of!"

This I heard, and now testify to. Whether these

pages are ever to appear in print I know not; but if the occasion offers I shall not hesitate to publish them. This scene taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten, and it may perhaps put others on their guard against having implicit faith in the assertions and declarations of popular speakers, oftentimes hurried on by over-excitement, taken by surprise, and forgetting themselves in the tumult of a public meeting. On this occasion, Brougham most adroitly threw Campbell over; and Campbell, with flagrant want of candour, abandoned his own cause. He shrank from the opposition of his then powerful competitor, who beyond doubt gained the triumph of their common exertions for himself; and he sneaked out of the contest under the cover of a positive untruth, hastily uttered perhaps, and possibly repented of. It may be well supposed that I never adverted to the transaction in our after intercourse, but heartily did I congratulate myself in having escaped being mixed up in it. I could not, however, help denouncing it a few days afterwards to one of the gentlemen present, whom I sat beside at a dinner party, on his asking me what I thought of *his* friend Brougham and *my* friend Campbell? It would not be becoming or *convenable* in me to pronounce a direct opinion then or now on either. What I really thought I

need hardly say. I never sought an opportunity of knowing much more of Campbell after this affair. I met him occasionally in society. But I never felt towards him with cordiality or confidence. His general habits were not congenial to mine. But I remember particularly meeting him at dinner one day at Colburn's, the publisher, when a party was assembled in compliment to Frederick Augustus Schlegel, who astonished me by his wonderful displays of egotism and of memory; the first brought out by *everything*, the latter by a discussion on certain passages in Shakspeare. He literally seemed to recollect every passage in the plays of the immortal dramatist. But more than that, he was able, on reference to some of them, to decide with amazing correctness that certain quotations, made on the occasion off-hand, were not to be found in the places to which they were mistakingly ascribed.

The last time I saw Campbell was a few weeks before I left England for America in 1839, when he called one evening at my house in Wilton Street, sat for an hour, drank deeply of brandy and water of marvellous strength, in preference to wine, (while coolly assuring me he "had quite given up *sperrits*,") and amused my daughter, then a child, by telling her always to remember

she had seen and known "little Campbell the Poet."

Very little, indeed, thought I; and so I must still think of him as Campbell—though very great in some things as *the Poet.*

CHAPTER IV.

A THREE DAYS' TOUR WITH COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH.

On the 25th of June, 1828, being then resident in Brussels, I received a note from my neighbour Major Pryce Gordon, asking me to spend the evening at his house, to meet the two poets whose names stand above, and whom he had picked up as they were passing through, on a tour to the Meuse and the Rhine. I was punctual to the hour fixed; but I found the poets before me in the drawing-room, and also a young lady, Mr. Wordsworth's daughter.

One involuntarily imagines a notion, though rarely a likeness, of persons of any note. I had seen an engraved portrait of Coleridge but it was not a bit resembling the original, a case wonderfully common until the sun was pressed into artistic service, and photography told the truth without flattery or compromise.

I had never seen any likeness of Wordsworth except in my mind's eye, and *it* was not happier regarding him than the limner or engraver had been with respect to his brother bard. I had fancied Coleridge to be bloated, dark, and dogmatical in aspect, for so the portrait represented him—probably under the idea of giving a heroic air to the writer of heroic verse—and *overwhelming* in conversation. I had heard much of his eloquence and had read in one of Mr. Leigh Hunt's books of his "prodigious forehead."* Altogether I had pictured him a giant in look and a tyrant in talk. But Coleridge was neither. He was about five feet five inches in height, of a full and lazy appearance but not actually stout. He was dressed in black, and wore short breeches, buttoned and tied at the knees, and black silk stockings. And in this costume (the same that he describes himself to have worn in his earliest voyages and travels in the year 1798) he worked along, in public coaches or barges, giving the idea

* Leigh Hunt says in his "Memoirs" that Bowyer, the tyrant head-master of Christ's Hospital school, called Coleridge "a sensible fool," and pronounced his name Cŏlĕridge like a dactyl. Coleridge, who paid a handsome tribute to his old master's learning and style of teaching, in the *Biographia Literaria*, chap. i., said, when he heard of his death, "it was lucky the cherubim who took him to Heaven were nothing but faces and wings or he would have flogged them on the way."

of his original profession, an itinerant preacher. His face was extremely handsome, its expression placid and benevolent. His mouth was particularly pleasing, and his grey eyes, neither large nor prominent, were full of intelligent softness. His hair, of which he had plenty, was entirely white. His forehead and cheeks were unfurrowed, and the latter showed a healthy bloom. Altogether I never saw any man look less of a *lion*.

Wordsworth was, if possible, more unlike what he must appear in the fancy of those who have read his poetry and have never seen the author. He was a perfect antithesis to Coleridge—tall, wiry, harsh in features, coarse in figure, inelegant in looks. He was roughly dressed in a long brown *surtout*, striped duck trousers, fustian gaiters, and thick shoes. He more resembled a mountain farmer than a "lake poet." His whole air was unrefined and unprepossessing.

This was incontestably the first impression made on others as well as on me. But, on after observation and a little reflection, I could not help considering that much that seemed unfavourable in Wordsworth might be really placed to his advantage. There was a total absence of affectation, or egotism; not the least effort at display, or assumption of superiority over any of those who were quite prepared to concede it to

him. He seemed satisfied to let his friend and fellow-traveller take the lead, with a want of pretension rarely found in men of literary reputation far inferior to his; while there was something unobtrusively amiable in his bearing towards his daughter.

There were several gentlemen of the party. Coleridge talked much and indiscriminately with those next him or about him. He did not appear to talk for effect, but purely for talking's sake. He seemed to breathe in words. Wordsworth was at times fluent but always commonplace; full of remark but not of observation. He spoke of scenery as far as its aspect was concerned; but he did not enter into its associations with moral beauty. He certainly did not talk well. But in fact he had no encouragement. He had few listeners; and what seemed rather repulsive in him was perhaps chiefly from its grating contrast to the wonderful attraction of Coleridge. His was a mild enthusiastic flow of language; a broad, deep stream, carrying gently along all that it met with on its course, not a whirlpool that drags into its vortex, and engulfs what it seizes on. Almost everything he talked about became the subject of a lecture of great eloquence and precision. For instance his remarks on grammar and its philosophy. His illustrations from

chemistry and colours came here into play quite naturally, and led him on, but by no means abruptly into a complete, and it must be added a rather complex, essay on the nature of colour, prismatic effects and the theory of light. He was no doubt familiarly aquainted with Goethe's doctrine or theory of colours, and probably with an Italian translation of Aristotle's treatise, which neither I nor any of his listeners had more than passingly heard of. For in alluding to Newton's theory, which Goethe had written in refutation of, (comparing light to a closed fan, saying that a mixture of all colours made white, etc.) he called it "an incubus on natural philosophy;" and he branched off from his main subject, to trace the analogy between natural grammar and colour, the whole of which he made very interesting if not very lucid, and as to its originality I am not competent to judge.* It was difficult to believe that all this was uttered extempore, or indeed without much elaborate arrangement. The thoughts

* The following which I noted down at the time is a specimen of the theory. "The first part of grammar, *identity*, is analogous to red. The second part, *position*, to blue. The third, the *thesis*, to yellow. The fourth, the *antithesis*, to green. The fifth, the *synthesis*, to another green totally. Black with its lustre as in ebony gave the best notion of solidity; and without it, as in the mouth of a cavern, of vagueness. It is at once the zenith and nadir of colour. Red and black always combine together in painting; and black is always used in giving notions of firmness."

and words appeared stereotyped; and in the fanciful system, as in all his discourse, there was a strong flavour of Kantean transcendentalism and mysticism.

But on all the various topics touched on by Coleridge he said something to be remembered. A true Boswell would have found ample matter for record. I recollect a few of his remarks. He said of Rubens's picture of The Boar Hunt, in the Prince of Orange's collection, "It is a perfect dithyrambic—every piece of it forms a separate epithet of beauty."

"I like an occasional desert view in travelling," said he; "such scenes are the *punctuations* of a tour."

Talking of the German language, on which subject he was quite at home, he bore testimony to its copiousness and power, by remarking that "in reading the German translation of the Georgics if he did not pronounce the words he could believe that he was reading the original." Of Schiller he said that "he had reached the acme of his genius in the 'Wallenstein.' His previous works were too wild, his latter too formal. He was a man of deep feeling for moral beauty, and should have written half-a-dozen grand historical plays." He observed that Frederick Schlegel, (whom by the way he pronounced to be a consummate cox-

comb) had told him that his translation of "Wallenstein" was better than the original. "If so," said Coleridge, "it is because I struck out a word from almost every line. Wherever I could retrench a syllable I did so, and I cleared away the greatest possible quantity of stuffing." And I may here add my own opinion that in such a process lies one of the grand secrets of good writing. But an author can scarcely sufficiently practise it on his own productions. It is like cutting through one's flesh and blood.

In almost everything that fell from Coleridge that evening there was a dash of deep philosophy —even in the outpourings of his egotism—touches not to be given without the whole of what they illustrated. In a word, the impression made on me by his voluptuous and indolent strain of talk, flowing in a quiet tone of cadenced eloquence, was that he was by far the most pleasing talker, but by no means the most powerful, I had ever heard. He led you on beside him by the persuasive elegance of diction, but never drove you forward by the impetuous energy of argument. "He had," as Bishop Burnet said of William Penn, "a tedious, luscious way that was not apt to overcome a man's reason though it might tire his patience." But Coleridge's talk was not absolutely tiresome, only somewhat drowsy. I thought it

would be pleasant to fall asleep to the gushing melody of his discourse, which was rich in information and suavity of thought. But there was something too dreamy, too vapoury to rouse one to the close examination of what he said. Logic there no doubt was, but it was enveloped in clouds. You were therefore delighted to take everything for granted, for everything seemed to convince—because it took a shape and colour so seductive.

It was soon arranged that I should join the tourists in the course of their sojourn on the banks of the Meuse, towards which quarter I had been for some days projecting a ramble. Upon thinking the matter over during the night, I resolved on overtaking them the next day. I accordingly came up with them at the village of Waterloo (with whose memorable neighbourhood I was familiar) and I proceeded with them to Namur, they having left Brussels in the morning diligence, and I following some hours later in a cabriolet, which I sent back to Brussels that I might be more completely one of the party.

At both Waterloo and Quatrebras, while Wordsworth keenly inspected the field of battle, insatiably curious after tombstones, and spots where officers had fallen (the Duke of Brunswick, Picton, Ponsonby, etc.), Coleridge spoke

to me of the total deficiency of memorable places to excite any interest in him unless they possessed some *natural* beauty. He called this a defect. I thought it was, and a strange one in such a man, as associations of moral interest seem so fruitfully to spring in a poetic mind on the sites of memorable deeds. Coleridge took evident delight in rural scenes. He was in ecstasies at a group of haymakers in a field as we passed. He said the little girls standing with their rakes, the handles resting on the ground, "looked like little saints." Half-a-dozen dust-covered children going by the roadside, with a garland of roses raised above their heads, threw him into raptures. He murmured that "it was a perfect vision." It would be easy for a critic or a satirist to ridicule all this, to call it "twaddle," or by some such dishonouring epithet. Every little incident of the kind, or even glimpses of commonplace scenery, produced the same sort of effect. But there was no affectation nor *cockneyism* in it. It was evidently prompted by a deep sympathy with nature. It flowed quite naturally—and very pleasingly subsided.

At Namur we walked out by the light of a splendid full moon. We poked our way through the narrow streets to the bridge of the Sambre, then to that of the Meuse; Wordsworth, who

took charge of his daughter, pioneering us along, bustling through, asking the way from every one we met; while Coleridge walked after leaning on my arm, and in a total abstraction of thought and feeling, indifferent as to whether we went right or left, but finding somewhat to admire in every glance of moonshine or effect of shade, and a rich fund to draw from in his own mind. He talked away on many subjects; and at last, the broad river, the lofty ridges of hills, and masses of wood, burst suddenly on us in the full light, as we emerged from a gloomy passage that opened on the quay.

Coleridge advanced towards the river, with quiet expressions of enjoyment at the beauty around him. Wordsworth stepped quickly on, and said aloud, yet more to himself than to us—

"Ay, there it is—there's the bridge! Let's see how many arches there are—one, two, three," and so on, till he counted them all, with the accuracy and hardness of a stone-cutter.

The shadow of the bridge falling on the water gave to every open arch its clear reflection in the stream, which made each of course perfectly round, looking like a row of so many huge, limpid moons, or, as I happened to observe, in allusion to their vapoury appearance, "so many ghosts of moons." This hit Coleridge's fancy.

"Very good!" said he, moving forward, that's a good observation—that's poetry. Let me see, let me see?"

He then paused till I rejoined him, when he took me by the arm, and in his low recitative way he rehearsed two or three times, and finally recited, some lines which he said I had recalled to his mind, and which formed part of something never published. He repeated the lines at my request, and as well as I could catch the broken sentences I wrote them down immediately afterwards with my pencil as follows,

—— and oft I saw him stray,
The bells of fox-glove on his hand—and ever
And anon he to his ear would hold a blade
Of that stiff grass that 'mid the heath-flower grows,
Which made a subtle kind of melody,
Most like the apparition of a breeze,
Singing with its thin voice in shadowy worlds.

While this recitation went on, Wordsworth had pushed forward with his daughter close to the parapet of the bridge; but we all stopped simultaneously to listen to a delicious chorus of female voices which approached from the other side of the river. A *char-à-banc* covered with brown linen awning soon appeared, slowly crossing the bridge. It contained several well-dressed young women, *bourgeoises* of the town, returning

no doubt from a country visit or pic-nic. They sang as long as they were in our hearing a German air, in parts, and very prettily. It harmonized exquisitely with the scene and the hour. The aid of a bass or barytone might have made it better music, but not for the occasion. And probably if the youths who were, most likely, walking at some distance after, had been in the carriage with their *demoiselles*, other harmonies might have interrupted those of the "sweet sounds" which so delighted us.

We followed them in silence for some time, Wordsworth as usual in advance. When Coleridge lost the tones of the chorus he began again to chaunt *his* strain of poetry and philosophy; and, to my feeling, it was fitly accompanied by the dying cadences, which reached my ear for some time after they had failed to enter his.

It was during this walk that he strongly urged me to study German, of which I had only the slightest smattering. He told me he had compiled a grammar, never published, containing, he said, in ten pages, all that was of the least use to a learner of intelligence. This led to his favourite topic, grammar. Every conversation on that subject was a general treatise on its philosophy, its construction, and its value. I often afterwards longed for the little treatise he alluded

to, which would have been of great value when I set really to work to follow Coleridge's advice, on the banks of the Neckar, and under the woods of Slierbach, with a still more gentle and accomplished guide, into the difficulties of that terrible German language.

When we got again into the heart of the old town, it being eleven o'clock, Wordsworth broke suddenly upon us, with a downright matter-of-fact request, in his very matter-of-fact way, to join him in inquiries about a conveyance for Dinant the next morning. While Coleridge, the music still echoing in his soul, escorted Miss Wordsworth to the hotel (I praying for her safe arrival under such guidance) his brother poet and myself went very prosaically on our business. He was indefatigable in making inquiries from one *bureau* to another, as to time, distance, and above all, as to price. At last he agreed to my original proposal to give up all thoughts of a public conveyance, and to hire a calèche to ourselves. This being decided on, I gave orders to the innkeeper, and we retired to our beds, excellent like all those in France and Belgium, from the custom of having the woollen mattrasses taken to pieces, beaten, and re-made, once a year or so, a small point of civilization which, marvellous to say, has not even yet penetrated more than skin-deep into the mind of England.

It was during those inquiries at the diligence offices, and in giving some instructions for the purchase of snuff to the *commissionnaire* of the hotel, that I remarked Wordsworth's very imperfect knowledge of French, and it was then that he accounted for it by telling me that five-and-twenty years previously he understood and spoke it well, but that his abhorrence of the Revolutionary excesses made him resolve if possible to forget the language altogether, and that for a long time he had not read nor spoken a word of it. It may be supposed how much and how unpleasantly surprised I was at this confession of narrow-mindedness. Coleridge did not understand French at all.

The next morning saw us up very early. The carriage was ready by seven o'clock, when we sat down to breakfast, Coleridge (as usual at that meal, or with his evening tea while travelling) despatching three eggs to his share, dressed according to his own recipe—two minutes in boiling water, then taken out and put into a hot napkin for two minutes more, then returned to the water, but not to *boil* again, for another minute—and then to be eaten. I unfortunately cannot state whether Coleridge was a big or a little-endian; but it was no small amusement to see the importance he attached to this arrange-

ment of cookery, by which, as he maintained, the egg acquired an entirely superior flavour, the white part being done more thoroughly—and I forget exactly what advantage accruing to the yelk.

We drove to Dinant along the banks of the river, which presents a succession of very lovely views. These called forth many remarks, but nothing worth recording, if I may be allowed to except the fact that my fixing on the ruins of Poilvache* Castle, as the scene of part of my novel of 'The Heiress of Bruges,' which I was then employed on, arose from a joking conversation between us, as to our separate appropriation of various scenes on the river for literary purposes.

On passing near the iron mines in the neighbourhood of the village of Rouillon, where we stopped to bait the horses, we strolled up a road that skirted a deep ravine and stream, Wordsworth as usual in the van, while his accomplished daughter sat down close to the river taking a very pretty sketch. Coleridge leant on my arm

* This name I converted into Welbasch, which I thought sufficiently like the original in sound to satisfy an inquiring tourist as to the site of my heroine's adventures, and sufficiently different from the original word to save me from any charge of ignorance in the fictitious history of the building introduced in my story.

as we walked; and some observations of mine relative to the geology of the neighbourhood, called forth a long discourse on "the great philosophical work" in which he said he had been twenty years engaged, and which he was then concluding and about to publish in conjunction with Mr. Greene, the lecturer on natural philosophy. He talked of Nature and God, which he said "so far from being the same were direct contrasts;"* and of Religion, of which he said many things; among the rest that "revealed religion was a pleonasm—there could be none other."†

Then he talked of Christianity, of which he spoke with reverence and profound belief. In all he uttered on these high subjects there was a quiet air of conviction, without dogmatism, and of philosophy founded on benevolence.

* I might, had I chosen to argue with Coleridge instead of listening to him, have quoted Boyle's definition of the word Nature, and perhaps puzzled him a little as to his own meaning. If taken to mean *natura naturans* it is the same as the Creator. But Coleridge no doubt used it in the sense of *the universe*, and meant to say there was a contrast between the Maker and his works—"and looked through nature up to nature's God."

† Here again was a fine opening for discussion had I wished it. Coleridge's dictum seemed to be founded on Dryden's principle that "Deism or natural worship is only the faint remnant or dying flame of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah."

When we reached Dinant, Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth remained at the hotel, while Wordsworth and I, in a broiling sun, proceeded to ascend the steep rocks above the town, for the sake of a view. We took off our coats, threw them across our arms, and trudged along. Wordsworth had quite the figure and air of a sturdy mountaineer in a search of a stray sheep or goat. We had a scorching ramble of more than two hours, in which Wordsworth *expanded* amazingly, and gave me a much more favourable opinion of himself and his powers than I had heretofore conceived, but not all at once. There were no bursts of information but a gradual development of it. He looked round, as we ascended, from time to time, at the prospect up and down and beyond the river; and he talked of painting, sketching, and many other subjects suggested by the scene. But he did not, after all, talk like a painter or a philosopher, and not one bit like a poet. There was an inflexible matter-of-fact manner and spirit in all he said, which came out in a rather hoarse and harsh *burr* that made it disagreeable as well as unimpressive. I could hardly believe in the man's identity, or be convinced that I walked beside the author so remarkable for his imaginative and vapoury abstractions.

Near the summit of our path we came to a very picturesque shrine, with a cross and the sculptured figure of a Madonna inside. We sat down on the steps of this rural temple, and remained for some time enjoying the beautiful prospect of the Meuse, winding away through a landscape that united many charms. Wordsworth half promised that he would write something on the subject of that shrine and the view from it. I know not if he ever did so, or whether the incipient inspiration evaporated altogether. But the scene and the incident are strongly fixed on my memory as part of the "punctuation" of this most pleasant little excursion.

After walking for some time on the table-land at top of these almost perpendicular rocks, without any subject being started of any particular interest,—for such a situation rather invited the mind to dreamy commonplace,—we at length got on a topic of a fixed and definable kind, one that my companion had evidently studied and felt, and on this he soon proved himself able to talk *ably*. It was Lord Byron and his poetry that thus excited him, and it was quite by chance that it was *kicked up*, as I might say, on our path.

He began, after a somewhat prolix explanation of his private feelings, and held forth for full half an hour in a strain of real sound sense

and good criticism. He was however, in my opinion, very undervaluing in his estimate of Byron as a poet, though very just in that of Byron as a man. But there was nothing on either point ungenerous or unfair. He clearly felt what he said, and all that he did say gave me a high idea of his probity and good feeling. It was exceedingly perspicuous, and might have been printed word for word.

It would be now idle to set down this peripatetic lecture even if I remembered it. The chief heads were his notions of the great errors of Lord Byron as a writer; first as regarded morals, as supposing that crime constituted heroism, violence, power, etc. Secondly, regarding knowledge of the human heart, in making personages of over-wrought and overwhelming passion susceptible of tenderness, constancy, etc. Thirdly, in regard to style, of which he cited many examples. All this was widely open to reply, and much of it very unconvincing, though a great deal was just and striking. But he allowed Byron to have possessed great ability in the expression of strong and lively sentiment, and command of language, and admitted that he must have been "a very remarkable person," to have produced such an effect on the public as he unquestionably did. He summed up his judg-

ment by saying that "Lord Byron has been greatly overrated, will soon and has already begun to sink in public opinion far below his real merit, and will then take his rank among the poets in his proper place"—which he intimated as not a very distinguished one. He "very much doubted Lord Byron's having been a man of much originality of mind"—and this led him to mention Byron's having stolen so much from *him*. That again brought on the subject of Byron's inveterate personalities against him, which he accounted for as follows.

A Mrs. Bryant, the widow of a printer at Bristol, had written a volume of poems which she sent to Wordsworth for perusal in manuscript, with a request that he would accept the dedication. Wordsworth wrote back, advising her not to dedicate to him, as he was not sufficiently popular; and rather discouraging her hope of supporting her family, as she expected, by her writings. He told her that "the parts really good were rather above the standard of modern taste and general conception, and her faults such as every one could discover. And as to those poets who were most popular and made most by their writings, one wrote without depth or great feeling, and the other degraded his talents to immoral and vicious purposes."

Wordsworth admitted to me that these allusions pointed to Scott and Byron, but no one was named, and he never meant the letter to go further. But Mrs. Bryant showed it about, and Byron saw it or heard of it. Thence his virulence against Wordsworth, as the latter was told by Rogers; who one day asking Lord Byron (as he told Wordsworth), "Why he had abused one from whom he had so largely borrowed?" received, as the only reply, the question, "Why did he write that letter?"

Wordsworth also mentioned Southey's *hatred* to Byron. In acknowledging this, he attributed it wholly to Byron's gross mention of Mrs. Southey and her early station in life (a dressmaker or milliner), in some of his notes to 'Don Juan.'

"Southey is as brave a man as ever lived," said Wordsworth, "but he is a Christian, and a determined enemy to duelling, otherwise he would certainly have called Lord Byron out." He added that Southey never forgave him, nor even his memory—no strong tribute to his Christianity!

Passing to Moore, in connection with the contemporary poets, Wordsworth spoke in strong terms of reprobation of his attacks on the king (George IV.) in his 'Fudge Family,' etc., particularly his having raked up the old story of his

early conduct on the turf, and his being expelled from some club. Wordsworth dwelt strongly on the wantonness of reviving the story at the King's advanced age, and after his having wholly withdrawn from the sporting world.* All that he said on this subject and on the personalities of Byron, had an air of frankness and sincerity. There was clearly no *humbug* in what he said, and no actual asperity.

Of his own poetry I did not give him any temptation to speak over-much. He showed no anxiety to obtrude the subject on me; but he remarked that "he did not like writing—he preferred short pieces, as sonnets, etc., to continuing his long work, 'The Excursion'—he had no intention of more of it being published during his lifetime, having already given to the world matter sufficient to make in all three close-printed octavo volumes, which he thought quite enough"—and as I heartily joined in that opinion, I did not press the subject.

On some occasion during our, not *his*, excursion, but not during the walk I speak of, the novels of Walter Scott became the subject of conversation. I made the common, but I thought

* Within a year after this conversation the King was as keen after racing as ever he had been, and he bought some of the first horses in England, whose performances at Ascot, etc., he closely watched.

unanswerable, remark that their great popularity with various nations, even in translation, when the attractions of Scotch idiom and national colouring were almost wholly lost, was incontestable proof of their great merit. To this Wordsworth replied that "it proved, if anything, the direct contrary—*because* 'The Sorrows of Werter,' 'Ossian's Poems,' and several other such worthless works, were universally translated and read." Coleridge nodded his head at this, but whether assentingly or in sleep I cannot positively say, but I fear it was the former. I did not think it worth replying to; and I fancied it savoured of jealousy as well as want of critical acumen, and of *candour*, a less pardonable deficiency.

Wordsworth amused me much, however, by recounting a still less questionable instance of unfairness in another person of my own family name, whom he had met in company in London a few days before. Some one mistaking this gentleman to be the author of 'Highways and Byways,' was complimenting him more handsomely that it beseems me to repeat; and (in Wordsworth's phrase) "he *pocketed* the praise, like a man who was too poor in fame or in spirit to disclaim what was not his due."

The point of most interest, in as far as he was personally concerned, which I touched on with

Coleridge, was that of opium-eating. I, along with almost every one who had heard anything of him, had set him down as a regular glutton in that respect. I talked to him of his indulgence in this enjoyment as a matter of course. On this he displayed infinitely more vivacity and energy than I had yet thought him susceptible of. He quite took the thing to heart. And, with an earnest anxiety to be rightly understood, and an evident hope that I would in some measure forward his views to that effect, he laboured to assure me that the most false notions existed on the subject. He admitted that he had at times taken opium, as the only means of relieving dreadful visitations of nightmare, which had frequently so afflicted him as to make him leap from his bed in agonies of undefinable terror. He might have quoted Milton (leaving out one word)—

——" Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To (death's) benumbing opium as my only cure."

In speaking thus he seemed suddenly to recollect, and then recited, some lines which he said were never published, powerfully expressive of his sufferings, more so than his 'Pains of Sleep.' He shuddered and panted as he repeated them in a deep murmur, and gave me a vivid notion of the horrors to which he must have been habituated. But he solemnly pro-

tested against ever having taken opium in anything like excess, or for the purpose of mere excitement.

"It would have been a deep and wanton crime in me," said he, raising his hands and eyes towards heaven, by no means a common movement with him, for he used but little gesticulation even when speaking with strong emphasis.

He spoke with absolute abhorrence of the 'Confessions of an English Opium-eater,' called it "a wicked book, a monstrous exaggeration," and dwelt with great reprobation on the author for "laying open his nakedness to the world." He considered him to have behaved grossly in bringing him (Coleridge) into the book, as an authority for the excesses he avowed; and declared that "when he suspected Mr. de Quincy of taking opium, he had on several occasions spent hours in endeavouring to dissuade him from it, and that gentleman invariably assured him in the most solemn manner that he did not take it at all, while by his after confessions it appeared that he was drinking laudanum as other men drink wine."

I think it was on the day previous to this conversation, as we were driving along, that Coleridge was holding forth, in his oracular but not dogmatical tone and style on the decay of literature and

the degradation of taste. It must be remarked that he avowedly never read any of the light literature of the day, being wholly engaged for years previously on his "great work." He however heard the names of successful novels and popular authors, and confounded them altogether in his brain, which was certainly no respecter of persons. He had heard of *me* as one of the herd, what he no doubt considered the "small deer" of literature; but of what I had written he had not the slightest notion. As he was talking away, a quarter to us and three parts to himself, both Wordsworth and I caught the words, "Yes, this may be truly called the penultimate stage of English literature—there may be one station lower. We have Waverley novels and their school, Highway and Byway tales and their imitators.—We have"—but a coarse laugh of full two-horse power bursting from Wordsworth, and an irresistible faint echo from me (while our charming female fellow-traveller blushed deeply) put a stop to his remarks. I turned off the interruption much to his satisfaction by joining in his strictures, and leaning on the arm of his criticism, as it were, to crush with weightier pressure the victims of whom I myself made one. Wordsworth was highly amused.

In the evening, as we walked about the court-

yard of the Hôtel de Flandre at Namur, Coleridge took me by the arm and said, "I'll tell you a story." He then proceeded.

"When my 'Lyrical Ballads' first came out it was anonymously, and they made a good deal of noise. A few days after they were published I dined at Mrs. Barbauld's and sat beside Pinkerton the geographer. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing and full of general information. When we retired to the drawing-room he led me to a recess, having taken up a copy of the 'Lyrical Ballads' which lay on the table.

"Pray, Sir," said he, "have you read this thing?"

"I have looked into it."

"Do you know the author?" asked he.

"Do *you* know the author?" echoed I, resolved not to be caught.

"No," said Pinkerton, "but I never read such utter trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called 'The Ancient Mariner.' Don't you think it insufferable?"

Coleridge: Intolerable!

Pinkerton: Detestable!

Coleridge: Abominable!

Pinkerton: Odious!

Coleridge: Loathsome!

Pinkerton: Sir, you delight me. It is really delightful to meet a man of sound taste in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these 'Lyrical Ballads,' of which every one is talking, but most especially of this wretched 'Ancient Mariner.'

Coleridge. Hush, not a word more! Here comes our hostess. I know she is acquainted with the author, and she might be hurt.

Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper): I'll tell you what, Sir, we mustn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beef steak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink, and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this *thing*—and if we don't give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a—

"If we don't!" said Coleridge.

"Is it a bargain?"

"Most certainly."

"Done!"

"Done!"

While Coleridge thus told his story, dramatizing it, it may be said, and with great humour and *gusto*, I was more amused than with the anecdote itself, by the anticipation of the pleasure I should

have, by quoting for him the case in point, which had happened to myself that morning. But he disappointed me, by putting his hand on my shoulder, and saying in the kindest tone of frank good-nature, "So you see, my dear Mr. Grattan, that I have been myself served as I, with less reason than Pinkerton, have served you. Wordsworth has told me of my misconduct. I have never read your works that I spoke so lightly of; but I shall make it a point of conscience to read every one of your tales, and I am sure the task will turn out a sincere pleasure."

I passed the subject over by asking him how Pinkerton looked when they next met.

"I never saw him afterwards," said he. "He no doubt thought that I should hate him for the unintended affront—but that was because he was a Scotchman. But I have no dread of your hating *me*."

"Why not?" asked I.

"Because you are an Irishman."

This compliment to my country came out so graciously that I took it personally. But the only subjects seriously national on which we touched were the question of Catholic Emancipation and *Potatoes*.

Of the first he spoke, for the purpose of convincing me that he was not intolerantly opposed

to the measure. But his reasoning on it was extremely confused. In his discourse there was a jumble of religion, politics, and metaphysics which I had not time to sift. He did not grapple with the subject, or take it by any strong or any weak point. I found it difficult to follow him, which is now happily of no consequence, even had the issue of the great question depended on his opinion one way or the other.

Relative to potatoes, Coleridge told me the following anecdote, which I hope has not since then slipped into print.

A Lincolnshire lady of his acquaintance, wishing to secure for her only son (a boy-baronet) a most correct pronunciation, engaged a first-rate London governess at a high salary, to prepare him for his male teachers when a little more advanced. One day at dinner the child asked for a potato, with very distinct emphasis on each syllable.

"That's not it, my dear," said the governess, "try again."

"Give me, please, a po-ta-to."

"Once more, my dear, that's not right."

"Indeed it is, though," said the boy blubbering, "I spelled it for Mamma to-day in a book—p, o, *po*;—t, a, *ta*;—pota;—t, o, *to*;—potato."

"My dear, as far as the letters go you are right, but in the pronunciation you are wrong. You

should say *pe*tato, *pe*—the lips compressed as I do mine—*pe!* There is no *po*, my dear, in the English language but *pocháy*!"

"I make you a present of that," said Coleridge, "and it is not only original but true."

When he talked of Leigh Hunt's mention of him in his 'Lord Byron and his Cotemporaries,' he seemed considerably annoyed at that amiable, but probably too imaginative author, having dressed up so a minute a character of him, his disposition and habits. He protested that he had never seen Mr. Hunt but once, when he brought him a letter of introduction from some one. Hunt met him walking near his residence at Highgate, and he did not even enter the house. He was particularly amused, he said, at his remarking in one of Hunt's sketches of these Cotemporaries that poor Charles Lamb's head was like Aristotle's.

I don't remember the passage in Leigh Hunt's book here referred to, but I had a notion that political feeling had probably something to do with Coleridge's rather disparaging mention of him.

I did not accompany Coleridge and Wordsworth to the Rhine, as they proposed I should. I had satisfied myself in our short tour of the Meuse. I thought I had in a few days seen as much as was required to give me a tolerably just,

though but a superficial, notion of them. I was for that space of time a careful observer of their manners and (as far as I could pretend to catch it) of their characters. They were extremely obliging to me; and I was surprised to find myself on such easy and familiar terms in so short a time with men so much older,* and so different from myself in habits and opinions. I thought it was perhaps better to separate while impressions seemed so satisfactory on all sides. I accordingly took my leave of them, having received from both cordial invitations to go and see them on my next visit to England, one at Highgate, the other in Westmoreland. I really felt enough towards each to make me wish for such an occasion, which I regret not having found; and the last I saw of them was on the deck of the passage-boat between Namur and Liége, both the poets admiring, while Miss Wordsworth sketched, one of the loveliest scenes on the river.

I may here insert, as "original verses," at the far-back time these sketches treat of, the lines written by the poets in the album of the lady at whose house I met them in Brussels. Both pieces seemed to have been kept "ready cut and

* Wordsworth told me he was fifty-eight, and that Coleridge was three years younger. They neither of them looked older than their respective ages.

dried" for such an occasion, and they might possibly have previously done similar service in the same way, for they were contributed at the very first asking and in the room with a dozen people.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

II.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

III.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave—and oh
The difference to me!

COLERIDGE.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve;
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
As we creep feebly down life's slope.
Yet, courteous dame, accept this truth—
Hope leaves not us, but we leave hope,
And quench the inward light of youth.

Possibly these contributions, produced "under

pressure," may have since appeared revised and corrected. I give them as I found them, and prefer being "nothing" to being "critical" in regard to them.

About two years afterwards, having passed the winter at the Hague, I saw in the post-office there a letter addressed to Mr. William Wordsworth, Heidelberg, among others, detained for want of payment of the postage exacted for letters to a foreign country—a shameful defect, be it remarked *en passant*, in the intercourse of civilized life. How many hundred thousands of persons have suffered anxiety, sorrow, loss, by the inadvertent omission, ignorance of rules, or possible incapacity on the part of their correspondents to prepay the sheet that may contain news, never to be received, deeply involving the feelings or the interests of those addressed! What a wretched administrative arrangement it is, that prepayment should not be always and everywhere optional! How ungenerous and inhuman it is, that great establishments, and the legislatures that control them, are so indifferent to the public for whose service they exist! I suppose they do not entertain these minute questions for fear of being sneered at, as too "sentimental" or "sympathetic" for the common herd.

I, in the case in question, was prompted to do

as I would be done by, and I paid the few centimes, the neglect of which might have been of serious consequence to somebody or other, and I wrote on the back of the letter that it was forwarded by me. It turned out that it was for a son of Mr. Wordsworth, then a student at the university of Heidelberg. He took an opportunity of mentioning my small civility to his father, who, in his turn, spoke good-naturedly of it to some one (I believe it was Mr. Lockhart) who afterwards repeated it to me, and this, as well as an unperformed promise of mine to visit Wordsworth at the Lakes, induced me to write to him, accompanying my letter by a copy of 'The Heiress of Bruges,' as a present to his daughter. The following was his answer. I, from idleness or want of sufficient motive, never followed up the correspondence, nor had I any opportunity for improving my short acquaintance with either of the distinguished men of whom I have here given this imperfect sketch.

LETTER FROM MR. WORDSWORTH.

"Bryanston Street, Portman Square,
"January 5, 1831.

"My dear Sir,

"Your very obliging letter is now lying before me, both as an agreeable memorial of your regard,

and in some degree as a reproach for my delay in not sooner thanking you for it. The fact is that I waited for a sight of the present that it announces, that my letter might have some value from the report which any work of yours would I am sure enable me to make of the pleasure I and mine had derived from it. Month passed on after month and the book never reached me. I inquired for it but without success. Then came the unhappy revolution of Brussels, which I was sure would drive you—whither I could not guess. I came to London about ten days ago, and have been since tossed about at Hampstead, Fulham, etc., but your book, I am happy to say, is on its way to Rydal, and will in a few days I trust contribute to the amusement of my sister and such of my family as are at home. My wife and my daughter, whom you mention with an interest flattering to my pride and affection, not to say vanity, came with me to town and are now in Sussex, where I join them to-morrow.

"I am sorry to say that I have been so hurried during my short stay here that I could not possibly have read your work. I foresaw this and sent it down the moment it came into my hands with other books for my leisurely perusal. Be assured that I think with much pleasure of the few days we passed together and of the interesting

conversations we had, of the droll adventures of the diligence*—and of the image of that castle on the Meuse where your scene is laid and which I would gladly have visited. You described it with animation, and surely I saw it among the shadows of evening—or is this imagination? I wish you had touched (I never shall, I fear) on the rude chapel and cross which we sate under looking down upon Dinant.

"I have now to thank you for what I and all my family regard as a great favour, and indeed a kindness for which we are truly grateful, though in a small matter, I mean your *releasing* the letter addressed to my son from its durance at the Hague. I consider myself in your debt for the postage and shall be happy to repay you.

"I hope neither yourself nor Mrs. Grattan nor any of your family suffered injury during the commotion at Brussels either in person or property. To be driven away from a place of residence by popular revolution must always be melancholy and mostly perilous. You are no doubt aware of the alarming state in which Great Britain and Ireland are. What is to be the end

* This refers to a small incident in which two of our fellow-passengers were the actors, on the way between Waterloo and Namur, and I may find place for it somewhere.

of it no one can foresee—all are full of fears that take the trouble of thinking.

"Believe me very faithfully yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH."

The only points inviting remark in this plain and friendly letter are firstly the writer's calling the Belgian revolution an "unhappy" one, proving his non-concurrence with the principle of nationality and independence involved in its success, which *did* entail on me very serious loss in "property" though I escaped in "person."

And secondly, the moral to be drawn from the pleasant expressions relative to the *paid postage* affair, that (a very small) virtue is *sometimes* its own reward, however doubtful may be the recompense of the great ones.

The only thing I ever heard directly of Coleridge after our short intercourse together was through the medium of a gentleman who obtained a letter of introduction from me, and who saw him at Highgate. The following is an extract of a communication from this gentleman:—

"I have seen Coleridge, and he received me very kindly. I have not yet been down to his *soirées*, but I have engaged myself to go next week. He told me that he had been reading 'Highways and Byways,' and had been very

much gratified. He mentioned the circumstance of his *mal-à-propos* allusion to them; and, in reference to the passengers in the Belgian diligence, was proceeding to pass rather a severe censure on one of your companions who turns out to be an old college friend of mine—but he stopped short on learning our acquaintance, and laughed at his second mistake, *en bon enfant.* I like Coleridge very much. He has nothing of a philosopher about him but the mildness and urbanity."

The latter observation had reference only to Coleridge's manner. Had the writer had an opportunity of studying his mind, he might have suspected something not dreamt of in *his* philosophy.

CHAPTER V.

DINERS-OUT.

SCROPE DAVIES.

THERE is a numerous class of very clever men, who from want of a peculiar quality of mind—be it energy, industry, or something less definable—never produce anything original, yet obtain a reputation for talent almost if not quite equal to originality. They are nevertheless but inferior men. They are what Bacon calls "the haberdashers of small wares." Unable to fabricate the raw material of intellect, and not having even the capacity to produce the thoughts of others in masses of well-concealed plagiarism, they become mere hucksterers of wit, the retail dealers in a commodity for which there are few wholesale houses. These persons live on memory, while an original mind feeds itself on thought. The latter may receive and relish, but cannot retain the minutiæ of another mind. It becomes imbued with the flood of genius which study has

let in upon it, but it is not cut into these petty drains for irrigation which characterize a smaller intellect. An actually retentive memory indicates to a certain degree a vacancy of mind. The brain that embodies original ideas has no room for a lengthened recollection of the words of others. They are swept away in the rush of conceptions which they themselves assist in developing. The *matériel* is destroyed. The essence alone remains. It is thus that in the best writers and speakers we find a constant recurrence of old thoughts blending with new ones, but we have not that overlarding with quotations, that palpable repetition of phrase and sentiment which form the staple of ordinary authorship, commonplace oratory, or everyday table-talk.*

There is something very imposing in the conversation of the "clever men" I am treating of. To take a prominent place among them the individual must have learning, knowledge of life,

* Sheridan once said he "was sorry he had read so much, for had he not, he had never borrowed so largely."

Fox replied that he "knew no other use in reading but to borrow."

Steal was the word they meant; but the anecdote is a good illustration of Sheridan's *finesse* and the simplicity of Fox; while they both admitted, in their different characteristic ways, the unavoidableness as well as the admissibility of plagiarism.

quickness, self-command, and tact. So fitted for his career, it is sure to be a brilliant one. The great majority of mankind is delighted with the sallies of a *raconteur*, the repeater of other men's jokes, the scatterer of a largesse that costs him no trouble in the coinage, and of which every one may pick up something, to be dealt out again as genuine on some ready occasion. Originality excites envy; mimicry gives but amusement. Besides, the ordinary run of society relishes much the imitation of remarkable men, even when it cannot appreciate a display of original talent. The pretended counterpart is sometimes a caricature, but it almost always, if done with skill, contains only the palpable points and sharp edges which every one can see and feel. Whatever may be incomplete or superfluous is left out. A word, a look, a gesture is ingeniously inserted; and the practised story-teller makes the copy better for general effect than the archetype.

The learning of the "diners-out," as these persons are emphatically called, simply because they seldom dine at home, is to be sure put forth in "shreds and patches." It does not produce the fine and fertilizing effect which learning ought to cause. It has not strengthened nor refined the intellect, but has merely and at best sharpened the wit. It is frittered away in

scraps, to deck the fag-end of an anecdote, or thrown bit by bit as a make-weight to some empty argument; and Homer or Horace is lugged in eternally, often out of place and oftener out of season. These men have Shakspeare at their fingers' ends. They dabble in his beauties without feeling them, and they have many other poets by rote but scarcely a line of poetry by heart. The fact is they drive a trade. Their professions are only for display. They are pedlars who open out their pack to catch a customer. They know little of the properties of the wares they deal in. The philosophy of commerce is a dead letter to them. They are like the London apprentices of old, crying for ever, "Come buy, come buy!" and repeating the list of their goods with a satiating monotony. The *aplomb* of these charlatans is marvellous. Having their conversation all ready-made they are never at fault. No retort can put them out of countenance, no rebuff ruffle their temper. If they make a good hit with a borrowed thought, they complacently take the merit to themselves. If they fail, they are not abashed, for they have no sympathy with the reputation of the dead or living wit whose sally they repeat. They have no mercy on the listeners. They retail a *bon mot* or a story over and over again. But they are to a certain extent sure of

applause, from a set of mediocrities who sit open-mouthed while they talk, laugh at their stalest anecdotes, and publish them about town as miracles. They are the penny-trumpets who sound their puff of triumph.

All this is by no means said in disparagement of individuals who contribute to the amusement of society by their conversational talents. I would only mark the distinction between the amateur and the artist. But among the latter class I have often met persons of such superior qualities that it was surprising they could be satisfied so to squander them, or that they were so deficient in that *something* which prompts to original production, and leads to a certain though it may be a qualified success.

Scrope Davies was an admirable specimen of the best of his class, for though he had all the essential peculiarities of the genus *diners-out*, there was much to mark him of a very superior species. I had heard a good deal of him before I met him, as the associate of Byron, Moore, and others of note. It was in the year 1827 that I first saw him. He was then notoriously past his prime, not in years but in power, for he had led a hard life, and had muddled away the best part of those *talens de société* to which alone he owed his reputation. His celebrity was as a

talker. But having been long out of that circle in English life where he was known and appreciated, he was, at the period I speak of, an exotic transplanted to a foreign soil, and lost to the world of his early associations. He had for five or six years been fixed in the little town of Ostend, where as the Magnus Apollo of a confined set he had probably acquired, or was at any rate encouraged in, a rather dictatorial manner.

Davies came up occasionally to Brussels to enjoy a week's dining-out. He was always welcome and well received. It was there I met him, being invited to dine, at a late hour, for that purpose at the house of an English gentleman my near neighbour. I regretted much having a previous engagement to an earlier party, but as it was a mere family dinner at a place where I was very intimate, I got away early, and joined the other circle, while the gentlemen were, in the old English fashion, deep in the discussion of their wine and the topics of the day.

I was introduced to Scrope Davies by the master of the house and placed in a seat reserved for me by his side. He attempted to stand up to receive me with due honour, but sinking on his chair he grasped my hand, vigorously squeezed it, and addressed me in a cordial greeting garnished with two or three quotations; and clearing

off the bumper which stood before him he "filled his glass again," and dropped into a half-muttered half-maudlin rhapsody which I could scarcely comprehend.

He had in fact already followed his custom of an afternoon; but recovering himself after a while he did his best, talked fluently, quoted freely, and showed that he had read much and remembered much of what he had read. But though there was a good deal to amuse in the body of his discourse, there was no method in its details. He was too abrupt in his transitions for that easy flow which is the great charm of table-talk. He brought Byron, Porson, and others into play, not as parts of a whole, in natural sequence, but rather "showing them up" in unconnected succession, as the conservator of a picture-gallery hurries from one specimen to the next, without any chain of analogy to unite school with school or specimen with specimen, to save you from the monotony of contrasts, which Montesquieu pronounces to be as tedious as a monotony of resemblances.

Disappointed as I was, there was still much to relish in the company of Scrope Davies. There were few men of any great renown in England whom he had not met, or heard so much of as to give him the tone of an acquaintance; and when

he gave a repartee of Fox or a saying of Pitt, a tirade of Burke or a sarcasm of Sheridan, it was done with such a familiar air that one never thought of asking him, Did you hear it? Were you in the house? or at the Cocoa Tree? or wherever the scene was said to have been. You took it for granted that so good a sketcher sketched from life. His University anecdotes were embellished perhaps, but they bore the stamp of reality. Every one knew he was a Fellow of Trinity, and that he had been on intimate terms with the leading men. He was a positive echo to their expressions, and you might suppose in listening to him that you had the men *mentally* within ear-shot. But Davies was no mimic of voices or manner. He was so far original that in repeating the sayings of others he was not *doing* them at the same time. There was nothing dramatic about him. His features were inexpressive, and his habits of life threw over them an unvarying flush. His close cut and grizzled hair showed a forehead of no extent or mark. Phrenology could find little certain there to work upon; for even his wonderful memory was not denoted by that prominence of eye which, as remarkable in some of Dr. Gall's schoolfellows, led to the discovery of that science. There was nothing sonorous in Davies's voice,

He spoke in a rather short and snappish way, with however a gentlemanly accent. Neither was there anything pedantic in his bearing, which was perfectly well-bred. So that although he wanted the qualifications requisite for the higher order of story-telling—those which take the deep, wide range of pathos and humour, which embody character, work on sentiment, and play with nature as a juggler with his cups and balls—yet he had a perfect facility for that light and easy style of table-talk, which is so agreeable in society when it is not pushed too far.

But the worst of this particular talent is the too great self-confidence which it is likely to produce. The constant habit of talking for effect, the conviction that he is expected to hold forth, generates in the professional wit an impatient sense of his importance, that makes him insensible if he cannot get the lead and despotic when he has it. Few men of general acquirements and any modesty like to enter the lists, for either the first or the last word with persons of this stamp. The only thing at all likely to hold them in check is the presence of one of their own sort, or of some one of decidedly superior rank, to whom they are ever ready to yield precedence. Scientific or literary men of original bent, who may have gained reputation by their works, would

scarcely condescend to a rivalry, even if they did not feel their small chance in it, with the talker by trade in a mixed company. The former class generally require to be "drawn out" as the phrase goes, to have something exciting and encouraging. They like to give and take. If they enjoy their own wit so do they the wit of others, for there is no jealousy between flint and steel. Their fun comes in flashes, and, in the intervals between them, the gaiety of those around them gives conversation the irregular and varied tone which is its great charm. But the diner-out by profession, who studies talk as a science, works himself up for it, lives by it in short, has no toleration, much less sympathy, for the natural converse of the social circle. Such a man, however learned, knows nothing of the *republic* of letters in its practical effects on society. He barely, on necessity, submits to an oligarchy—provided he form one of it.

Those who knew Scrope Davies in his better days, when youth and the brilliant illusions of hope brought forth his talents in conjunction with the magnates of genius to be found collectively in London life, he must have been a far more agreeable companion than when I met him, middle-aged, bruised if not yet broken by dissipation, his expectations deceived, and the scene

of his display peopled by the English settlers in a small Continental capital or a Flemish fishing town. In this sketch of Davies I am therefore not prejudging any estimate made in better circumstances.

Independent of the first impression, there were some after-observations not quite favourable to him which struck me. He seemed entirely deficient in information on broad and general questions of politics and morals. He betrayed a sycophantic tendency towards place and title. His habits of life were repugnant to mine, and he assumed a depreciating tone in reference to many contemporary authors whose works he had never read. But he and I met frequently, always with pleasure on my part, for I greatly admired his conversational talents, and I steered clear of all chance of mixing in scenes which I could not enjoy. He sometimes dined with me when he came to Brussels, and the hospitality of our mutual acquaintances brought us often together.

The occasion on which I recollect having found Davies most particularly amusing was one morning at breakfast with Kit Hughes, the American minister, himself a capital specimen of Yankee vivacity. The conversation turned on life in London, and Scrope was certainly at

home in the racy and graphic sketches of "the Fancy"—Gibbons, Scroggins, Cribb, etcetera, with which he made Hughes and myself laugh immoderately.

I never heard but from himself of Davies having produced anything, "in prose or rhyme," beyond the routine compositions of his college course; but the very first evening I met him he told me he had completed a life of Lord Byron—all but the last chapter, and that Murray the publisher had offered him I forget what excessive price for it. Between nine and ten years later (that is to say the day before yesterday, Friday, 19th August 1836,) he repeated the same information to me, word for word. The world may therefore look forward to another biography of the great poet by one of his intimate associates, if indeed Davies has not succeeded in persuading himself, by dint of repetition, that what is but an intention exists as a fact. And from his well-known way of life and his extreme indolence this is I think the probability. He may have in his possession some scattered memoranda of his intercourse with Byron and some of his letters; but had he effected any regular memoir it is not likely that he would have resisted the temptation of Murray's offers, besides the pleasure of publishing a book which would give

him a lasting place in literature, side by side with one of its most remarkable ornaments.

He told me that when Moore was gathering materials for his life of Byron he applied to him (Davies) among many others to assist him with whatever he possessed, but that he refused, by a letter which contained a sort of parable of a great proprietor who wished to enlarge his domain calling upon a small farmer to give up his garden, etc. etc. Davies was fond of repeating his own epistolary effusions to men of note, and, concluding from this that his letters were written chiefly for effect, I have no doubt they must have been amusing and clever.

One thing very remarkable in Davies is that while he retains perfectly his recollection of all the old stories, stale jokes, and trite quotations which formed the stock-in-trade of his conversation so many years ago, he positively has not added the most trifling acquisition to it during the whole time that has since elapsed. It would seem that his brain was full and that memory could hold no more. The University, Parliament, the Turf, the "Fancy," are still the themes of his discourse, but all in illustration of their peculiarities a quarter of a century back. He has not an anecdote less than twenty years old. To the rising generation he will (if his memory last)

be as valuable a companion as he must soon become to his old acquaintances (if their's does not fail) somewhat of a bore. Dining with him two days ago at our mutual friend's (Curry, the English vice-consul at Ostend), he poured forth the very same flood of quotations from Latin and English authors, (he is unacquainted with modern languages and knows even French very imperfectly,) and the same details of the veteran leaders in *ton* and literature in the early part of the century, that I had heard from him on every occasion of my meeting him during his casual visits to Brussels, or mine to this town. If he could but remember the persons to whom he has so often displayed his garrulity, with the same fidelity that marks his recollection of events long gone by, he might still be a great acquisition to society. But it looks as if he had found out his failing, for instead of remaining stationary as of old in this scene of his seven years' residence, he now frequently shifts his quarters, and fluctuates between Paris and London, but not exactly in accordance with Brummel's definition of *his* abode in Calais, which meant remaining there at all times, *ex necessitate rei*.

Davies is greatly improved in his habits of life. One may now meet him at dinner without seeing him consume indiscriminately the contents of

every bottle of wine within his reach. In the evening he is really capable of "discourse of reason," while in my morning walks on the *Digue* —that finest of sea-side promenades — I constantly meet him as early as seven or eight o'clock, and have then some pleasant snatches of chat with him. He is nevertheless greatly broken, and looking ten years older than his age, which cannot I should think exceed fifty. But from his cheerful temper, good constitution, the absence of care, and the reformation in his way of life, he has a fair prospect of reaching a good round old age, and of being for many years to come sought after as a most accomplished diner-out.

. . . . . .

August, 1837.

Another year has rolled over since the preceding sketch was written. I have come once more with my family to pass the bathing season at Ostend, and I have again fallen in with Scrope Davies, on his accustomed visit to his old haunt. He tells me he has just left Tom Moore in Paris, where he met him with "the younger but somewhat taller Tommy," whom I remember a child in the cottage of the Allée des Veuves, but who has been by this time placed at a Military cottage in Caen. Davies tells me that Moore is still plump and rosy and unbroken, but that "Tommy Secundus looks by no means poetical."

The first thing Davies asked me was whether I had read the 'Physiologie du Goût.' I answered no; but on his strong recommendation I meant to read it—and I in return asked him if he had seen 'Charles Lamb's Letters,' (a copy of which had been lent to me a couple of days previously by Tom Hood, who is here at present), and which I had been running through with great delight. Davies smiled a supercilious negative, and merely asked "was that the man who wrote something in a magazine?" which I thought a most unbecoming slight to the memory of "Elia," the exquisite essayist, the most genuine of critics, the friend of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth. Had Charles Lamb rejoiced in the title of "Honourable" before his name or "Baronet" after it, Scrope Davies would have been the ready retailer of his quaintness, the echo of his quiddities.

This little incident grated on my growing liking for Davies. But I have acquired the knack of taking men as they are; and a long habit of human appraisement has taught me to value them for what they are worth.

Ostend, October 13, 1837.

Nothing of its kind appears stranger to me than my increasing intimacy with Scrope Davies, after so many years of cold acquaintanceship. I find him greatly improved; he may possibly have

the same opinion of me; or perhaps the mere force of habit is doing its work on both of us.

On my way to England about six weeks ago I met him by accident on the quay at Calais. He revived a subject which he had mentioned to me in this town some weeks before, and which I before alluded to, and he wished me much to make Dunkerque my way back, that I might see him in his bachelor's residence there and talk it over quietly. I could not manage that, but I entered cordially into the project he has so much at heart, for putting into form the scattered materials (which turn out to be just what I anticipated) for the book he is so desirous of completing. While in London last month I spoke to Murray on the subject, and I informed Davies, by letter, of his readiness to negotiate about it, as soon as a sufficient specimen of the work was forwarded to him for examination. This letter brought the following reply :—

"Dunkerque, October 4, 1837.

"Dear Grattan,—I feel much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken respecting me and mine. It is my intention to see you at Ostend early next week, and on the conclusions I may come to from a conversation personal (one in person is worth a thousand in letters) will depend the 'ubi' of my residence this winter. My papers

are in a sort of chaos without form and void, and I have need of some master spirit to breathe life and order into the rude and undigested mass of aliment. One thing is certain, I can never put a finishing hand to any work I take in hand, unless I have free access to a library for reference, such a library too as is only found in cities. My own little collection of books I have gone over and over again—they are all good, but we may be satiated even with what is good. They are all '*pièces de résistance,*' like a round of beef, which to a man who lives alone as I do is without end (as indeed most rounds are except those of the Fancy); but I cannot live now as I did at Eton, without change of food. Then again in a city I fear lest I should be disturbed by the charm of society—in fact I wish to unite two things incompatible in themselves, the resources of society and the security of solitude. Although I am not, if I chance to be without company one of those 'who are (to use an expression of a charming writer of the days of Charles I.) like a becalmed ship and never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal' (which by the bye is a very exact portrait of vanity). Although I say I am not one of them, yet I cannot say I am one of those few persons on whom solitude can be well fitted

and sit right, and of whom the same author thus speaks. 'They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us and pick our pockets in the midst of company; but like robbers they are sure to strip and bind or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men and to fall into the hands of devils.'

"Can you tell me the author whom I have quoted?

"On my interview with you depends my winter sojourn. Till then adieu!

"From the inscription at the beginning of Murray's present I am led to infer that the copy of Byron's works sent me is the one which Murray gave to you. Is it so? The mistake can be easily rectified.

"How is it that you have energy enough, in the very thick (a favourite word of Sheridan's) of society, to make solitude your general rule, and now and then only

> "'To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
> And steal one day out of thy life to live,'

while I, like a blockhead, invert that system, and

embrace as the general rule what ought to be the exception.

"Commend me to Mrs. Grattan. I shall bring some of my papers with me. God bless you.

"Yours ever,

"SCROPE DAVIES."

This is a very characteristic specimen of the writer's style in conversation as well as correspondence. He many a time forgot his former quotations from and references to favourite authors, as in this instance regarding those from Cowley's essays. The present he alluded to from Mr. Murray was a copy of his edition of Byron's works complete in one volume—one of which he gave to me with my name written on it, and another for Scrope Davies, in which I suppose my name was also inscribed instead of his by mistake.

True to his promise, Davies arrived here three days ago; and after due consultation and a partial inspection on my part of his fragments, he set out again for Dunkerque this morning, to *set to* in earnest at the composition of some consecutive chapters of his work, which he is to forward or bring with him to Brussels as soon as I am settled in my winter quarters there. The only observation I have to make further is that

when he told me, years ago, that he had completed his intended volume all but the *last* chapter, it was really the *first* he should have said, for there is nothing like such a division or distribution of matter to be seen in his manuscript pages, which are very few in number and totally unconnected. But something may come out of the chaos by and by.

. . . . . .

The intention so positively expressed in the preceding letter, and reiterated seriously in the interview which followed it, was never carried into effect. From caprice, or indolence, or some other cause unknown to me, Davies changed his mind and his plan for spending the winter of 1837 in Brussels; and I had no further opportunity of meeting him before my leaving Europe for the United States, in the month of July 1839; and it is there that I add this memorandum to my recollections of him.

. . . . . .

Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 15th, 1849.

Can it be close on twelve years since I last saw Scrope Davies at Ostend? And is it really him whom I once more fell in with yesterday, in the *Rue de l'Écu* in this town, on his way to a *table d'hôte* dinner at three o'clock; and again, in another part of the same street an hour later,

on his return from his early repast, having, as he assured me, taken after it "half a glass of brandy and water"—looking so old and bent, but so spruce, so neatly-dressed, so gentlemanlike in air, so lively and fresh in conversation, and in all respects so much improved in appearance and manner to what he was when I first met him in Brussels two-and-twenty years ago?

Yes, there is no doubt of it. Davies still lives, still flourishes according to his fashion, has still his wits (if not his wit) about him, and is thus likely to fulfil my prognostication dated so long back, and even now borne out as far as mere time is concerned. But he tells me that he is really and truly no longer a diner-out; that he is by no means as well in health as I might imagine from his looks, and that he has lately taken to walking in his sleep, having on one occasion awoke, finding himself on the banks of a river—but I could not help remarking there was no fear of his going into the water unless it was mixed half-and-half with wine.

As he goes to Paris to his present lodgings, Rue Miromenil No. 2, this very day, I have no means of putting to the test his old qualities as a convivial companion, or talking over my wanderings in the New World and various parts of the old, since my return from America in 1846.

I was greatly struck by this new specimen of the work of Time on another of my old acquaintances. How strangely and how capriciously does this Tyrant deal with different persons! How many does he utterly alter in features, carriage, voice—in all the outward characteristics of humanity. How entirely does he spare some, how slightly change others! Davies comes under the last of these categories. Years have left their traces upon him no doubt. But they have been acting in a sort of double sense. If they have in one way made him look older, they have given him a younger look in another. And, if I could strike the balance, I think I should say that he is scarcely changed at all as to the actual evidences of age. So much has been removed that was unpleasing in his early appearance, so softened and refined his lineaments, that he is to-day a far more agreeable object to look at than he was a quarter of a century back; and if I may judge by analogy, his social bearing must afford an equal improvement to the evidences of his physical aspect.

We had half an hour's rambling talk about former acquaintances, and associates, dead and living or hovering between the world and the grave;—Lord and Lady Holland at Kensington, Lady Blessington at Paris, Brooke Richmond in

this very town, Kit Hughes at Baltimore, Tom Moore at Sloperton, and others. Davies himself is evidently proud of his reformed and economical habits. He laid a creditably boastful emphasis on that "half glass of brandy" as his after-dinner potation; and in the same breath assured me that he lived on eighty pounds a year. I praised his philosophy, and we parted—without any allusion to his Life of Byron—I promising to call on him when I next went to Paris; and he quoting a portion of one of our far-back conversations (which I had entirely forgotten) on the subject of Charles Lamb, whom he said he would never forgive for having in one of his criticisms (which I had made him read) talked of Ophelia's "scraps" of songs, instead of "snatches," the true Shaksperian word.

. . . . . .

November 17th, 1855.

On opening the half-bound volume in which these manuscript Sketches, with many other desultory things, are entered, I alight on the foregoing pages about poor Scrope Davies. He too is no longer of this world. He finished his career in those Paris lodgings (where I never called as I had meant to do) about three years back, obscurely, but not quite deserted, or with any ignominious circumstances of discomfort. An old

friend of his and acquaintance of mine, Mr. Hopkins Northey, who happened to be near him at the last hour, gave me an account of his death a short time afterwards in London. That gentleman, himself now no more, was one of the circle of associates who gave such cordial welcome to Davies in his casual visits to Brussels so long ago, and he was one of the last survivors of that agreeable and convivial set. How many have disappeared from the earth's surface since then! Elliott, Dallas, Sir William Hutchinson, Sir John Whiteford, Berkeley, Taylor, Seymour, Brigstock, Bryan, Kit Hughes, Charles White, and several others, with too many of their charming partners, all forming a society of English that Brussels has not since seen equalled; kept together and cemented by the genial hospitality of the then Ambassador Sir Charles Bagot and his fascinating lady, both, like most of the others, gone to their long rest; as well as the frequent guest of their réunions the Prince of Orange of those days, the heir to a sovereignty snatched from him by his father's fault, and the inheritor of a dismembered monarchy, for whose uncongenial associations he never had any sympathy.

How altered is the social aspect of Brussels since these pleasant times; of which the subject of these notes, poor Scrope Davies, was one of the most remarkable *notabilités!*

CHAPTER VI.

EMINENT ACTORS.

TALMA, JOHN KEMBLE, EDMUND KEAN.

AMONG the numerous acquaintances formed during a long and active life were several actors of great merit, and some of high celebrity. But considering the strong partiality I have ever had for things theatrical, my intimacies with members of the dramatic profession have been very few. I had never the advantage of a regular permanent residence in London, living almost entirely on the Continent or out of Europe; and I consequently only met occasionally in society actors, artists, and authors, as I met other individuals, without belonging to circles, cliques, or coteries, devoted to the closer cultivation of an intercourse with the contemporary talent I so much admired.

TALMA I knew early in Bordeaux, at the commencement of my own literary career, and I became more intimate with him in Paris, where I

at times had the pleasure of receiving him at my house or visiting at his; and now and then seeing him in his dressing-room at the Théâtre Français. I was introduced by him to Mademoiselle Duchesnois; and also to Mademoiselle Mars, in her elegantly furnished *boudoir*, the first night of the representation of Casimir's comedy *L'École de Vieillards*, in which she acted so exquisitely, and in which Talma made his first appearance in Paris in a part of decided comedy. I well remember the agitation he could not repress as he came on the stage, his hands nervously shaking, and his whole bearing more like that of a mere novice than what might have been expected from a veteran of his established fame. His performance of the part of the frank, yet suspicious and bewildered, husband was inimitable; but he repeated it several times before he could feel quite confident of his own success in his new line of "business."

Talma, who was born in London, spoke English perfectly and was thoroughly versed in our literature, particularly in all that appertained to the drama. He repeatedly told me that it was long a great object of his ambition to play some of Shakspeare's characters on the London stage; but that he always recoiled from and finally renounced the intention, under the apprehension

that his foreign accent, very slight as it was, would not be tolerated by a British audience. Had he conquered his over-sensitive modesty, I am certain that our stage would have witnessed the representation of Shakspeare's noblest creations, in a style of excellence unrivalled to this day. Those who remember how Talma's prodigiously powerful acting redeemed the feeble translation of Hamlet by Ducis, can understand what might have been expected from his impersonation of such parts as Othello, Macbeth, and Lear in the full integrity of Shakspeare's glorious text. It was left for a later day and almost a new generation to witness the clever and ingenious, but somewhat imperfect, efforts to accomplish what this great actor shrank from attempting, and it was probably well for even the splendid reputation of Edmund Kean, that such a formidable rival as Talma had not contested his claim to supremacy. The first part I saw Talma play was Manlius; the last, Sylla. I was familiar with every *rôle* in his *répertoire*. To witness his performance was always a source of infinite enjoyment. To mark his incessant labour to reform the conventional monotony of French heroic verse, which his veneration for Shakspeare's genius, and his thorough knowledge of our language admirably fitted him for effecting, was deeply gratifying to all true lovers

of dramatic poetry. It is not enough to say of him that he was unrivalled in France from those days to the present. He was during life, and is still in tradition, quite unapproachable. Rachel alone added a new link to the chain of tragic celebrity, broken by the deaths of Mademoiselle George and her great rival Mademoiselle Duchesnois, and to this hour but incomplete.

My chance meeting and brief intercourse with JOHN KEMBLE has been already mentioned. His long reign, at the head of a fine school of art, was then over, the electric flashes of Edmund Kean's genius having swept through it, like lightning withering, without actually prostrating, a stately grove. Several actors of much power gave dignity and force to the lingering existence of Kemble's school. His brother Charles, Young, Vandenhoff, and Cooper were the most conspicuous. All of those I had known, from occasional meetings either in England or America, and to this brief list, so passingly mentioned, I must in justice add Edwin Forrest, whose bold and original style, however faulty it may at times appear, removes him from the rank of mere imitators of any model.

Of the living actors who still actively adorn the English stage I shall not here speak. I have had some slight personal relations with a few, which I

hope the connection between authorship and actorship may draw closer, and perhaps extend. But for the present I shall confine myself, in anything to be called a personal sketch, to my acquaintance with him, among the names I have cited, as at once the best known to myself, and the most susceptible of affording interest to general readers;

EDMUND KEAN.

During a course of about twenty years, I had some opportunities of knowing this highly-gifted individual, with respect to whom the laws which regulate mortality seemed in some measure reversed—Nature having made him a great actor, and art having transformed him into a remarkable man. In Kean's professional displays there was no evidence of study; in his personal conduct all appeared to result from it alone. The laborious efforts which usually form the *artist* were unknown and unnecessary to him; or rather he resorted to them only in order to warp his character from its original bent. Impulse was the spring of his greatness on the stage—straining for effect the cause of the littleness of his social career.

In tracing ever so brief and faint a record of such a being as Kean, it is impossible to be entirely insensible to some dramatic and moral

"visitings." But I shall let them pass. I am neither his critic nor his biographer. I claim no fitness for either office; and I can only hope, before his memory fades from the public mind, to give a few sketches which may keep it somewhat longer alive. Anecdotes of distinguished authors are interesting, as illustrations of works which never die. But reminiscences of great actors are *due* to the public, from whom their perishable talents are withdrawn for ever; and doubly due to the individual, who leaves behind but doubtful records of his fame. I shall depict Kean in the various aspect of merit and fault which I observed during our snatches of acquaintanceship. If I did not think that the former predominated, my pen should leave both untouched.

I cannot recall exactly the year in which I happened to be stationed in the barracks of Waterford, in the south of Ireland, at that time the head-quarters of the regiment in which I was a subaltern. The dates and *data* of those days have almost all slipped, sand-like, from one end of Time's glass; and it is hard to separate and arrange them as they lie confounded in the other. How difficult is it even to remember distinctly what were the pains and what the pleasures of youth! The very mixture of both, and the confusion in which they blended together, were per-

haps the causes of their acuteness at the time, as of their vagueness now. But there is a certain pursuit—one of the minor enjoyments of life—which for me long preserved its attraction intact, I mean the exercise of fencing. It was my attachment to it that led to my personal knowledge of Kean.

In the days I speak of, and long after, I never lost an opportunity of encountering amateurs and professors of "the noble science of defence." I frequently took up the foils with a little lieutenant of artillery who was in garrison at Waterford; and few days passed without our measuring blades together.

I was one evening walking with this brother idler on the public promenade called "the Mall;" and, passing by the theatre, which had been within a day or two occupied by a strolling company, we looked at the play-bill, and found that the performance for that evening consisted of 'Hamlet,'— the principal character *not* left out by particular desire,—and some farce, the name and nature of which I forget. We voted the first four acts of the tragedy "a bore;" but agreed to go in for half an hour, at the commencement of the celebrated fencing-scene between Hamlet and Laertes, just to see what sort of affair the strollers would make of it.

In due time, the door-keeper, to whom we expressed our intention, and who was alive to the importance of two box-ticket-takers, came to seek us in a neighbouring billiard-room. He announced the opening of the fifth act of the play; and we arrived in time to take possession of a very empty stage-box, and hear Osrick's invitation to Hamlet lisped out, with the usual vulgar caricature of court foppery too often exhibited by theatre-royal comedians, as well as by our Waterford candle-snuffer. When the fencing-bout was actually commencing, and we were reasonably amused by the clumsiness of this same Osrick, who handled the foils as a farmer would a hop-pole, we turned our attention to the chief actors in the scene, who soon stood in position, and prepared for the assault.

The young man who played Laertes was extremely handsome and very tall; and a pair of high-heeled boots added so much to his natural stature, that the little, pale, thin man who represented Hamlet appeared a mere pigmy beside him. Laertes commenced, after slurring "for better for worse" through the usual salute, to push *carte* and *tierce*, which might, as far as the scientific use of the small sword was concerned, have been as correctly termed cart and horse.

My companion, who had by no means a poor

opinion of his own skill, and who was rather unmerciful towards the awkwardness of others, laughed outright, and in a manner sufficient to disconcert even an adroit performer. He proposed to me to leave the place, calling out theatrically, "Hold! enough!"—and I might have agreed, had I not thought I perceived in the Hamlet a quiet gracefulness of manner, while he parried the cut-and-thrust attacks of his adversary, as well as a quick glance of haughty resentment at the uncivil laugh by which they were noticed. When he began to return the lunges, *secundum artem*, we were quite taken by surprise, to see the carriage and action of a practised swordsman; and as he went through the whole performance, we were satisfied that we had, in the phrase of Osrick aforesaid, made

"A hit—a very palpable hit."

We immediately inquired of the woman who filled the nearly sinecure place of money-taker, as to the gentleman whose "excellence for his weapon" had so pleasantly surprised us. She told us that his name was Kean, that he was an actor of first-rate talent, chief tragic hero (for they were *all* honourable men) of the company; and also the principal singer, stage-manager, and getter-up of pantomimes, and one of the best Harlequins in Wales or the west of England. Coming closer

to the point, she let us know that Mr. Kean gave lessons in fencing, and also in boxing—that he was married to a Waterford lady, supporting himself, his wife, and child, and carefully filling all the parts herein detailed, for a salary of a guinea and a half a week.

Such, at the period I mention, was the situation of the great tragedian who was soon to produce a sensation in London, unparalleled since Garrick electrified the town on the boards of Goodman's Fields. Kean was at this time attached to the Swansea Company, which regularly crossed the Channel to perform in Waterford for two or three months each year. It was under the management of old Cherry, author of 'The Soldier's Daughter,' who, on the night I first saw Kean, played Polonius to his Hamlet; while one of the minor parts (Rosencrantz or Guildenstern) was filled by James Sheridan Knowles, the since celebrated dramatist, who had even then published a little volume of poems which contained some pretty things, and one rather long piece called 'The Smuggler,' which was extremely spirited. But had Shakspeare himself published in our days, in the character of a poor player, and by *subscription*, I doubt if his best play would have produced him salt to his porridge.

My companion and myself sought out Kean

without loss of time; and we soon arranged with him hours for fencing-matches at our respective barrack-rooms. But though we managed that he should not quite lose his labour, his visits were not made in the capacity of master, for we were either of us quite a match for him.

Nothing could exceed Kean's good conduct and unpresuming manners during some weeks that I knew him in this way. Several of the officers of the garrison met him with us on these occasions, and a strong interest was excited for him. He owed to this cause, I believe, rather than to any just appreciation of his professional merit, a good benefit, and some private kindnesses. But when I look back to that period, in which his talent was as certainly matured as in two or three years later, I cannot bring myself to believe that he *played* so well then as when he filled me with such delight on the boards of old Drury. A man of his vigorous genius required excitement to bring it into full play. His bold conceptions and original style must have wanted, even to himself, some stronger test than his own judgment, displayed as they were in the confined sphere of little country theatres. And all that was afterwards received with such enthusiasm must then have been considered at the best as doubtful and obscure. Kean was decidedly con-

sidered far superior to his immediate associates, or to strolling players generally, in the common acceptation of the term. But he might have gone on, perhaps till his death, as the hero of such companies as old Cherry's, had not one chance critic, Dr. Drury of Harrow, possessed discrimination enough to feel his merit, and influence sufficient to bring it into notice.

The last thing I recollect of Kean in Waterford was the performance for his benefit. The play was Hannah More's tragedy of 'Percy,' in which he, of course, played the hero. Elwina was played by Mrs. Kean, who was applauded to her heart's content. Kean was so popular, both as an actor and from the excellent character he bore, that the audience thought less of the actress's demerits than of the husband's feelings. And besides this, the *débutante* had many personal friends in her native city, and among the gentry of the neighbourhood, for she had been governess to the children of a lady of large fortune, who used all her influence at this benefit. After the tragedy, Kean gave a specimen of tight-rope dancing, and another of sparring with a professional pugilist. He then played the leading part in a musical interlude; and finished with Chimpanzee, the monkey, in the melodramatic pantomime of 'La Perouse;' and in this

character he showed agility scarcely since surpassed by Mazurier or Gouffe, and touches of deep tragedy in the monkey's death-scene, which made the audience shed tears.

A few years afterwards I happened to be in London; and Kean was then in the very height of his reputation, for he was firmly established, having triumphed over the envious, or conscientious, opposition of the Kemble school, and stood his ground against the more perilous risk of public caprice. I had heard of his great success in the capital, and had followed the accounts of his various performances with much interest. I was curious also to form a judgment of the man's real character, in this intoxicating state of triumph and celebrity. I therefore determined to call on him, and repaired one morning to his house, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. I had no sooner sent up my card than the servant came quickly to the parlour, requesting that I would walk up to the drawing-room; and before I could reach the stairs, Kean himself had sprung half-way down them, to greet me with the most cordial welcome.* Had he received the visit of

* He was in his dressing-gown, having been just under the hands of the *friseur*, one side of his head showing several regular layers of curls, the other a profusion of his rich brown hair in tangled masses.

a powerful patron or generous benefactor, he could not, or at least need not, have shown more gratitude than he evinced at the recollection of my slight services, in passing some tickets for his *Chimpanzee* benefit, so long before.

I consider this trait in Kean's conduct a fair test of his character. It was thoroughly disinterested; and was not a mere burst of good feeling, nor a display of ostentation—for these would have been sufficiently satisfied with a momentary expression. But his whole behaviour, during a couple of months that I remained in London at that time, was a continuance of friendly attentions. I dined with him frequently, and met at his house much good company. Persons of very high respectability, and many of them of rank, were among his constant guests. His dinners were excellent, but his style of home living did not appear extravagant; and the evening parties were extremely pleasant, with a great deal of good music.

Kean himself sang very agreeably, though without science. But he was an excellent mimic, not only in burlesque imitation of such vocalists as Incledon, Braham, Michael Kelly, and others, but of a good style of singing, apart from individual peculiarities. I do not recollect to have met with any man professionally *literary* on these

occasions. Miss Plumtree, the translator of some of Kotzebue's plays, and of a Tour in Ireland of which Kean was the main subject, was of all these parties, and seemed almost domiciliated in the family. Nothing could be more friendly or hospitable than the conduct of the worthy hostess, whom I had never formerly seen but in her solitary exhibition at Waterford. She was, in her own house, and surrounded by everything that might dazzle the mind's eye, and dizzy the brain of almost any one, a fair specimen of natural character. He head was evidently turned by her husband's fame, and the combined consequences were bodied forth with exquisite *naïveté*. But there was withal a shrewdness, an offhandedness, and tact quite Irish; and, what was still more so, a warm-hearted and overflowing recognizance of ever so trivial a kindness, or tribute of admiration offered to "Edmund" before he became a "great man."

During this period of frequent intercourse I often went to the theatre with Kean, and was introduced by him to the Green-room, and to several of the principal actors. But I do not remember to have ever seen more than one or two of them at his house; and I was once at this period in his company at a tavern, by accident, though I knew he was in the constant

habit of repairing to some one or other to pass the night, after a most pleasant party at home had broken up, or he had retired from an overflowing theatre, panting with the still felt excitement of his splendid acting. On the occasion to which I allude, I had invited him to dine with me at the Sablonière Hotel, in Leicester Square. I promised him a snug dinner and a quiet party; and I accordingly had but two others to meet him; one an old Etonian of Kean's own standing, afterwards a clergyman, whose poetical talents were beginning to be well-known; the other, a gentleman, a friend of the latter, who had considerable powers of imitation, and, among other specimens, was fond of giving some of Kean himself.

He was very punctual to the hour, six o'clock if I rightly remember. His carriage drove up to the door, and he stepped out of it, in full dress, a silk-lined coat, white breeches, buckles in his shoes, &c. He apologized for coming in so flashy a style to a simple bachelor's dinner, saying, that he must leave me as early as nine to attend a party where he was particularly expected. When that hour arrived, we none of us thought of breaking up. The dinner had gone off well; and some excellent wine marvellously aided in keeping up the sociability of the even-

ing. The valuable horses were kept waiting somewhat unmercifully, and messenger after messenger came in search of my unpunctual guest, only to be treated with the same neglect as their predecessors. At length, as the clock struck midnight, Kean said it was impossible for him "to break his engagement;" and he proposed that my friends and myself should accompany him. We were all four very much under the influence of each other's example; and no objection was made by the invited to a proposition which was not very clearly comprehended.

We all squeezed as well as we could into Kean's chariot, which waited at the door, and away we went, not knowing or caring in what direction. After a short time, and a furious drive, the carriage stopped at the head of a very narrow passage. We got out without any order of precedence, and followed our leader, with considerable assistance from the walls of the passage, against which we

"Went knickety knock,
Like pebbles in Carisbrook Well."

We arrived at an open door, evidently that of a tavern or hotel from the bustling welcome awarded to Roscius and to us, who followed him, by the self-announcing landlord, and half

a score of waiters, women, and attendant gazers. He staggered rapidly upstairs, we three after him; and he, to the apparent horror of several of the waiters and others, dashed at once at the large folding-doors of the first-floor apartment, and we all entered into a room where there were assembled full sixty persons at a long supper-table. A shout of applause hailed Kean; but when we popped in after him, a loud murmur of disapprobation was raised. An explanation ensued; which terminated in our being obliged to withdraw, along with Kean and four or five of the party, into an adjoining room, where we were made to comprehend the outrageous violation committed by this Grand Master of the Association against the rigid law, of which he was the founder, that no stranger could be admitted into the society without a formal introduction, and a regular accordance to its sacred regulations.

In short, we each entered our name in an expansive register, got a printed card in return, paid two or three pounds for fees, took a mock oath, blindfolded, on an old book of ballads, and were then announced as members, in due form, of the notorious association, or club, or fraternity, called collectively "The Wolves."

Among the threescore persons composing this assembly I did not recognize a face, with but

one exception, and that in the person of a comedian named Oxberry, at whose performance of *Justice Greedy*, in 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' I had heartily laughed a few nights before. I had no notion of what sort of company I was in; and no clear conception of anything but lights, looking-glasses, bottles, and decanters. I remember that Kean, from the head of the table which had been reserved for him, stammered a speech in return for his health being drunk; and that I, and my two brother-novices who sat beside me, laughed in such immoderate ill-breeding at the whole adventure, that we soon became ashamed of ourselves, and by a simultaneous movement left the room.

When I heard next morning some particulars about "The Wolves," and that the place of their orgies was a tavern off the Strand, called the Coal-Hole, I was thoroughly out of conceit with my friend Kean's convivial pursuits. I, however, gave him full credit for his unwillingness to tell the sort of place he was about to introduce me to; and, as if by tacit consent, we neither of us ever mentioned it to the other afterwards.

It was at this period that I was initiated by Kean into another species of society, to know

something of which I had a great curiosity. I remembered the advice given in one of Lord Bacon's Essays, to "see and observe in great cities, triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and *such shows*," and I thought that a boxing-match, or prize-fight, came fairly into the *et cæteras*. I therefore expressed a wish to Kean to be present at one of these exhibitions; and an opportunity soon offered. He was in high reputation with "the fancy," as one of its most liberal patrons, and a distinguished amateur. I frequently saw at his house some of its chief professors, Mendoza, Richmond the Black, and others, with whom he used to have sparring bouts in his dining-parlour. He had early intimation of all the fights to come, and was, I believe, an attendant at most of them. The battle which he took me to see was fought close to a village about ten miles from town on the western road. We rode there together, I being mounted on one of Kean's handsome and spirited horses. Great honours were paid to him on the field, of which I, as his friend, partook. We were admitted within the ring, close to the combatants, before the fight began; and a number of introductions took place between Kean, myself, and the titled and untitled patricians and plebeians who composed

the motley throng. To say nothing of the former, I was presented in form to Mister Jackson, to Cribb, Oliver, Scroggins, and others.

I do not mean to describe the battle. Suffice it to say, it greatly excited me, and I by no means felt the disgust I had anticipated. I was neither assaulted nor insulted; nor was my pocket picked; nor did I encounter any of the mishaps commonly incidental to so blackguard a combination. I returned to town well satisfied with this Midsummer day's entertainment, but have never, from that day to this, repeated the experiment.

On my next visit to London the year following, I found Kean just as I left him when I quitted England for France after the circumstances above stated. He was going on in the same apparent round of home respectability and, no doubt, of tavern dissipation. I dined several times at his house. I there met, as usual, extremely good company. But Miss Plumtree, Miss Spence, a novelist, Miss Benger, a woman of higher talents, and Captain Glascock, author of 'The Naval Sketch Book,' were the only persons then or since connected with literature whom I recollect to have seen at these parties. Kean's associates were not certainly *hommes de lettres*. I never dreamt at the time of being classed among the

tribe. His wife liked to have people of *ton*, and when she could, of title, at her house. He seemed to endure, rather than take pride in them; and always behaved with great decorum and good manners. But when the company took leave, and he was free, his hours of enjoyment began; and I fancy he often slept from home.

Among the dinner company, Alderman and Mrs. Cox always had a place. She was so little remarkable in any way that I can scarcely remember her appearance. She had nothing attractive about her, certainly, either as to person or manners.

It was now that I began to perceive in Kean (what had not, perhaps, become established during my former visit to London) an evident affectation of singularity, an overstrained boldness of demeanour, a rage for being conspicuous, not merely as an actor, but as a man. He was still much sought after by the aristocracy, who were proud of showing such a "lion" in their social menageries. He made it a boast that he refused their invitations, and despised their patronage; and that he knew they meant him no honour by those distinctions, which were only so many negative tributes offered to their own importance.

There was, no doubt, much truth in this. The theory was good. The vice consisted in

Kean's method of acting on it. There is a wide line between the servility to rank which degrades too many men of talent, and the fierce contempt of it assumed by some few others. It requires but small intellect to see through the general motives of aristocratical patronage; but much tact and knowledge of life are essential to hold it at its just value, and turn it to real account. Kean, from the circumstances of his whole career until this period, had no opportunity of acquiring such knowledge; and nature had not given him that *prompt sentiment des convenances* which some French writer considers the great test of genius.

Kean thought that as he would not fawn upon title, he must necessarily shun every one who was "a lord" merely because he *was* one. His impatient vanity made him see but himself alone in the large companies, where he was, no doubt, an attractive object; and he took alarm at being exhibited as a show. He did not appreciate the advantages which a man less self-enamoured finds in the mansions of the great, those shrines of the glorious works of art, those arenas where the collision of learning, taste, and talent brings forth a galaxy of brilliant things not to be met with elsewhere. If this atmosphere occasionally intoxicates those who are not born in it, it is a tribute paid by Nature to civilization; but he who

sacrifices his independence to exist in it *on sufferance* would be more respectable, though less refined, had he lived obscure and died in his native sphere, be that ever so lowly.

Kean grew angry at the haughty condescension lavished on him by his noble entertainers. A man of more sense, or one better bred, would have admitted and smiled at it. If a portion of the English nobility fancy themselves formed of a different clay, or breathed into by a purer essence, than the class just below it in the social scale, it is chiefly from the adoration offered to it by that very class. Who can blame the aristocracy, which, seeing the servility, contemns the sycophants? To one who has lived much abroad, and knows society in an aspect of rational and graduated equality, the "exclusive" arrogance at home is more melancholy than irritating, and its occasional "fantastic tricks" may be indeed wept at, both by angels and men.

Kean had not the discrimination to distinguish, perhaps not the good luck to meet with, any of the delightful exceptions to the general rule. The only "lord" he could tolerate was Lord Byron,—a fatal fancy on his part, if, as I have reason to think, the example of the poet influenced most banefully the conduct of the actor. That Byron himself was discontented with *his* greatness

is very certain,—a humiliating caprice of Nature. Unsatisfied with celebrity almost unbounded, he panted for distinction of a far less noble kind. Sated with admiration, he longed to excite wonder. Fame was not enough for him; his ambition was too big for the sphere assigned him by fate. In forcing it beyond that, the recoil was a death-stroke to both his reputation and his happiness.

Who will refuse to see an analogy in character between Byron and his avowed archetype, Bonaparte? It must be sympathy which leads to imitation. And what Byron was to Bonaparte, Kean most assuredly was to Byron. My readers must not be startled by the *rapprochement*, nor think that the greatest conqueror of the age is degraded by forming one in the trinity of fame with the greatest poet and the greatest actor of England. And, after all, which was most a stage-player of the three? Was not the political world the great theatre of Napoleon's deeds—the social world of Byron's doings? Did not both act a part from first to last? and was not Kean more an actor in the broad gaze of London life than on the narrow boards of Drury Lane? The generic signs of genius were common to them all; and they were undoubtedly of the same species of mind. Had their relative positions been reversed, their individual career had most probably been the same,

or nearly so. Reckless, restless, adventurous, intemperate; brain-fevered by success, desperate in reverse; seeking to outdo their own destiny for good; and rushing upon dangers and difficulties, which they delighted first to make, and then to plunge within.

Napoleon in Egypt, Byron in Greece, Kean in Canada,—each at the head of his wild and half-savage tribe,—present analogies which the shades of the sceptred soldier and the laureled lord must not take fright at. They were each, on their several stages, acting the self-same part—straining for the world's applause, not labouring for their own delight; and though there was more greatness in the one instance, and more glory in the other, the inspiration was, perhaps, precisely similar in all. The grand distinction in favour of Napoleon was, all through, not that he was an emperor, but that he was an original. Byron was an extravagant copy; Kean an absurd one. But if we take the closing scenes of the three,—St. Helena, Missolonghi, Richmond; and it requires no overstretch of fancy to trace the parallel,—Kean had the great advantage, in the assuaging farewell of an only child, and the embraces of a relenting wife.

Even though Kean, in the early summer of his celebrity, rejected with violent (and also, be it

allowed, with vulgar) scorn the proffered society of the great, he might wisely, at this epoch, have retired into the simple range of the middle classes, with the respectable reserve of Kemble, or Young.

He might, like them, have been an honour to his profession, the founder of his family's fortune; and to-day perhaps alive, and well, and happy. But he had been inoculated with the rage of notoriety; *that* he was resolved to obtain, even at the price of ruin—and to seek, even in the depths of disrepute.

What were the particulars of his conduct at this time I had no opportunities of learning, and no desire to learn. I was sorry to see him so evidently drop off from his more respectable connections. The "evil days" on which he fell I was soon out of the way of knowing the details of: but I heard much of his extravagance,—his feats of horsemanship and boatmanship—wonderful journeys and rowing-matches—freaks of unseemly presumption with regard to authors—affairs of gallantry—Thames prize wherries—a tame lion—and a secretary. By the aid of many a foolish accessory, poor Kean was gaining his object and wasting his means; filling the penny trumpet of an ignoble fame; squandering the fine revenue arising from his professional receipts; and losing one by one his grieved supporters, who

clung to him long, in spite of the frantic obstinacy with which he tore himself away. And all this I maintain to have been foreign from the ruling tendencies of his mind. Early impressions may perhaps have deceived me; but I can never forget the modest, unassuming demeanour, and the respectable and industrious conduct of Kean, when I first knew him, before false taste and a bad example taught him an unreal estimate of renown.

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And now the public began to grow discontented with the notoriously libertine life which Kean led. He had never, I believe, yet disappointed a London audience, but on one occasion. The circumstances of this one he often related to me. He had gone to dine somewhere about ten miles from town with some old friends of early days, players, of course, fully intending to be at the theatre in time for the evening's performance. But temptation and the bottle were too strong for him. He out-stayed his time, got drunk, and lost all recollection of Shakspeare, Shylock, Drury Lane, and the duties they entailed on him. His friends, frightened at the indiscretion they had caused, dispatched Kean's servant, with his empty chariot, and a well-framed story that the horses had been frightened, near the village where Kean had dined, at a flock of geese by the road-side;

that the carriage was upset, and the unfortunate tragedian's shoulder dislocated. This story was repeated from the stage by the manager; and the rising indignation of the audience (who had suffered the entertainments to be commenced by the farce) was instantly calmed down into commiseration and regret.

The following morning Kean was shocked and bewildered at discovering the truth of his situation. But how must his embarrassment have been increased on learning that several gentlemen had already arrived from town to make inquiries for him? He jumped out of bed; and, to his infinite affright, he saw, amongst the carriages, those of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, and others of his leading friends, whose regard for him brought them to see into his situation in person.

Luckily for him, his old associates the actors had, with great presence of mind, carried on the deception of the preceding night. The village apothecary lent himself to it and with a grave countenance confirmed the report; and Kean himself was obliged to become a party, *nolens volens*, in the hoax. His chamber was accordingly darkened, his face *whitened*, his arm bandaged. A few of the most distinguished inquirers were admitted to his bed-side. No one discovered the cheat; and, to crown it completely, he ap-

peared, in an incredibly short time, on the boards of old Drury again, the public being carefully informed that his respect and gratitude towards them urged him to risk the exertion, notwithstanding his imperfect convalescence, and to go through the arduous parts of Richard, Macbeth, and Othello, on three successive nights, with his arm in a sling!

This circumstance occurred before I renewed my acquaintance with Kean in London; but he could not so successfully conceal the open irregularities of his life. His professional reputation remained long at its great elevation; but his moral fame was fast sinking. He by degrees estranged those who had been his firmest upholders; he dropped little by little, out of the best society; and I believe it was only at his own house, where several persons of great respectability continued to visit, that he saw any company but the dissipated dregs of "Life in London."

I had resolved on going again to the south of France, and had taken my berth and arranged for my passage in a merchant-ship, lying in the river and bound for Bordeaux. The very day previous to that fixed for the sailing of the vessel from Gravesend, I was dining with one or two old military friends at a coffee-house in the Strand, when, to my great surprise, my brother

walked in, just arrived from Ireland, and not knowing that I was in London. He had never seen Kean perform; he had an ardent desire to see him. Othello was luckily to be played that night; so, leaving the dinner-table early, we repaired to Drury Lane. My relative was greatly delighted and astonished at Kean's acting, and I was determined to gratify him by an introduction. I accordingly took him round to the private entrance, and we mounted the stairs to Kean's dressing-room.

We found him, as was usual after the performance of any of his principal parts, stretched on a sofa, retching violently, and throwing up blood. His face was half-washed—one side deadly pale, the other deep copper colour. He was a very appalling object certainly, even to those who were accustomed so to see him; my brother was quite shocked and alarmed, from the apparent danger of the tragedian. But *he* gladly hailed my appearance, believing I had left town for France; and when I presented my companion, of whom he had heard me speak, he gave him a kind and cordial greeting. It was several years from that night before I again saw Kean.

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One fine summer's day, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where I was then living with my family, I was

surprised to see Kean enter my house. Having for a very long period made no attempt to revive my personal intercourse with him, I was truly glad to see him. He was on his way to England, from a tour through Switzerland and a visit to Paris, accompanied by his wife. He had heard of my being in the place, found out my residence, and came to pay me a visit. The steam-packet for Dover, which was to sail in a couple of hours, had already received his carriage and baggage among its freight; and he and Mrs. Kean, much fatigued from the effects of their journey, having travelled all the preceding night, were impatiently waiting the signal for departure.

While he hastily gave me this sketch of his situation, an old actor, Penley, well known in France and Flanders, and who was at that time, with his company, proving their *familiarity* with Shakspeare, by taking considerable liberties with him at Boulogne, rang at my door, having traced Kean to the house. He made a most moving appeal to all the great tragedian's better feelings; depicted the poverty of his *troupe*, and the anxiety of the natives and visitors to see Kean perform; and dwelt on such topics as were likely to touch his humanity or excite his *amour-propre*. He also tried another inducement, which, with some men, would have been of itself conclusive; he

offered Kean half the receipts of the house for his night's performance.

Kean at length consented. The intended departure was postponed for a day. Carriage and baggage were allowed to proceed under his servant's care, and placards were quickly posted all over the town, announcing Mr. Kean's appearance that evening in the part of Shylock.

The theatre was crowded, although the prices were doubled. The play was got up very respectably, considering all things. Kean's acting was admirable. The size of the theatre allowed every play of his features, every glance of his unrivalled eye, to be seen and felt. I never was more delighted with him. I always thought Shylock his best part, great as he was in so many others, and his performace of it as near as could be to perfection. He knew that of old; and I believe he was not sorry to prove to me that he retained all his pristine vigour. He certainly played the Jew that night with "desperate fidelity;" and the effect he produced on the *Boulonnais* was immense.

Old Penley and his *troupe* were in ecstasies with the result of the representation; and particularly so when Kean, the following morning, refused to take a shilling of the proffered share, which he left to be divided among the company.

This was a generous thing, undoubtedly; but a trifling instance of his character, in comparison with the subscription of the whole profits of his benefit for the starving Irish in 1822.

Kean told me on this occasion of the pending trial between himself and Alderman Cox. He spoke of the affair as one which gave him no uneasiness; said he had no fears for the result; and he seemed quite unconscious of the ruinous risk that awaited him. I was rather impressed with the idea that he did not dislike the approaching contest, which was to display him to the world as a man of gallantry.

A few weeks more brought the whole *esclandre* to light, and never was there a more revolting display. The only consideration which at all palliated Kean's offence, was the redeeming sentiment scattered through the "love-letters"—if the profanation may be admitted—of attachment and regard to his wife. He deserved severe reprobation, no doubt; yet the burst of over-acted cant which drove him from the London stage on this occasion, produced, as might be expected, a powerful reaction in his favour. But public justice came too late. Kean sank under his punishment before its rigour was reversed; and I am convinced he never recovered from the tumult of suffering which then assailed him.

I called on him in London, on my arrival there, soon after the clamour was hushed, and when he was on the point of his self-exile to America. I never saw a man so changed; he had all the air of desperation about him. He looked bloated with rage and brandy; his nose was red, his cheeks blotched, his eyes blood-shot; I really pitied him. He had lodgings in Regent Street; but I believe very few of his former friends, of any respectability, now noticed him. The day I saw him he sat down to the piano, notwithstanding the agitated state of his mind, and sang for me 'Lord Ullin's daughter,' with a depth, and power, and sweetness that quite electrified me. I had not heard him sing for many years; his improvement was almost incredible; his accompaniment was also far superior to his former style of playing. I could not repress a deep sentiment of sorrow at the wreck he presented of genius, fame, and wealth. At this period I believe he had not one hundred pounds left of the many thousands he had received. His mind seemed shattered; he was an outcast on the world. He left England a few days afterwards, and I never dreamt of seeing him again.

There was, no doubt, a latent feeling of selfishness mixed with my regret, and for the following reason. I had written, some years before

(long previous to my having attempted the prose writings which afterwards met with such unhoped-for success), a tragedy, the most prominent character of which was meant for Kean.* Other pursuits, however, turned my attention from it (and, fortunately for myself, from poetry altogether), and the manuscript lay by me for several years, almost forgotten, until I met with Kean at Boulogne, as before stated.

My attention to it was revived by this *rencontre*, and his asking me if I had never thought of writing for the stage? I told him of my early attempt, and promised to have it copied and forwarded to him to London; he, in his turn, assuring me of every exertion on his part to have it brought forward with all possible advantage. The ruin which followed his trial with Alderman Cox frustrated the whole project, and I gave up every hope of ever seeing the play represented.

Within two years of this time, Kean, to the surprise of every one, returned from America, having reaped a full harvest of dollars, much of

* This admission of having written for a particular actor may appear, in the common view of the case, very servile; but my opinion on that subject differs from the generally received one. I have somewhat developed it in an article on the 'Living French Poets,' in the 'New Monthly Magazine;' and I shall content myself with quoting from that Essay, that "the disgrace does not lie in writing up to genius, but in writing down to grimace."

which he had prudence enough to transmit to London before him. The furious outcry against him had subsided. The public longed for him once more; and he came back (to use his own expressive phrase) "as the representative of Shakspeare's heroes."

When I heard of the brilliant success which attended his reappearance, I immediately sent over the manuscript of 'Ben Nazir, the Saracen.' I soon followed the manuscript, and found it literally in Kean's hands. He had read it with avidity; and, placing to any account that may be chosen the enthusiastic terms in which he spoke of it to *me*, one fact proves the value which he really set on it. He chose it out of five or six, which were put before him by Mr. Price, the manager (one of them being Mr. Knowles's 'Alfred'), as that in which he would make his *regenerated* appearance, in a new character before a London audience.

His whole situation, appearance, and conduct at this critical period of his career were very remarkable and characteristic. He presented a mixture of subdued fierceness, unsatisfied triumph, and suppressed dissipation. He had, in a great measure, recovered his place before the public; but he had lost all the respectability of private life. He lived in the Hummums Hotel, Covent

Garden: his wife occupied lodgings in Westminster, and was, as well as his son, quite at variance with him. His health had been greatly shattered during his American campaign, chiefly, I believe, from his mental sufferings. He told me he had been *mad*, at Quebec for several days, and related an incident which proved it, namely, his having mounted a fiery horse, dressed in the full costume of the Huron tribe of Indians, of which he had been elected a chief; and, after joining them in their village or camp, haranguing them, parading them, and no doubt amusing them much, being carried back by some pursuing friends, to the place from whence he came, and treated for a considerable time as a lunatic.

The recital of such adventures seemed to gratify him much. He evidently gloried in the singularity of this conduct, unconscious of its buffoonery.

When I first called on him at the Hummums, one day early in 1827, he was sitting up in his bed, a buffalo-skin wrapped round him, a huge hairy cap decked with many-coloured feathers on his head, a scalping-knife in his belt, and a tomahawk in his hand. He was making up his face for a very savage look. A tumbler glass of white-wine negus stood at the bed-side; two shabby-looking heroes were close by, with simi-

lar potations in their reach; and a portrait-painter was placed before an easel at the window, taking the likeness of the renowned *Alanienonideh*, the name in which the chieftain (most sincerely) rejoiced.*

I was announced by a black boy in livery. I saw Kean's eye kindle, somewhat, perhaps, with pleasure at my visit; but more so, I thought, from the good opportunity of exhibiting himself in his savage costume. He gave a ferocious roll of his eyes, and a flourish of his tomahawk; then threw off his cap and mantle, and cordially shook me by the hand, producing from under his pillow the part of 'Ben Nazir,' written out from the prompter's book.

The painter quickly retired; the satellite visitors soon followed, having first emptied their tumblers, and paid some extravagant compliments to their patron. Left alone with Kean, he entered fully into his situation. There was a mortified elation in his bearing which it is hard to describe. He explained the hoax under which he had been led to leave America so abruptly, and showed me the letter on which he had acted.

* Kean made use of visiting-cards at this time, with his own proper name engraved at one side, and this adopted one, with a miniature likeness of himself, "in character," on the other.

This purported to be from Mr. Price, the manager of Drury Lane, and proposed to Kean to return forthwith, to take possession of the management of the theatre, which was only held by him (Price) in trust for "its true inheritor"—Kean.

This preposterous humbug was greedily swallowed by Kean, who arrived in London in the full belief that he was about to enter on the functions and the fancied profits of manager. The mortification of finding himself duped would have been dreadful, had it not been for an engagement for twelve nights at a hundred guineas each, followed up by a reception from the public which amply atoned for former suffering and present disappointment.

When I first entered the room, Kean told me he had the gout in his foot; but when the painter and the others had retired, he acknowledged that he was confined to his bed by a very bad sore leg, for which he was daily attended by surgeon Carpue, who prescribed the strictest regimen, and abstinence from all strong liquors, which Kean was endeavouring to obey as well as he could. By nursing himself in this manner for two days together, he was enabled to play three times a week; but still, in the exertion of acting, suffering considerable fatigue and pain.

My visit that day was interrupted by the arrival of two other persons, gloomily dressed and closely veiled, who were introduced by the black boy with suitable mystery, but whose sex was less doubtful than their character. Kean took care to inform me (in a stage whisper, which they must have heard in the adjoining sitting room) that they were sisters—lovely creatures—the daughters of a clergyman of high respectability; that they had both fallen desperately in love with him, and came up to London together, with the most unlimited offers for his acceptance. I had no wish to pursue the subject further, but left him with the sentimental pair. I paid him several visits afterwards, alone, and to meet Mr. Price, and talk over the preliminary arrangements for our common affair.

Kean felt deeply the importance of this projected appearance in 'Ben Nazir.' He knew that a crisis had arrived in his professional fate; the whole tide of public feeling was with him. He had regained his place at the head of the acted drama. To confirm him there, beyond competition or cavil, there was only wanting one vigorous display of power in a new part, and that part was now ready written to his hand. Nothing, in short, could exceed the ardour with which he undertook the study of 'Ben Nazir.' He carried it away with him on the provincial tour on which he set

out after playing his dozen nights in London to enthusiastic audiences; and his being prepared to appear in the play, in the second week of the next May, was one of the stipulations in his renewed engagement for twenty nights, to begin at that period.

It may be supposed that I followed with some anxiety the accounts of Kean's progress on his provincial expedition. I had every reason to believe that he was working hard to perfect himself in his new part; that he lived abstemiously; and was gradually recovering his health and spirits.

The newspapers contained a copy of the address spoken by him on his benefit night, in Dublin, in the character and costume of an Indian chief; but the private accounts transmitted to me by some friends, who inquired about him, neutralized the apprehension excited by that absurd display, and convinced me he had no actual relapse of his Canadian complaint.

In due time Kean arrived in London, enthusiastic, and, as he said, *perfect* in his part; and his leg, which a thousand sinister reports and prophecies should long since have deprived him of, so far recovered as to enable him to "strut his hour," either on the stage or in the streets, with perfect ease. I repaired to London. My first visit, on my arrival, was to Mr. James Wallack,

the stage-manager. Everything I heard from him was most encouraging. I next saw Mr. Price, who confirmed all I had heard from his second in command. Mr. Wallack was indefatigable in every way.

Kean's confidence in the part and in *himself* was sufficient to deceive a less sanguine temperament than mine. He repeatedly said that he hoped to reap as much fame from it as from Maturin's 'Bertram,' and that he reckoned upon playing it a hundred nights. His portrait in the part was to be immediately engraved. A new wherry, which Kean was then getting built for his annual prize race on the Thames, was to be called the 'Ben Nazir.' The dress in which he was to appear was to be the most splendid possible; and a notion may be formed on that head, from the fact that he was to pay fifty guineas for it, over and above the allowance from the Theatre. I might cite many other proofs of his enthusiasm.

In the meantime the rehearsals were going on admirably. Every one was already perfect in their parts, with *one* exception, but this one was unfortunately out of control, and consequently beyond discovery. Kean attended but two rehearsals, and both of these with the written part in his hand. On one occcasion he read his part

with great energy and effect. It was everything I could wish; no one had a shadow of doubt as to the impression it would produce on an audience. Congratulations were poured on me on all sides, with premature profusion.

Kean now claimed the privilege of absenting himself from the subsequent rehearsals, alleging his unwillingness to lose time from the close study he wished to give to the minutest details of his part. It was thought better to let him have everything his own way, in a matter into which he had so evidently put his heart and soul, and which was of infinitely more importance to him than to any one else. I was quite satisfied, for I saw him almost daily, and witnessed the unceasing industry with which he laboured at the part. He used regularly to order his carriage after breakfast, and set off for Kensington Gardens, where he studied a couple of hours. Frequently he sailed in his boat on the river, and there spouted away to the free benefit of the watermen and the Naiades. I often called on him at night, knowing that my presence would keep away others; and about ten or eleven o'clock he invariably went to bed, "and went to bed sober."

At his suggestion I made several slight alterations in the play, and one material one; the object of the latter being to gratify Kean's desire

of speaking the last word, and ending the play by his death. He wanted the whole impression made on the audience to be *his* work. This was in the spirit of some former conduct of his, years before, which made him so many enemies, and did him such mischief with the public.

I also conceded many minor points to the judicious suggestions of Mr. Wallack, who deserved every consideration on my part. I had been led to expect great annoyance from the performers, from the report of authors, who were probably more tenacious of their rights than I was. But I really met nothing of the kind; I was willing to take advice from the experience of the actors, and what they did offer was with modesty and good sense, particularly Mr. Cooper, who was assiduous to the whole business of the scene.

The night of representation was at last fixed. Up to the preceding week Kean persisted in assurances that he was quite prepared; still, however, declining to appear even at the last rehearsal, under the pretext that it would only confuse and annoy him, and perhaps destroy the effect which he wished to reserve for the public performance of the part. All this, rather obscurely put forward, began to give us some uneasiness; at length it was absolutely necessary either to announce 'Ben Nazir' from the stage, or to substitute some

other play, and put it off for a few nights longer. It was nine o'clock that evening before I finally put the question to Kean. He consented to the postponement, at the same time persisting in his readiness to perform on the night first fixed, and an announcement was made of the postponement of 'Ben Nazir.'

The night at length arrived. Everything was ready, I saw Kean in the morning; he expressed himself with the utmost confidence; strutted about his drawing-room in his lodgings, Duke Street, Adelphi, decked out in his magnificent dress; and declaimed with great vigour some of his favourite passages—*the book in his hand.* Notwithstanding all this I had serious doubts of the night's result. I was certain he would be *imperfect*; but I reckoned fully on his giving the principal passages with ample effect; and I calculated on subsequent representations repairing any defects which might appear on the first.

In this mood I took leave of Kean, resolved not to interfere with him further; and I prepared to go to the theatre, in a state of some anxiety certainly, but one more pleasurable than the contrary. Mr. Wallack had secured me a private box behind the dress circle, to which I repaired about half an hour before the play began. The house was crowded in all parts; and I may here

observe that not one friend of my own was there by my solicitation. The manager had not offered me, nor did I ask, a single free admission.

I certainly felt considerable satisfaction as I sat, quite unseen, and contemplated the crowded house. The chief of my literary longings had ever been for dramatic success; and although I had always looked on my present play as a very indifferent drama, a mere experiment in fact, and rested its whole chance on the performance of the chief part, I was greatly strengthened in my hopes of it by the various concurrent reasons before detailed. A fair share of applause was given to some of the early passages; and the audience seemed well prepared for Kean's appearance, with which the third scene was to open.

He did at length appear. The intention of the author, and the keeping of the character, required him to rush rapidly on the stage, giving utterance to a burst of joyous soliloquy. What was my astonishment to see him, as the scene opened, standing in the centre of the stage, his arms crossed, and his whole attitude one of thoughtful solemnity! His dress was splendid; and thunders of applause greeted him from all parts of the house. To display the one and give time for the other, were the objects for which he stood fixed for several minutes, and sacrificed the sense of

the situation. He spoke; but what a speech! The one I wrote consisted of eight or nine lines; *his* was of two or three *sentences*, but not six consecutive words of the text. His look, his manner, his tone, were to *me* quite appalling; to any other observer they must have been incomprehensible. He stood fixed, drawled out his incoherent words, and gave the notion of a man who had been half-hanged and then dragged through a horse-pond. My heart, I confess it, sank deep in my breast. I was utterly shocked. And as the business of the play was on, and as *he* stood by, with moveless muscle and glazed eye, throughout the scene which should have been one of violent, perhaps too violent, exertion, a cold shower of perspiration poured from my forehead, and I endured a revulsion of feeling which I cannot describe, and which I would not for worlds one eye had witnessed.

I had all along felt that this scene would be the touchstone of the play. Kean went through it like a man in the last stage of exhaustion and decay. The act closed—a dead silence followed the fall of the curtain; and I felt, though I could not hear, the voiceless verdict of "damnation."

I soon recovered myself, and sat out the *butchery* to the end. It is needless to describe it here. In a short preface to the printed play,

which was published a few days afterwards, I stated a few of the facts attending the representation. The account which appeared in the next number of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' was a very faithful one. It was from the pen of the chief writer of the admirable dramatic articles in the work, then a rising barrister, afterwards raised to the bench, the accomplished, estimable, and liberal-hearted Sir Thomas Talfourd.

When the curtain fell, Mr. Wallack, the stage-manager, came forward and made an apology for Kean's imperfection in his part, and an appeal in behalf of the play. Neither excited much sympathy; the audience was quite disgusted. I now, for the first time during the night, went behind the scenes. On crossing the stage towards the green-room I met Kean supported by his servant and another person, going in the direction of his dressing-room. When he saw me he hung down his head, and waved his hand, and uttered some expressions of deep sorrow, and even remorse. "I have ruined a fine play and myself; I cannot look you in the face—" were the first words that I caught. I said something in return as cheering and consolatory as I could. I may say that all sense of my own disappointment was forgotten in the compassion I felt for him. Mrs. West, Miss Smithson, and Miss Kelly were among the

group present at this meeting. Nothing could exceed their good-nature towards me. The whole company seemed to consider the calamity as a domestic one. Every one was indignant with Kean; Wallack particularly so. He told me that previous to the commencement of the play he had sent three summonses to him to come down from his dressing-room; and at last, on going to seek him himself, he found him weeping, and in total despair. Why then persist in attempting the character? Why ensure the ruin of the play, and risk my reputation as a writer? Why not withdraw, and acknowledge the loss of memory which he had at length become aware of? This was Wallack's reasoning. He had, it seems, urged Kean to apologize in person to the audience; but that he declined, saying that if he attempted it he should have burst into tears. Wallack subsequently proposed to him, through a friend, to publish a letter in the papers on the subject. That he refused also, preferring to let the fault lie wholly on the author's shoulders. In fact poor Kean had lost all his former energy. He never could have been deficient in generous feelings: but he was worn down, and he had not the courage to confess it. That is the whole truth.

It was then I resolved to publish my preface to the play, in which, as every one who read it thought, I dealt too lightly with the culprit. I

should certainly be sorry to lean more heavily on him now. In the meantime I bore my disappointment as well as I could; returned my thanks to the other actors for their exertions; renounced dramatic writing as I then believed for ever; and paid a short visit of leave-taking to Kean, who seemed, as he well might be, overwhelmed with sorrow, whether for my sake or his own I do not attempt to decide. The total loss of the power of study (as it is technically called), thus so fatally betrayed, prevented his attempting any new part since that day, which formed a crisis in his professional career. I never again saw him; and I trust that I may be excused for having entered so far into detail on what is so very personal to myself, in this remarkable episode in the life of (with Talma's exception) the greatest actor of my times.

I had the satisfaction, some years after poor Kean's death, to see my play of 'Ben Nazir' represented in the United States, with sufficient success to afford some consolation for former disappointment. The chief character was, on those occasions, sustained by Mr. Butler, a tragedian of much merit, and the part of Charles Martel ably played by Mr. Creswick, the present manager of the Surrey Theatre. I do not quite despair of my Saracen being again brought forward with some chance of redemption from its early fate.

CHAPTER VII.

DIPLOMACY, AND SOME OF ITS AGENTS.

THE transacting of public business between different states, by the agency of individuals as go-betweens, must be older than civilization itself. Writing could not sufficiently accomplish these international objects, even when men learned to write. An intermediary personal communication was required; and with the very first agent so sent from one place to another, the profession of diplomacy had its origin. The precise time at which the word itself came into use seems difficult to be ascertained. Ambassadors are recognized in remote antiquity. They were obliged to announce their credentials, at Athens and Lacedæmon, from the tribune of the Public Orators, and the Roman Senate also required a set speech from those foreign emissaries; a custom, happily for the sake of their modern successors, not now existing, for it is well that the blunderings and

short-comings of some of them are confined to chit-chat interviews with a Secretary of State, instead of being confined to the criticism of a legislative chamber, or the public at large.

No relics have come down from remote ages of the dispatches of these early envoys extraordinary, nor authentic accounts of their particular privileges. Cardinal Richelieu seems to be generally considered the founder of the present system of diplomacy, properly so called. But, long previously, Machiavelli's 'Legazioni' afforded better specimens of political correspondence; while the records of the mission of Dr. Dale (sent by Queen Elizabeth to the Prince of Parma in the Low Countries, in the year 1588) boastingly declare that "the postulates of himself and his colleagues do trouble King Phillip's commissioners very much, and do bring them to despair," as no doubt some recent protocols went very near to do with ministers and treaty-makers at the conferences and congresses of modern times. But wherever the existing school had its foundation, the improvements in public morals gradually changed its bad practices; and the base intrigues, plots, and crimes, which made diplomacy a by-word of reproach, disappeared under the influences of constitutional freedom. During the last century it assumed a more legitimate and useful cha-

racter, being gradually purified from its grossness as well as its levity. Still it is liable to great abuse, and the latitude necessarily allowed to its professors requires a counteracting force of talent and good sense to keep the balance straight.

Yet, with every wish to do it justice, and give it fair play, I can find no better signification for the word which typifies the pursuit (and, by the way, Johnson does not give the word at all) than double-dealing. Derived, like diploma its original, from διπλόω, I double or fold, it is expressive, in any sense, of concealment, if not of duplicity. Such was the old received opinion of it as an art, not mincingly hinted at, but boldly avowed. According to Sir Henry Wotton's definition, an ambassador is "an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country." However this sarcasm might have been adapted to the days in which it was uttered, and particularly to the class of official spies called Intelligencers, of which Sir Henry was one, it is I think too severe at present, both as respects governments who instruct their agents, and agents who stick to the letter of their instructions. Among the multiform labours entailed on diplomatists in the complicated management of their respective missions, the golden rule of conduct is perhaps never to tell a lie, but to abstain religiously from telling

the truth; in other (and more serious) words, not to degrade themselves or their country by falsehood, or betray their duty by blabbing. A notion long existed, and among a class of persons that ought to know better, that a diplomatic career entails but little real responsibility, and small trouble, except on rare occasions. In the correspondence of John, the fourth Duke of Bedford, there is a letter from his Grace to Mr. Villiers, English minister in Germany (I forget at what particular place), recommending Dick Leveson, a son of Lord Gower's, as "having no other system of life for him to pursue but an idle one, or *le métier d'un (de) ministre aux cours étrangères*," which his Grace looked on as a kind of indolent retirement from the world. But this was very absurd. The hard work of an *attaché* in the *chancellerie*, copying despatches and preparing other documents for many hours a day, with certain domestic avocations regarding social arrangements, receiving applicants for information or relief, and many small et-cæteras, make the situation by no means a sinecure. Neither is it one to a secretary who does his duty. But to the chief of a mission, whatever may be his title, who really enters with spirit and industry on his career and performs its functions well, the trouble is at times immense, and the difficulties manifold.

They are no doubt increased by the exaggerated importance given to the arts which are meant to impart a false value to the profession. In managing great political questions a certain reserve and a rigid prudence are required. But the system of over-reaching and subterfuge, or of double-dealing according to the loose derivation before suggested, is so little worthy of the true dignity of nations, and has produced such mischief to the material and moral interests of mankind, that it must ere long entirely give way to a more frank interchange of opinions, and a less tortuous manner of conducting public business.

Châteaubriand (in his 'Congrès de Vienne') admits that diplomacy was in his day the school of falsehood and dissimulation, a candour which was forestalled by the revelations of vain-glorious bad faith so naïvely furnished by the author in that very work. But in later times it has been left to the statesmen of the United States of America to produce those stale abominations nearly exploded in Europe; and it was a great source of satisfaction to me to have fully exposed the disgraceful proceedings in the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty at Washington in 1842.*

Now, that enlightened public opinion pronounces with authority on all questions of govern-

* See 'CIVILIZED AMERICA,' second edition, vol. i., chap. xxi.

ment, and that secret diplomacy cannot be securely sheltered from its scrutiny, the trickeries that formerly prevailed can be no longer tolerated; and the negotiator who would conceal a map or pervert a document, would be denounced to contemptuous indignation. It is now understood that rankling enmity is the consequence of such deceit, and that the mean pleasure of outwitting a rival state, in points of local or temporary interest, is dearly purchased at the price of the ill-will it is sure to generate. Much of the misery shared between countries called, in the monstrous phraseology of politics, "natural enemies," has been caused by the arts of a perverted diplomacy.

The celebrated instance of the Triple Alliance in 1699, the negotiation of which was commenced and concluded between Sir William Temple and De Witt in the space of five days, is the most remarkable instance in modern history of a great diplomatic transaction being effected by means of a simple and straightforward line of conduct. But Temple was a wise man, and De Witt a great one, and their mantles have not always fallen upon their followers. Witness the succession of congresses and conferences, and the floods of protocols, *notes verbales*, and other official papers, which have inundated the world almost up to the present day. Diplomatic agents in all

the grades, from ambassadors to consuls, seem to have considered themselves, with the one memorable exception just mentioned, in the light of paid advocates battling the cause of a client with all the aids of chicanery. Sent abroad in a friendly and conciliatory character, they had scarcely put foot in the country they were accredited to before they set to work, on a plan of intrigue and espionage that could be scarcely justified in the territory of an enemy. To gain secret information, by all the appliances of corruption, was their object and their boast. Under a mask of cordiality and candour they did their best to cheat and lead astray; giving a personal illustration to the severe joke in one of Garrick's farces, that "political illuminations are for the purpose of keeping the people in the dark." But a manifest improvement has of late been made on this demoralizing system. A more open and honest intercourse exists now between governments and individuals, in all the gradations of political life, and in every change the diplomatic circle is sure to take the lead and give the tone.

But I doubt whether the palpable alteration in the internal tactics of diplomacy has been accompanied by a corresponding change in the social bearing of its members towards the community with which they mix. The prominent station in

society held by men who have such control over its political elements, gives them a conscious superiority, and in proportion to their intellectual deficiency is their self-confident assumption. The members of the European *corps diplomatique* are chiefly chosen from the aristocratic ranks. They have, independent of their inherent pride of class, an extraneous feeling of importance purely professional. They have so much in their power in matters of social intercourse, so much to communicate or withhold in the way of news and gossip, they are so often appealed to as arbiters in the petty intrigues of society, that the leading place is theirs by necessity, and it cannot be expected that they should decline what is universally conceded to them. Their self-confidence is constantly fed not only on aliments furnished by itself, but by daily contact with individuals of their *set* upholding a corresponding notion of their reciprocal importance. This leads to a system of exclusiveness with regard to all out of the pale of the higher orders of society, and a consequent distaste for the associations of middle life. Hence, confined to the circle in which there is decidedly the scantiest amount of knowledge on general affairs, nourished with aristocratic prejudice, and hostile to popular feeling, the scions of diplomacy have few opportunities of gaining general information,

and are little able to appreciate the fluctuations in the public mind so essential to the study of political philosophy.

Instead of wondering that governments are so ignorant on the affairs of foreign countries, it is surprising they are able to manage matters as well as they do. The Revolutions of 1830 threw men into employment, to cope with whom something more than family connection was required, and since that stirring period an impetus has undoubtedly been given to diplomatic routine. The system of promotion by seniority was a perfect incubus on the service, and a flagrant mistake in the working of its machinery. It is hard for the best-intentioned Secretary for Foreign Affairs to fight against that vicious system, or to resist the clamour of persons who have long drudged on in the subaltern stages of diplomacy, where their incapacity has been perhaps only evident in the blotting of a dispatch, or the clumsy folding of a letter, who have whiled away years as dandyish *attachés*, or in the nothing-to-do-ishness of Secretary of Legation. These official copying machines and their patrons at home insist on their claims to advancement by seniority, and the minister, overborne by the force of importunity and the force of things, is too often even now forced to submit. In this respect more than most others

the old man of Tory abuse has clung fast on the shoulders of a liberal policy; but a wholesome mixture of talent, good sense, and knowledge of the world, has assuredly begun to redeem the present generation of those who have to conduct the great transactions of Foreign English Policy.

The first of our ambassadors whom I knew at all on the Continent, and I had a very slight and flying acquaintance with him in Paris, was Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards created Lord Stuart de Rothesay. In the crowd of English he had no particular reason to show more than the slight civilities of the time to a mere nobody, known through the medium of a common-place introduction. There was a bluff, off-hand cordiality of manner about him that prepared one to receive as true the strange stories every day afloat, as to his Excellency's habits of life. I was never surprised when I met him, as I sometimes did, in some remote and questionable locality, into which I often wandered from the "truant disposition" of romance not sorry to lose its way, but into which he had probably come by some well-known track, and on some mission of reality.

In appearance Sir Charles Stuart was certainly a less dignified-looking person than several of his own servants; but that may be the case with any one unfavoured by nature or disfavoured by

accident. He was not very prepossessing, at least until he spoke, and even then not very elegant. It was really a bad compliment to his *maitre d'hôtel* to mistake his master for him. Such an incident did however occur, once to my knowledge, perhaps oftener.

Sir Henry Vavasour, an old major-general, a Whig strongly verging towards radicalism, himself of very ordinary appearance, was invited, on his arrival at Paris, to a *soirée* at the British Embassy. He happened to be the very first of the guests who reached the hotel of *Son Excellence*, and he was ushered by the various domestics from one room to another, wandering about for some time, until he reached a small and distant saloon. There he perceived a man dressed in the same style as the unliveried groom of the chambers and others of the household (a blue coat, brass buttons, and white waistcoat), and certainly in no outward or visible sign more distinguished than the least *distingué* among them. To him, Sir Henry, in a voice and utterance rather indistinct—

"Pray, Sir, at what time does your master make his appearance to receive his company?"

"My master—oh, late, Sir, he is rather irregular," replied the individual.

"He takes things easily, it appears."

"Very, Sir."

"I suppose the dignity of his *situation* requires that kind of conduct," said Sir Henry, with a severe and ironical emphasis.

"It certainly does allow of his taking great liberties," was the reply.

"It is certainly very extraordinary," continued the somewhat irate baronet and major-general, "that he is not here at the hour mentioned in my card of invitation; and I beg, Sir, you will go immediately to him and let him know that I have been waiting for ten minutes, at least."

"Whom shall I have the honour of announcing?"

"Major-General Sir Henry Mervyn Vavasour, Baronet, if you please, Sir."

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure, Sir Henry, than to be the medium for presenting you, if we happen to be both in London at the next levee."

"Levee! London! what do you mean, Sir?"

"Why merely that my master is his gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, and that I am his unworthy representative at the Court of the Tuileries, and your most obedient and very humble servant, my dear Sir Henry."

"God bless my soul! Sir Charles—really, I beg—"

"Not a word, not a word, my good Sir; only remember that I am the present and not *the late* ambassador; and admit that, for both our sakes, perhaps, it would be well if people did not always judge by *appearances.*"

I had this little anecdote from the lips of both the actors, scarcely differing in a comma or a note of admiration; and on their joint authority I give it currency.

But leaving Sir Charles Stuart, of whom I knew so little, I come with pleasure to my recollections of Sir Charles Bagot, of whom I subsequently knew so much.

Circumstances having caused me to fix my residence at Brussels, in the autumn of 1828, one of my first measures, after I recovered sufficiently from a long and desperate illness, was to recommence my enjoyment of society by accepting an invitation to dinner from Sir Charles and Lady Bagot, he being then ambassador to the King of the Netherlands. Even to this moment I have a cheering recollection of that pleasant day, when, relieved from the long confinement of a sick room, I seemed once more entering the world of social fellowship, and joining a circle of friendly acquaintances, which soon expanded into a rather wide one.

From that day, in the spring of 1829, to the

last on which I saw him in the Government House at Kingston, in Upper Canada, in the summer of 1842, I received continued proofs of kindness and friendship from that most generous-hearted and least-intolerant of public men. Were this book a series of biographies I should continue here an uninterrupted sketch of my various relations with Sir Charles Bagot, and make it a complete, although it might not be a highly-finished one. He held great appointments, and performed his duties ably. As Ambassador at the Courts of Brussels and the Hague, and others, as Governor-General of Canada, he must be ranked as a distinguished representative of British power; but it would be doing injustice to his real and genuine merit to assume for him a claim to eminent talents or extraordinary services. During the Belgian revolution in 1830–1831, he had a most difficult part to play, and he played it well. In the political convulsions of Canada, in 1842–1843, he had a still more harassing duty to perform. His zeal and energy on that occasion caused his death. I knew him well during both these periods of his career, and shared his confidence throughout. In the eventful struggles of 1830 I was more identified than in those transatlantic affairs in which Sir Charles Bagot was a chief actor; but the course of my recollections

will no doubt lead me to enter into some details on both the one and the other; and in each of them he cannot fail to figure, always with credit and honour.

With successive ministers and other members of the diplomatic body in the Netherlands, in other parts of Europe, and in America, I have been in frequent and most agreeable intercourse. Several among the English representatives are now dead, and of those Sir Robert Adair was the most prominent. My acquaintance with him commenced in Paris, some years previously to his being sent to Brussels; and the kind feeling which existed while he was unemployed, was fully borne out by many acts of friendship during his return to official life. Long previously, during the palmy days of Whig temporary power, he was distinguished by the favour of Charles James Fox, and held posts of importance. He carried their recollection with him into after times, and was rather puzzled, under totally different circumstances, from not making sufficient distinction between the *haute diplomatie* of despotic Russia and the irregular adventurers of revolutionized Belgium. He was very active and energetic in the exercise of his functions, kept a hospitable table, and brought together in social intercourse some of the rather anomalous nota-

bilities which the convulsions of the time brought into activity. On several occasions he certainly made great mistakes in his estimate of individuals. He was obstinate, prejudiced, and old-fashioned. His leaning was always towards the banished dynasty. The House of Orange and its pretensions had in him a staunch but not very judicious supporter; and it was difficult at times for the Government he was accredited to, to tolerate his avowed sympathy with the one it replaced. But the main-spring of the national movements, the regulator of all, King Leopold in fact, was never at fault. He took the true measure of all the men he had to deal with, and managed the whole with a judgment and skill that brought the most discordant elements into harmony. And thus Sir Robert Adair was kept from doing much mischief; and his mission once ended, for it was only temporary, he was succeeded by a regularly appointed minister, Sir Hamilton Seymour, whose kind heart, clear head, and conciliatory manners admirably fitted him for his post. He had later a better opportunity of exercising his talents on a wider field; and it must be left to a more remote period from that of his distinguished services in Russia to do justice to him and to them. My Sketches are confined to those diplomatists who are removed

altogether from the scene of life. To many of their contemporaries who are yet living I should gladly pay a tribute of regard, were I not restrained by a feeling of reticence to which I hope others may concede a different and perhaps a better title.

Among the minor lights of the service who died prematurely were Sir Thomas Cartwright and Sir George Hamilton, respectively Secretaries of Legation, and afterwards Ministers Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Stockholm and Florence. With the first of those I passed some exciting days at Brussels, Vilvorde, and Antwerp, in the very height of the revolutionary ferment, and subsequently some quiet and pleasant ones in Frankfort on the Maine, where his hospitality was most gracefully seconded by his wife, a German lady of charming manners.

Poor Sir George Hamilton is chiefly to be remembered for his amusing mock-heroic quarrel with Wellesley Pole, afterwards Lord Mornington. The correspondence between them was not very creditable to the latter, any more than the accusation which gave rise to it. Hamilton anxiously sought advice from all his friends and acquaintances, and I don't think he much relished mine, "to do the fighting first and the writing afterwards." It all came to nothing, as paper con-

tests generally did in those days, when many men preferred epistolary to mere pistolary solutions of their difficulties. Poor Hamilton's constitution was not more robust than his character. He died while still rather young in his professional career, in Italy I believe, about the year 1850.

Another and younger member of the diplomatic corps, well known to me in those days, was Linowski, a Polish Count and *attaché* to the Russian Embassy at the Hague. He was brave, handsome, accomplished, and highly popular. When the Polish Revolution broke out in 1830 he threw up his appointment and returned to his native country, joined in the struggle and fought gallantly on the staff of General Skrynecki, as his aide-de-camp, until the taking of Warsaw cut short his active career, when hopeless of any good for his native country, he returned to his adopted one, Belgium, entered the service, attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, married an English lady of great personal attractions, and died a few years ago quite in his prime.

If I include in this work some observations on duelling, and a few anecdotes connected with that now exploded *institution*, I may mention one in which Linowski was one of the principals, and which I, though ranged among the forces on the other side, had all my sympathy excited for

him, in virtue of his gallant bearing throughout the rencontre and the proceedings which led to it, most tedious and much retarded as they were, but by no hesitation or backwardness on *his* part.

Many of the younger men who filled the minor grades in several of the countries of Europe in those days, have since by the due course of promotion gained title and emolument, and are rapidly rising on the official ladder. Days and nights spent among them on many a pleasant occasion have left memories that would afford a large field for private anecdote if not exactly for public edification. But these, if ever revealed at all, must bide their time, until the actors including myself are removed, and the dramas we bore a share in have become in some degree historical.

These remarks apply to foreign as well as to English diplomatic men. But it is chiefly with regard to the latter that I feel the particular propriety of reserve on many personal grounds; and so passing from them without further allusion, I shall throw together some recollections of a few of those Americans who figured—in the *corps diplomatique*, whom I first knew in Europe and afterwards in their own country, after they were reduced to the ranks of simple citizenship, and until death relieved them altogether from the expectations and intrigues of politics.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS.

CHRISTOPHER HUGHES.

AMONG the minor notabilities of the United States, no one was better known, better liked, or better laughed at, than Kit Hughes. He was, I believe, in early life, a military man. If so, he quitted a profession to which he was well suited, for one which was altogether foreign to his capabilities. Hughes was of a lively, egotistical turn, the greatest *bavard* in the world, good-tempered, full of fun, without fortune—just the fellow, in fact, to be the life of a mess-table or a camp, to crack jokes, tell stories, and let every one know all that he knew himself. How a man of so indiscreet a temper could have been admitted into the Diplomatic Service, I cannot imagine. That he was kept in it for upwards of thirty years, was solely owing to the good feeling he excited in all parties, and to the fact of there being a very insignificant

post in which he could safely remain without doing any mischief, because he had just nothing at all to do. He began his career as Secretary to the American Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of Ghent in 1814. At that place he made the acquaintance of several Europeans, English and others. Having married the daughter of a General Smith, of very respectable family in Baltimore, much against the consent of his wife's connections, for Hughes was the son of an Irishman of rather low station, he obtained nevertheless, through their interest, the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of Stockholm. He there remained for several years, writing home lengthy and rigmarole despatches, full of gossip and chit-chat, until General Jackson was elected President, when his clamorous demands for a removal were good-naturedly assented to, and he was sent to the Netherlands, and there I found him, when, towards the winter of 1828, I took up my residence in Brussels.

Our first meeting was at the house of Lord Waldegrave, at a dinner party, of which Hughes was by far the liveliest portion; and I attribute a great deal of his proffered intimacy to the fact of our acquaintanceship having commenced at the table of an Earl. Poor Hughes's principal weakness was one very common to his countrymen in

Europe. He was the *beau idéal* of a tuft-hunter. No one had so long a list of royal and noble friends. Princes of the blood, peers of all grades, and lords spiritual and temporal, were among his correspondents and cronies. The worship of title was really a mania with him, and he believed in nobility, as a fanatic believes in some abstract dogma of faith. Nothing could be more laughable than the mixture of this prostration before rank, and the prodigious display of vanity which accompanied all its avowals. Kit Hughes, according to his own account, was in all places the observed of all observers, the *diplomate par excellence*, the very arbiter of all disputed points of honour or of fact. He would give you anecdotes of the Duke of Gloucester holding with him the most intimate conversations, *tête-à-tête*, on the most delicate subjects of family concern; of the Duke of Wellington taking him familiarly by the arm, and walking down St. James's Street, when he gave a bishop but a nod of disdain, and scorned to return the salute of many a titled passer-by; of King Charles-Jean (Bernadotte) giving him closet audiences when no other foreigner could get beyond the antechamber; to say nothing of the high regard and affectionate tone displayed towards him by the King of the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange, and half the nobility of Belgium.

This absurd and farcical excess was only laughable, and did not prevent his being greatly liked by a large circle in Brussels and the Hague. He was full of amusing anecdotes of public men, though he generally contrived to make them appear merely subordinate actors in the small adventures of which he made himself the hero. As a mere hanger-on of society—a diner-out in the amplest sense, for he accepted all invitations, but never entertained at home—he was amusing and useful too. But his infatuated adoration of the privileged class rendered him, of course, one of the worst possible representatives of republican rights, and the sagacity of the United States Government was quite alive to the fact. So, as soon as a question arose which required the effective services of a diplomatic agent, poor Hughes was superseded, and sent back to his sinecure place at Stockholm. The activity of his friends at home secured him this retreat, and they considered him most lucky in being able to avail himself of a return to his old post. But he was highly indignant, at what he considered an outrage against his personal importance, and a grievous injury to the best interests of his country. This retrograde move in his diplomatic career was caused by the King of the Netherlands having accepted the office of arbiter, in the question of the North-Eastern

Boundary between England and the United States. To counteract the influence which might be exercised over the King by Sir Charles Bagot, the British Ambassador at Brussels and the Hague, who had formerly been Minister at Washington, it was considered necessary by the American Government to despatch a Special Agent, with the rank of Minister, and one cognizant of the local details of the question. The person chosen was Mr. William Pitt Preble, a lawyer of Portland, in the State of Maine, and for some time previously a Judge of that district; a gentleman of a certain influence in that remote quarter, but one who had never had any experience in diplomacy, but little knowledge of life, and small information as to the ways of the wicked world of European civilization. He had never, I believe, been much beyond the precincts of his own State of Maine, and spoke no language but such English as is familiar to the inhabitants "down East," as his native portion of Yankeeland is called throughout the Union.

Hughes loudly, but vainly, remonstrated against this nomination as soon as it was notified to him. His letters to the United States exhausted every figure of expostulation, while his complaints to the enormous circle of his friends in Europe were loud and bitter. His favourite compound epithet

for lawyer Preble was "a vulgar nullity;" and he demonstrated, in a thousand eloquent tirades, that he himself was alone the man to manage King William, and obtain a decision on the boundary question, in accordance with truth, justice—and the unlimited satisfaction of the United States.

As the fatal time of his removal approached—I think it was in the spring of 1830—Hughes could only reconcile himself to his fate by the comforting calculation of the regret that would be felt by those who were about to lose him, and by anticipating the contrast (so prodigiously in his favour) which his successor would present. To give greater effect to this, he made all his arrangements for accompanying Mr. Preble to the Hague, where the King and Royal family were, that fatal year, residing. His intention was to present the "vulgar nullity" at Court, when, without the necessity of his saying, "Look at that picture, and at this," their Majesties of the Netherlands, courtiers and all, might compare him, side by side, to the usurper of his place, and call out in chorus, "Hyperion to a satyr!"

The day so painfully looked for at length arrived. One fine morning, I forget in what month, the readers of 'The News from Home,' the English paper published in Brussels, were astounded by the following announcement:—

"His Excellency the Honourable William Pitt Preble, Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the United States of America to this Court, with his family, his secretary, and suite, arrived last night by the diligence from Ghent, and put up at 'The Ram,' in the Chicken Market."

By the diligence! Put up!! at the Ram in the Chicken Market!!!—or (if the speakers spoke French), "Au Belier, Marché aux Poulets!!!"—were the exclamations uttered at all the fashionable breakfast-tables of the Parc or the Boulevard on that morning, as the daily sheet of *haut ton* intelligence was glanced at and wondered at.

"What beings! *Quelles créatures!* The Ram! *Au Belier!*" were echoed over and over again, in every possible intonation of astonishment and disgust, by the whole circle of "the best society." But if such was the general feeling, what must have been that of Mr. Hughes, the actual representative of the great, intelligent, high-minded, and independent civilization, refinement and elegance of (what he constantly assured everybody was) the most refined and most elegant people in the world? That question, put by dozens of his friends, sarcastically or sentimentally, as the case might be, it is not in my power to answer. But a chance meeting with him in the Park, just after I had had a hearty

laugh at the awful paragraph, enabled me to make a shrewd guess at the way in which it affected him. I was crossing one of the alleys when I met Hughes plump. "Well," exclaimed I, "they are arrived at last!"

"They are indeed!" replied he. "How did you know it?"

"Why, I saw it in 'The News from Home.'"

"What! Is it announced in the papers?" asked Hughes, in a demi-diplomatic tone of surprise. But I knew my man too well not to see that he too had seen the paragraph, and to have a suspicion, almost amounting to certainty, that he was not altogether ignorant of its authorship. *Verbum sat.* said I to myself; and I left "the *charge*" (as the Americans say) to pursue his path, to pay his visit of welcome and congratulation to the vulgar nullity, his "family and suite."

Hughes's account of this visit was highly amusing. He made his way through the obstructions of the chicken and the cabbage markets, to the third or fourth-rate auberge where the illustrious strangers had "put up." There he found Mr. Preble surrounded by his wife and sundry children, and flanked on either side by an old nurse and the Secretary of Legation. Hughes's sketch of this group was capital. The Minister he described as prim, formal, and most ludiciously consequential

while "the major," (as he called M. Davezac, a French West Indian sent as Secretary of Legation and Interpreter to the Minister,) had the air of a sly, hypocritical, methodist preacher, a perfect Tartuffe. Preble, determined to show off his new dignity at starting, received Hughes with double-starched solemnity. The latter met this with an air of patronizing nonchalance; but he was foiled in every attempt to overcome the obstinate gravity of men or things. He proffered his services to procure lodgings at one of the first-rate hotels, the Bellevue, Flandre, or l'Europe. Mr. Preble coldly thanked him, but declared himself "quite comfortable where he was." He offered to be the escort of the party to see the sights of the place. Mr. Preble declared he had visited the various markets and public buildings long before breakfast. For pictures, statues, or the interior of palaces he had no taste. He thought such luxurious proofs of monarchical corruption unworthy of republican observation.

"Well, Sir," said Hughes, rather sharply as he himself confessed, "whenever you make up your mind to set out for the Hague, I beg to say I shall hold myself disengaged to accompany you and present you to the king; and I have taken the *trouble* (with a strong emphasis) to order two carriages and post-horses to be held in readiness for you, your family, your secretary and suite."

"You hadn't ought to, Sir," replied Preble, with a dogged air and tone that set Hughes nearly frantic, "I have taken places for all in the diligence. We start to-day at noon; and I can see no necessity for your accompanying us. I have written to the king to tell him I am coming, and I therefore need no introduction."

"The diligence, Mr. Preble! Written to the king! No introduction! Really, Sir, I must—in the most friendly spirit—with the feeling of what is due to the dignity and respectability of our great republic—beg leave to expostulate with you. Sir, you are not acquainted with the customs of Europe—and cannot be expected to know what *is* expected from persons of your rank, age, or even of time in the diplomatic corps,"—which last word he took care to pronounce *corpse*, not to puzzle the down-easter.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Hughes," was Preble's finishing reply. "I know my station and my duty, to my country and myself. The first men in Maine, and indeed throughout the Union—you, Sir, may have forgotten the usages of our beloved country, or perhaps learned to despise them—they, Sir, think it no disgrace to travel in public vehicles, nor do I. What George Washington did and Andrew Jackson does, I guess any American minister may safely do—ay, Mr. Hughes,

or any *charge* either. The Major, I am sure, agrees with me?"

"I perfectly agree wit de minister," said Davezac, in reply to Hughes's imploring look—the first time he had spoken during the interview; Mrs. Preble, the nurse, or the children not having opened their mouths at all.

"Good morning, gentlemen! Good morning, madam!" muttered Hughes, making a hasty bow and rushing from the room in utter disgust and despair. He left the house abruptly, bounced into the open air, told the story (word for word as I have told it) to the first fifteen persons he met—one of whom I was—so I betray no secret in retailing it; and there are plenty of living witnesses to confirm it, should Hughes's memory have proved treacherous before it failed altogether.

I quite forget, and I am sorry that I do, what was the result of the affair, or how the points of etiquette, at such extraordinary issue, were arranged. Both the diplomatists quitted Brussels; and I lost sight of Hughes for several years. To keep himself green in the memory of his "few particular" friends, he had about a thousand copies of a lithographic likeness of himself struck off, and distributed to as many of the more select and intimate of the lodgers in his capacious heart.

The portrait did not give an accurate idea of the man. But the ample cloak in which the person was enfolded gave it a very martial air; and a vignette representation of the Capitol at Washington immediately under the portrait (*apropos* to the *bottes* which the drapery concealed) spoke plainly what were poor Hughes's notions of his own merits, as far as a fitting locality for the display of his talents was concerned. He soon went back to Stockholm, his arrival at his "residence" there forming a flowing paragraph in 'The News from Home,' and presenting a dignified, *post mortem* kind of reproach to the shabby announcement which startled the fashionable world a few weeks before, and which my readers may refer to (if they have forgotten it) a few pages back.

The stirring events of the French and Belgian Revolutions of 1830 soon came round. Years rolled on. I was driven a good deal about some portions of the world while Kit Hughes was stuck fast in his Swedish retreat; and it was not till after my nomination to the consulship at Boston, and not many days previous to my sailing from London, that I met him accidentally in the Strand close to Northumberland House. This chance meeting and what followed was highly characteristic of his weak and his strong points. He was accompanied by a long, lanky, dark-skinned man,

dressed out spick and span new, in the most approved fashion of American backwoodsmen style, (but not exactly the London costume for a July morning,) viz., blue dress-coat with broad brass buttons, black satin waistcoat, black trousers, and a flaming red and yellow silk cravat. After the greetings between Hughes and myself were over, and his having informed me that he had returned two days before from a visit to the United States, and was flying through London on his way to Stockholm, having merely time to call on the Dukes of Sussex and Wellington and half a hundred other of the few particular friends then in town, he introduced me to his companion, Mr. Alexander. I was in a great hurry going down to the Foreign Office on business. Hughes said he would walk that way with me, and offered me an arm, while his friend, at the other side, did as much. Before we turned the corner at Charing Cross, Hughes gave me a squeeze and whispered in my ear! "Do you know that you are leaning on a Lord?"

"The devil I am! When did you get your title?" said I, laughing.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed he, still in an under tone, "Don't laugh—the man on the other side side of you is Lord Stirling."

"What!" said I, "he who was tried for forgery last week at Edinburgh?" and I instinctively

loosened my arm from that of its distinguished, but as I thought somewhat doubtful, supporter.

"God bless you! not at all," murmured Hughes, "quite a different person. *That* was an impostor. *This* is the rightful heir to the title, which he has now come to England to claim. He is the fourth in descent in a direct line from the real lord, who settled in America, and he has been born and bred in Kentucky."

"I thought as much from his looks," said I, "and probably his father before him?"

"Oh yes," replied Hughes, "and further back than that. But he is a true Lord for all that"—

"Otherwise he had small chance of being a friend of yours, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Nonsense! I see you have not forgot your old fondness for fun, Grattan."

"Nor you your old *faiblesse* for fine folks, Hughes." And there we shook hands and parted.

The next morning I called on him in his lodgings, with my son, an old favourite of his, and a Brussels schoolfellow of *his* son's, who was, he told me, then a Lieutenant of Engineers stationed in the swamps of Florida. I found him in the act of putting in their envelopes full twenty warm-worded letters of introduction for me for various individuals in the United States, gover-

nors, senators, and other functionaries, all "honourable" men, and most of them as he assured me "nature's noblemen"—for want of better.

After he had shaken hands with us and told me what he was about, he said in a rather mysterious tone, "There's a prince in the next room —I'll introduce you to him presently."

"Aha!" said I, "your Kentucky lord is a prince then by the mother's side, I suppose? Indian blood, eh?"

"No such thing—not at all"—replied he—"a real prince, and no mistake—whose title no Radical like you will gainsay;" and while he spoke the door opened, and a fine-looking young man came in, so like the pictures of Napoleon the Great that the promised introduction was not required to tell me the name of the stranger.

"Mr. Grattan, a distinguished literary gentleman, Her Majesty's newly appointed Consul to Boston; Mr. Bonaparte, son of the King of Westphalia, nephew of the Emperor, a gentleman worthy of his name and connections," was the form of Hughes's introduction. I had half an hour's very pleasant chat with this offspring of Jerome and Miss Patterson, and found him a fine, rattling, off-hand republican, "enormously rich" as Hughes took good care to tell me, in a stage whisper which made its object laugh hear-

tily, for he knew that Hughes, in talking to his friends or *at* them, followed the old couplet of advice to flatterers—

> Lay it on thick,
> And some will stick.

Hughes's kind and much too laudatory letters procured me several pleasant acquaintanceships at Baltimore and elsewhere. But a sad piece of news, learned soon after I landed in America, gave us deep regret. His son, a lad of fine talents and great promise, but even at school and subsequently at the Military College at West-Point rather eccentric in his ways and opinions, shot himself in his tent in Florida, it would appear from mere *ennui* at the odious service he was engaged in during the ignoble Indian war then at its climax. A few months afterwards the ship in which his only sister was on her way to join her father in Europe took fire; and she and the other passengers, with the crew, were almost miraculously rescued by a vessel bound for New York, in which she was brought back, having lost everything she possessed. The former dreadful intelligence must have been a serious shock to poor Hughes, for he loved his boy passionately. He had been a widower some years before this calamity befell him. And as I was told that his daughter's terror at the idea of

trusting herself at sea again left no likelihood of her crossing the Atlantic, her father's only chance for domestic consolation in his declining years was in his being recalled from his diplomatic banishment,—an event which the then unsettled aspect of political parties in the United States made very probable.

"Grattan! Halloa! Driver! pull up your horses! Let me out!" vociferated loudly, by a man who half thrust himself through the window of a hackney coach, startled me, and made me stare as I walked down Washington Street, in Boston, on a morning in the spring of 1842. I was greatly surprised and not a little pleased to recognize my old friend Kit Hughes in this new arrival from the Old World, he having an hour or two previously landed from the Liverpool steamer, and being on his rapid flight to Washington on business (as he assured me) of the first importance. I called on him at his hotel, accompanied by my worthy countryman Sir John Caldwell, and we were received by Hughes in his bed-room amidst a fearful confusion of portmanteaus and portfolios. He soon informed us that he had crossed the Atlantic, on the strength of an overstrained eulogium recently pronounced on him in Congress by old John Quincy Adams, who in a caustic attack on some other diplo-

matic agent, contrasted his conduct with that of Kit Hughes, whom he stated to have obtained an important paper in Stockholm many years before, when Adams was Secretary of State, entirely by his agreeable manners and social merits, before the United States minister at London had sent it home, although relating to affairs of his own mission. "The truth was," said Hughes, "that Lord Bloomfield, the English minister at Stockholm, lent me a copy of the paper in question one morning when I called on him, merely because it related to an American question, neither of us supposing it had not been previously sent to the United States from London, and I just forwarded it as an excuse for writing a despatch, having no business of my own to communicate. But as 'the old man eloquent' (the old *sobriquet* applied to John Quincy Adams by his admiring countrymen) has brought the matter forward so handsomely, I am come over to ask for the mission back again at Brussels, and I am sure of getting it too."

A few weeks afterwards, being at Washington, I went to a soirée at the President's, and there among hundreds of citizens I found Hughes, flashily dressed, in high spirits, and in his own estimation assuredly one of the first objects of the first importance. He was pushing his suit

by all the appliances of importunity and perseverance, but in vain. He was ordered to go to Holland, a country he detested, while Brussels was once more reserved for some other "nullity," with whose claims poor Hughes's pretensions could not successfully compete. His patron and panegyrist Adams had no influence with the President; and Hughes not being considered of any party was entirely unsupported, and he very soon slipped away again to Europe, unobserved and unmentioned. He was thus fixed in the obscurity of the Hague for the residue of his political life, till worn out and past all usefulness he submitted to the common fate, and returned home soon after to take possession, on the death of his brother-in-law, of a very comfortable house, and to enjoy, as I was truly glad to hear, a sufficient income for all his wants as a retired and of course pensionless diplomatist, with the luxury of recollection to console him for the loss of European associations. I shook hands with him one day in Baltimore in the spring of 1846, and not very long after my own return to Europe in that year, I heard that poor Hughes had died somewhat unexpectedly, and I have no doubt extensively and sincerely regretted.

WILLIAM PITT PREBLE—AUGUSTE DAVEZAC.

The events of the Belgian Revolution drove me and my family from Brussels to Antwerp, and thence to the Hague, where we passed the winter of the year 1830–1831. I was soon made acquainted with Mr. Preble, and I paid him an early visit. While we were in conversation, a gentleman came in, whom Mr. Preble, rising with infinite gravity, introduced to me by name and title thus: "Major Augustus Davezac, formerly aide to General Jackson, and now my secretary."

"I am very glad, Mr. Grattan, to make your acquaintance," said the Major, with a strong French accent, and offering me his hand; "but Mr. Preble, (turning to the minister) you will excuse my saying dat although I had de honour of being de aide of General Jackson on de ensanguyned plain of New Orlines, I am not now *your* secretary, but de secretary of de United States Legation at dis Court."

"Sir, I stand corrected, and I ask your pardon," solemnly enunciated the minister.

"Not at all, Sir, not at all; but it is well to start with a just appreciation of tings," said the Major.

This curious commencement was followed up by a series of most amusing interchanges of com-

pliment and sarcasm between the diplomatists. In the whole *corps* there did not exist a couple presenting a stronger contrast. Coming from the two extreme points of the Union, they were living illustrations of the difference between North and South. Preble was a perfect specimen of the down-east Yankee, long-visaged, keen-eyed, with a nasal twang, a drawling manner, and a slouching gait, solemnly puritanical, yet cunning and shrewd withal; looking to the main chance; although rich at home, bent on saving money abroad; hating England, yet proud of his English origin; and knowing little of the southern portions of the Union, except that the people weres laveholders and of the French stock, for one of which reasons he despised and for the other detested them.

Davèzac was a thorough Louisianian in feeling and prejudice. He laughed at Yankeeism in all its forms; and at none of them with greater contempt than at that presented in the person of the head of the mission of which he knew himself to be the brains. He was a native of St. Domingo, transplanted early to New Orleans, where he had been long located, having first practised as a doctor, and afterwards as a lawyer; but making no great figure in either profession, and being wholly without fortune, he procured his intro-

duction into the *corps diplomatique* by the interest of his brother-in-law Edward Livingstone, then Secretary of State under President Jackson. Mr. Preble's total ignorance of French made it necessary to have some one well acquainted with that language to assist him in negotiating the settlement of the boundary question by the royal arbiter. Davezac was just the man for the occasion. Nature had made him a diplomatist. Agreeable, wily, sarcastic without spite, and fluent without indiscretion, he was popular in society, a good *raconteur*, and with a memory happily tenacious of much that he had read, but most unluckily so of somewhat that he had seen. That somewhat was the battle of New Orleans, in which celebrated fight he had, as well as his brother-in-law Livingstone, acted as aide-de-camp to Jackson. Whether he ever actually came into action there or elsewhere I never could ascertain. He looked less like a military man than anything that ever wore a uniform. Hughes did not perhaps libel him in saying he looked like a methodist preacher, though he had I think more the air of a lay Jesuit. He was at the period of my first acquaintance with him upwards of fifty, wearing a close black wig, the hair smooth down over his forehead, his clothes clumsily cut, and his little

twinkling black eyes deep set in his tawny-coloured face, with a certain play about the mouth when he spoke, which indicated a taste for refined raillery that relieved the platitude of his general expression. He was quite dark enough in complexion to be suspected of a mixture of black blood. But he felt all the disgust and horror common to southern men for those so tainted in ever so remote a degree.. He was largely democratic in his political views. Sometimes troublesomely Greek-and-Romanish in his harangues. A man of reading rather than of learning. Excellent in society; a bad whist-player, but good at small-talk, and therefore a favourite with the men, who won his money, and the women, who laughed at his wit. But it was in the social converse of the tea-table and the long chat of a quiet winter's evening that he was a real acquisition. And he was just then invaluable to me, as an assistant in the expounding of some old French poets whose works I was very busy with, and by whose quaint phraseology I was often puzzled.

There was but little general society during that winter at the Hague. The successes of the Belgians had thrown a great damp over the public mind; and from the king downward there was a gloominess and discontent, most un-

favourable to social intercourse on a large scale. Three or four of the foreign diplomatists, particularly Baron Selby, the Danish, and Count Truchses, the Prussian minister, opened their houses one evening in the week, and then I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mr. Preble, Davezac being of course one of the *ci-devant jeunes hommes* who regularly formed part of the circle.

In these réunions poor Mr. Preble was sadly out of place and very much puzzled in the performance of his part. His solemn and *gauche* demeanour was ill adapted to harmonize with the well-bred vivacity of the other members of the *corps diplomatique*. The young English and French attachés avoided him altogether, and the more advanced and serious individuals, who understood enough of English to make them liable to his conversation, found him a dreadful bore. Of the evident disposition to fight shy of him he was nevertheless quite insensible, attributing the short answers and abrupt transitions which met his attempts at conversation, to a press of important business, that left his brother diplomatists no time for the consideration of the only one question, that of the Boundary, on which he had a word to say.

"How amazingly preoccupied they are!" he used frequently to exclaim as he came up to me

in the crowd; Davezac having invariably slipped away early from the side of his *chef*, and I, from sheer compassion, keeping near him. The Major enjoyed himself very much the while, excusing himself to the minister, on the plea of the necessity of pressing *the* question on the separate attention of the various *diplomates*, whose ignorance of English gave them impunity from Preble's talk; while in fact he was assiduously complimenting either Madame Rossi (the celebrated singer Sontag), whose husband was Sardinian chargé d'affaires, or the really noble-looking Roma Selby, or some other of the various handsome and attractive women, with whom he was a great favourite.

Preble was unmerciful in his drafts on the Major's complaisance. He wanted his services as interpreter at every turn. He had a cruel thirst for information. Amongst other things he was most curious to know the comparative prices of the markets between Holland and his native state. He was a very early riser; while Davezac loved his bed like a genuine Southerner. But many a morning was he obliged to get up at the call of "the minister," to accompany him to the meat and vegetable markets, and others, to learn prices, cheapen cabbages, and inquire about beef, mutton, pigs and poultry. Davezac knew no more Dutch than Preble knew French, and the market

women were patriotically uncognizant of all but their own language—not seeing why an envoy extraordinary should monopolize all the ignorance of the place on that score. Davezac, nevertheless, muttering some impracticable *patois* to the market fraus, got answers in downright Dutch, which he immediately did into English, cramming the minister with such information as he could draw from the fertility of his lively imagination.

Nothing could be more *mesquin* than Preble's style of living. He occupied a small furnished house, saw no company, and must have saved a good deal from his salary. He kept one man, servant, a Belgian whom I recommended to him, a shrewd fellow, who spoke English, and who soon caught the weak points of his master's character and humoured them completely. The ostentation of the Republican envoy was prodigious. His house contained two small sitting-rooms with folding doors, on the ground floor. Whenever a visitor called and was ushered into the front parlour, (Preble being generally occupied in the back one, which was the dining-room,) Guillaume, the servant, invariably went round by the passage, and informing his master of the visitor's name, he came forward, throwing wide the folding-doors with a most theatrical air, announcing "Son Excellence!" in a high tone of voice, stepping on

one side, and making way for the pompous dignitary, who stalked in with a mock-heroic air which it was difficult to refrain from laughing at on the spot. When the visit was over, it may be believed that ridicule knew but little forbearance.

Davezac occupied still humbler quarters. He lodged in a couple of rooms over a blacksmith's shop, where the hammers kept up a constant din from morning till night. On paying him my first visit there I could not avoid expressing my surprise at his choice of a domicile.

"Ah, my dear friend," said he, "it is de very place for a man of literary pursuits—de noise keeps away all de troublesome, idle young fellows."

"Yes, but it must surely altogether prevent you from study of all kinds."

"Not at all—not at all!—ah, my dear fellow, a man who heard de tunder of de British cannon on de ensanguyned plain of New Orlines, tinks but little of such tap tap as dis."

Preble's battle-field was "the Boundary;" and as I had to fight as often on that ground as the other, I was most unmercifully pummelled on both sides by major and minister—by the monotonous reminiscences of the first and the prosy declamations of the latter. Preble's self-conceit was quite absurd on some points. I remember on

one evening, at my own house, his breaking suddenly off from some new tirade about "the disputed territory," to observe that the Americans spoke much better English than the English, and to ask me if I could have discovered, by any peculiarity in his own appearance or manner, that he was not an Englishman.

"Why I think I should," replied I, "by your accent."

"My accent!" ejaculated he, with a wondering stare.

"Why, perhaps I should not exactly say your accent—but by certain little national turns of pronunciation, as such peculiarities you know are common to persons of all countries, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, American."

"But pray in what particular instances, may I ask you?" pursued he, not at all softened by my generalizing efforts to heal the wound I had made.

"Why, since you press me," replied I, "I think I may venture to remark that in your pronunciation of the very word 'territory,' which we have been using so frequently this evening, I can trace one of those instances in which you sometimes—but very rarely—wander a shade from the pronunciation of English in England."

"Territōry!" exclaimed he, more than ever

astonished, and evidently, more and more hurt in proportion to my extreme caution not to hurt him—"Well, and don't I call it territōry?"

"Certainly you do—and that is what sounds rather a deviation from what we think in England the true method."

"Why, don't you say territōry?"

"No. I say térritory?"

"Well, and don't I say territōry?"

"You do indeed—and if you can find no difference between laying the accent on the first or on the third syllable, it is in vain for me to point it out."

"Well, this is just a new instance," said he, "of what I have so often heard of English prejudice. It must really, my dear Mr. Grattan, be very inveterate since you have it so strongly. Territōry! Well, I guess I have prōnounced that word often enough to have it pretty slick by this time! Territōry! Don't I call it territōry?"

"Call it whatever you please, my dear Sir; I am entirely satisfied."

"But is there any other word from which you would know me not to be an Englishman?"

"None—none whatever."

"Well, now, I guess you're right there, for if there's one thing in the world that I am more remarkable for than another it is my prōnunciation."

"It certainly is one of them," thought I; and I never again, though he often pressed me, would touch on such delicate ground.

Davezac had no sensitiveness nor any conceit on this subject of accent, though he was quite conscious of his own peculiarity in that way. His weak point was his age; his tender one, his passion for the *beau sexe*. To pass for a middle-aged *aimable roué*, and to be supposed to be always in love, were the main objects of his ambition. He was not profound in theological questions, nor particularly pious. His account of his early progress in infidelity, beginning in his tenderest years, and involuntarily fostered by the strict impressions of truth forced on him by his father, was highly amusing. "De first books," said he, "which I began to read wit great pleasure were fables for young children—such as Jack de Giant Killer—de little Red Riding Hood, etc. 'What very beautiful story, my dear fader,' said I, 'and what nice people.' 'My dear boy,' said he, 'you must not believe dese stories—dey are not true.' 'Ah, indeed, very well,' said I, 'what a pity!' So I den read Robinson Crusoe, in French—and says I, 'My dear fader, what very fine man Robinson was—how much I should like to go and make a voyage to his island, and see *le pauvre Vendredi!*' 'My dear boy,' said he,

'you must not believe about Robinson and Vendredi—'tis not true.' 'Ah, indeed, very well," said I, 'what a pity!' So I next read about the headen mytology, and says I, 'My dear fader, what very fine gods and goddesses dese are! What nice woman Venus! What fine great God of War Mars!' 'My dear boy,' said my fader, 'you must not believe about dese gods—'tis not true.' 'Bah!' said I to myself, 'dis is all very bad—noting is true—everyting is a lie—I believe noting.' So den my fader put de Bible in my hands, and so I read a great deal, and said to my fader—'Ah, my fader, what pity dat noting is true! What nice people was Moses and Solomon, and de oders! I am very sorry 'tis all a lie.' 'My dear boy,' said my fader, quite alarmed, 'you must not say dat—de Bible is all true—you must believe it all, every word.' 'No, no, my dear fader,' said I, 'I believe noting no more—you told me every ting was lie—and I cannot never more believe anyting; no, no, noting is true, except dat every ting is lie'—and so I believe noting; and I have to tank my dear fader's memory for telling me de troot so young, and saving me de trouble of tinking for myself—no, no, my dear Grattan, I believe noting at all."

In running over in my mind the many small

transactions of our narrow circle at the Hague during the winter of that memorable year, 1830, I think one anecdote may be recorded with a chance of raising a smile.

Among the members of that set was a gentleman holding a confidential appointment in the Household of the Princess of Orange, afterwards Queen of Holland. He was a well-educated, well-informed, and very intelligent man, speaking several languages with remarkable fluency and correctness, even for a Russian, for his countrymen are notorious as being the best linguists in Europe. He was married to an Englishwoman, who, being a very amiable, handsome, and agreeable person, was the means of many people overlooking some faults in her husband which had otherwise made him, beyond doubt, more unpopular than he was. This gentleman had all the consequential superciliousness natural to the mere creature of a Russian Princess. His obsequiousness to his mistress was quite equalled by his presumption towards all those whom he considered below the rank which commanded his homage. Democracy was, in his vocabulary, a synonym for vileness; and he looked on a Republican as a totally inferior order of being to the servile dependant on Royalty. The names of Washington and Franklin were unodorous in the

nostrils of his self-conceit. What, then, could he think of such comparative nobodys as Preble and Davezac?

At a party at our house one evening, the American diplomates were present with some others of the corps, and the usual members of those snug réunions. Everything was very sociable and pleasant, when Davezac, who had devoted himself for some time to a flirtation with the before-mentioned functionary's wife, asked me, somewhat abruptly, to introduce him to her husband, who had just risen from a whist-table close beside. In the hurry of the moment I did so, and when I had gone as far as "Mr. X——, Major Davezac," the latter, in the fashion of his country, stretched out his hand, which the former, taken by surprise, could not decline, and their fingers and thumbs actually interclasped for a moment. No more! For the Russian briskly withdrew, and before poor Davezac could even begin the flowery compliment in the praise of *Madame sa femme*, which I actually saw fluttering on his lip and twinkling in his eye, the serf-secretary turned away, as if from the glance of a rattlesnake. In a few minutes he took me into an adjoining room, and, with an emotion scarcely to be repressed, he said in French, which we habitually spoke together, "Grattan, you have

done me a great wrong—you have sunk me in my own esteem—I feel myself contaminated, defiled by the touch of that democrat. I must go and wash my hands. It is as if pitch was sticking to my fingers. Mon cher ami, you should not have taken me *à l'improviste comme ça.*"

He actually went off to perform the threatened ablution, when Davezac, who had watched him, came smilingly up to me.

"Well, my dear Grattan, is dere anyting in Nature so foolish as a jealous man? What has he been saying to you? Will he call me out? Poor leetle devil! He has really no cause,—as yet. God knows what may happen, for she is charming altogeder—but did you ever see such a fool? He would not even speak to me."

"Well, perhaps he is—but perhaps not. He has heard of your reputation; and every one saw what was going on in the corner."

"No, no! upon my honour, Grattan, noting at all. She does not care a bit about me," was Davezac's reply; but with a tone and a look that meant, "there is, indeed, a great all in it. She doats on me."

"Well, now, for fear of mistakes," said I, "I must tell you honestly what is the matter. Mr. X—— has no cause of quarrel or dislike towards *you*, but he is very angry indeed with *himself*

for having been incautiously led to shake hands with a Republican."

"Indeed! Is dat really it?" exclaimed Davezac, evidently much discomfited at the check given to his incipient views of gallantry and their associations. "Shaking hands with a Republican! De poor creature! de servile tool of despotism—de abject instrument of a tyrant or a tyrant's sister! Ah, cher Grattan, how can such a being compare himself to de free, high-minded, and independent citizens of my great country! Ah, my friend, if de army of Jackson had been composed of such creatures as dat, we should not have licked John Bull on de ensanguyned plain of New Orlines, where I ——"

Upon which words I made, as usual, a rapid retreat, and hurried into the bustle of the next room.

Having given Mr. X—— a niche in my sketch-book, I must mention a couple more instances of his intense and virulent prejudice.

Young Albert Snoockaert, son of a functionary about the palace, and himself a chamberlain, a volunteer in one of the regiments which had hurried to the Belgian frontier, was back at the Hague for a short leave of absence, and among other traits of his border campaign, he mentioned one evening a Belgian soldier in a Dutch regi-

ment having deserted and crossed the lines, taking an officer's horse with him, which he sent back in a few days with a letter to the Colonel, stating his regret at having been obliged, from necessity, to have had the appearance of committing a theft, when he was only performing an act of patriotism from a sense of duty.

Every one present was loud in praise of this instance of honourable feeling, except X——, who fiercely muttered, as his only comment, "*Un scélérat scrupuleux!*"

But this was nothing at all to the circumstance which caused, most unconsciously on my part, an everlasting breach between him and me.

One evening during a visit at his house, some half-dozen persons being present, the conversation, as usual, turned on the exciting revolutionary topics of the time; and we were talking over the remarkable fact of a whole regiment of French troops, at the late contest in Paris (in 1830), having gone over to the people, from the circumstance of one of the soldiers in it having shot his father among the mob. X—— expressed himself with bitter contempt against a regiment being so influenced by such a pitiful consideration. And turning abruptly to me, who unfortunately happened to be next to him, he asked me, "Don't you think it the duty of a loyal soldier to kill

his father if he is a rebel? Wouldn't you kill yours?"

"Upon my word," said I, "I have not given the subject any serious consideration—but I don't think I would."

Here the conversation ended, and, accustomed to X——'s fury of opinion, I thought no more of it. Within a day or two afterwards, I passed him in the Vorhout, and knowing him to be shortsighted, I did not think it extraordinary his not appearing to notice me. In a day or two more, we found that there was an evening party of the usual friendly coterie at his house. We were not asked, and we thought it odd. Next morning, I met him plump in the Vyvesberg, and he cut me dead. The same day I mentioned all this to our excellent friend Mrs. Holworthy, the very lovely wife of the truly all-worthy chaplain to the British Embassy, and an intimate of Mme. X——, and I asked her if she could explain this evident falling off on the part of the Secretary.

"Oh," said she, "my dear Mr. Grattan, since you ask me, I must tell you the truth. It makes poor Mme. X—— quite miserable, but you know what an obstinate man *he* is, and it appears that he is quite shocked at your terrible principles, about Revolution or something, which you avowed one evening at his house."

"What!" exclaimed I, "I avow terrible principles? What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh," said my kind, embarrassed, and blushing friend, "Oh, you must surely remember, when you said you wouldn't shoot your father."

"Shoot my father! Are you really as serious as you look? Do you mean to tell me that that is the cause of X——'s cutting me?"

"Indeed it is—no other."

Upon which I burst into a fit of laughter, whereat she shook her most handsome head, and said, gravely, "Ah, well, you may laugh, but he will never forgive you, depend on it."

Upon which I laughed again, as I do now heartily upon thinking of it after the lapse of thirty and more years; though from that day to this all intercourse or acquaintanceship has ceased between me and the offended majesty of X——. I never again spoke to him, and we had only a form-hurried, embarrassed, and rather painful leavetaking with his amiable wife, at a chance meeting just previous to our quitting Holland.

Mais, revenons à nos moutons, Preble and Davezac, who during all the early part of the winter were deep-plunged in discussions, on the question which gave ample occupation also to Sir Charles Bagot and Sir Howard Douglas, the first of whom had been formerly minister at Wash-

ington, the latter Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and now specially sent to the Hague to assist Sir Charles in the negotiation. Old Baron Verstolk van Soelen, the Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, was bothered considerably on all hands, in his efforts to help the King to unravel the intricacies of the question left to his arbitration. The distracted state of home politics seemed to give small time to the Royal umpire for the consideration of any foreign subject whatever. No one expected that he could have really entered into the one now in question, when to the general surprise it was announced to the English and American Ministers, by Baron Verstolk, that the King would be ready to deliver his award on the day originally fixed, the 10th of January, 1831, and they were summoned to attend at the Palace accordingly.

That was really a memorable day in a certain sense, for it showed me a specimen of a Yankee in a passion, so vehement, and withal so ludicrous, which in my long after-experience of the Universal Yankee Nation itself, I never saw approached in the most remote degree of resemblance. I was a good deal interested in the result of the arbitration, and waited at Sir Charles Bagot's house till his return from the palace, with the award in his pocket.

"Well, Sir Charles," said I, as he came into his study, "are you satisfied?"

"Yes—I am," answered he, throwing a folded-up manuscript on the table. "There it is. He has taken three-fifths of the territory from us—but thank God this diabolical question is at last honourably settled."

So much for the Representative of England. But how describe Him of America! I met him close on the bank of the little canal opposite my house, stalking up and down in a perfect frenzy, flinging his cloak about from side to side, like nothing so much as a melodramatic hero in the part of some furious brigand, muttering first, and then, as I joined him, vociferating desperate but incoherent reproaches against King William of Holland, accusing him of being the paid, hired, bribed creature of England, of having made an award, infamous, unjust, treacherous, and dishonest—and altogether pouring out such a torrent of invective, in language so unseemly, that I was almost obliged to use violence before I could get him into my house. And I believe I should not have succeeded at all, had I not observed to him that two-thirds of the persons in the street understood English—that Englishmen were at that time on a very ticklish footing in Holland—and that if he (being sure to be taken for one)

went on in that frantic style of abuse of "the good old king," both he and I would be certainly flung through the ice into the mud of the canal.

I cannot attempt to further describe the antics of my friend the special minister. I found it impossible to calm him; and I was delighted when he went away, vowing vengeance in every possible shape, to seek refuge in the sympathy of the Major. Davezac took the affair as coolly as possible. His Southern blood remained unbubblingly tepid, and it was to his cunning and well-considered advice that the boundary question was indebted for that fresh point of embarrassment, that new bone of contention, that additional stumbling-block which was in a few days presented to the King, a copy being delivered to Sir Charles Bagot, in the shape of Mr. Preble's protest against the award of "the Royal Arbiter," in words so respectful as to make me smile at the hypocrisy and humbug, which come so natural to the most unfledged occupant of a diplomatic nest.

The subsequent proceedings were worthy of this insincerity; and I have already described them in 'Civilized America,' as before stated.

Having performed his grand diplomatic trick, Mr. Preble requested leave to return home. And during the interval between this period and his

leaving the Hague he lived in the most obscure manner, entertaining nobody, invited nowhere, unthought of or uncared for by the circle to which he belonged by right, but in which he always seemed to move by sufferance.

Mr. Preble left Holland in the early part of 1831. I followed his example on the 1st of May in the same year, but while he turned towards Maine I proceeded to Germany. The course of events brought me to America in the summer of 1839; and though Boston is a short distance from Portland, I was long a resident of the former town without having any special inducement to visit the latter. The first in rank of my two old diplomatic acquaintances here sketched, was therefore the last in my thoughts when I reached the United States. But I was really delighted when I found by the papers that Davezac arrived at New York from Europe a short time after I landed there myself. Letters soon passed between us, and he made himself informed of my movements. He was on the look-out for me; and being at Philadelphia in the month of March 1840, he saw in some newspaper that I had arrived at New York with my family on our way to Washington. On one of the days during that short visit, I was preparing to start from the Globe Hotel to attend a public dinner, on the

occasion of Queen Victoria's marriage, and had just left my wife and daughter seated at their repast, when I was met on the stairs by a waiter who announced a gentleman from Philadelphia, who had just arrived for the special purpose of paying me a visit. In a moment more old Davezac was on the landing-place and I firm locked in his embrace—for we met *à la Française*, whisker to whisker; and in a moment or two more we were in the room with my wife and daughter, salutations, welcomings, and inquiries after health and happiness reciprocated with much cordiality. An apology hastily written to the president of the public dinner, a couple of additional covers, an extra dish or two, and a bottle of the best Madeira in Monsieur Blancard's cellar, were next in the order of arrangements; and I don't know how many hours passed over, so pleasantly that I must ever remember that meeting as one of the brightest among my *social* Recollections of America.

I could scarcely avoid staring rudely at my old friend during our repast. I never had seen *such* a change in the appearance of an individual. Time had apparently walked backwards in reference to him. The natural results of increasing years had no existence in his case. Instead of indications of age he had apparently shaken off

a fifth-part of the burden of years which he bore so pleasantly when I knew him in Holland nine or ten years before. He was then about fifty-five, and looked it all. He was now sixty-four, and looked decidedly under fifty! Instead of the formal methodistical-looking black wig of former days he had now a good head of his own natural hair, with a very few grey stragglers silvering the dark brown. Whatever wrinkles he had were filled up, without his face having grown fat or pursy. He was, in short, a perfect mystery of physiological improvement.

Davezac had been recalled from the Hague, at which place and at Naples he had been stationed as chargé d'affaires since I had last seen him. He was now an active partisan in the political contest going on for the election of President. He was of course a decided democrat, an out-and-out Van Burenist, and as such he attended many public meetings, speaking with great fluency, and as I was told with great effect. On one occasion about this period, at a *loco-foco* caucus at Tammany Hall, he rose to refute the assertion of some Whig newspaper that he was not an American. "If I was not born on de soil of dis great country," said he, "I am nevertheless an American citizen in heart and spirit, for I was baptized in blood and slaughter on de

ensanguyned plains of New Orlines, where I had de honour to act as aide to de immortal hero General Jackson." Loud applause followed this climax, and I knew so well all that was likely to follow it that I did not read any more of the printed speech, which Davezac sent after me, as well as several copies of his magazine articles on 'Marius,' 'Edward Livingstone,' and 'de Hero of New Orlines.'

I met him very often for several subsequent years, at Washington, New York, Boston, and at his sister Mrs. Livingstone's handsome place on the Hudson River; and kept up a tolerably constant correspondence with him at times on several subjects of public interest. The failure of the democratic party in the Presidential election of 1840 deprived him of all chance of official employment; but he was soon afterwards chosen a member of the Legislature of the State of New York, and made himself conspicuous for a session or two by several speeches in his own peculiarly amusing style.

The busy round of electioneering life brought him once more into play during the contest between Henry Clay and James K. Polk for the Presidency of 1844; and he as usual worked with indefatigable labour of lungs, having, as he told me, made one hundred and ten speeches of

invariable great length at as many public meetings throughout the Union—besides having made a pilgrimage to the nearly expiring old hero of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson, whom he threw into a state (as he confessed to me) of infinite astonishment, by plumping down on his knees before him to ask his blessing! This Jackson did really (as he assured me) give him in all due form of paternal benediction, accompanying it by a more substantial and valuable proof of interest, in the shape of a written request to Mr. Polk that in case of his success in the coming election Davezac and his services should be remembered. And so they were. His expectations took rather a lofty flight. But he was fain to content himself with a return to his old post of chargé d'affaires at the Hague; and he dropped into his former quarters over the blacksmith's shop on the bank of the little canal, no doubt to the satisfaction of many of his former acquaintances.

I left the United States with my family in August, 1846, on leave of absence, intending to pass six months in Europe, with some expectations of effecting an exchange of my Boston Consulship for one nearer home. In a month afterwards we were all at Aix-la-Chapelle; and on the day of our arrival, as I walked up the

dining-room with my party, to take our seats at the *table d'hôte,* I observed an odd-looking figure standing up in its place, at a parallel table to the one assigned to us by the kellner, nodding, winking, and kissing hands in sign of cordial recognition to some one nearer us as I thought. But great was my surprise at being accosted, by a well-remembered voice, with,

"My God, Grattan, don't you know me? Am I so changed?"

And changed indeed he was—for it was no other than old Davezac, really old in looks as well as years, that stood up to offer me his congratulatory compliments and regards. How fearfully disfigured he was it would be hard to describe. He had a large green patch over one eye—close to the other an enormous tumour. A thick pair of dark moustaches nearly concealed his mouth, which was awfully swollen. A black curly wig came low down on his forehead. He wore a brown coat with large gilt buttons; a yellow waistcoat, flashy scarf, and black pantaloons. "What can he have done?" thought I, "to render this masquerade costume advisable? And who can be that terrific-looking old woman by his side?"

My mingled curiosity and anxiety were soon relieved, by an explanation from the venerable

chargé, who informed me that he had come from his residence at the Hague to quaff and bathe in the waters of Aix, and thus get rid of the results of a desperate fit of gout, which had attacked his head and face in the unmerciful manner I remarked.

"And the old lady?"

"Oh, she does not belong to me, my dear friend—merely a *table d'hôte* acquaintance."

I breathed freer.

"*D'ailleurs*, she is enormously rich—of a good French family—and a most agreeable and charming——"

"Don't—don't do it, Davezac!" cried I, in some alarm.

"Never fear, my friend," replied he; "all is right—dat is wrong—for hélas! *all* is *not* right. Never mind! My wife's still living."

"Ah!" exclaimed I, with a long-drawn breath, a grasp of the hand, and a sincere expression of delight that there was a bar—sinister though it might be—against the possibility of his tempting such a fate as he sat side by side with. He resumed his place, and paid most devoted attention to his neighbour during dinner-time. But we saw a good deal of him as long as he remained at Aix. And when he had succeeded in reducing his inflammatory symptoms, thrown off his green

patch, shaved away his moustaches, and changed his wig for one that came less low on his forehead; he returned to the Hague very much improved in looks, though evidently broken in constitution. I next met him in London, where he came for a few days' visit the following spring—but he was sadly cast down and bent. He showed scarcely a shadow of his former agreeability. Old age was doing its work, and doing it fast. And he had scarcely returned to the United States in a short time after, when a paragraph in the New York 'Herald' told me that he had died in his lodgings in that city; leaving nothing behind to record his really extensive acquirements and amusing qualities, but the few magazine articles before referred to, and some such imperfect sketch as the one I have here thrown off so hurriedly.

With Mr. Preble I had the good fortune to enact a more serious and important part during my residence in America, and several years previous to this termination of all earthly intercourse with his former Secretary of Legation.

The mission of Lord Ashburton to the United States in the year 1842, for the special purpose of negotiating a settlement of the Boundary question, which Preble's protest before mentioned had thrown into abeyance, brought him once more prominently forward in that principal sub-

ject of his public life. He was chosen one of the Seven Commissioners, sent jointly from the States of Massachusetts and Maine to Washington City, to confer with the Federal Government, and in fact direct and control the diplomatic proceedings to be entered on between the Secretary of State, Mr. Daniel Webster, and the British plenipotentiary.

Judge Preble, in anticipation of this forthcoming negotiation, had paid me several visits at Boston, where he knew I had for nearly three years made this complicated and intricate question my chief study, it being strictly within my jurisdiction, and the subject of constant correspondence with the Foreign Office in London, as well as with Lord Ashburton himself, during the early weeks of his arrival at Washington. Preble, remembering our many conversations on the subject at the Hague in 1830 and 1831, when I entered into it merely as an amateur, was exceedingly anxious to engage me more deeply in it now, when I was by official duty intimately involved in its discussion, and fully impressed with the importance of its amicable settlement; for assuredly the danger of a war between England and the United States was imminent, and indeed unavoidable had that consummation been longer delayed. It was therefore that Judge

Preble and his six brother Commissioners requested me to accompany them to Washington, to assist in negotiating the treaty, relying much on my conviction of its importance, and giving me credit for a sincere desire to preserve the peace between the two countries.

The Commissioners and myself arrived in Washington on the 26th of May in that year, 1842, and both on the journey and during my stay in the capital I received undoubted marks of great cordiality from those gentlemen in connection with their duties. Lord Ashburton received me well, but at first with evident jealousy lest I might be inclined to interfere unduly with his proceedings. But this soon wore off; and his subsequent proofs of entire confidence, and his generous admissions of the services I rendered him, were complete and most satisfactory. While my intercourse with the Commissioners, and with Judge Preble in particular, *primus inter pares*, was unbroken during the whole of the negotiation.*

A few years after this affair was finally and most fortunately settled, England having made a

* In 'Civilized America' I have already given an ample account, which may be almost called the secret history of that memorable transaction, and it has been admitted to be a valuable *exposé* of the American Diplomatic system, and the sharp practice of the public men of the then United States.

compromise, which no doubt sacrificed her right to a portion of disputed territory, but which saved her from a serious war, I was again thrown into semi-official relations with Judge Preble on the question of the projected railroad between the province of Maine and Lower Canada, in which he took a great interest, and in which I was enabled to do him some indirect but not unimportant service with the British Government. He called on me two or three times in Boston, and we had a correspondence previous to my leaving the United States in 1846, from which period I had no communication with him. He returned to his practice at the Bar, having long since been removed from the Bench, and he has always enjoyed the reputation of being a keen and most obstinate advocate, but, from the leading quality of his mind, a one-sided and prejudiced judge.

Having lost his first wife he married again, and in a few years afterwards died, leaving another blank in the list of my diplomatic acquaintances.

VIRGIL MAXCY, HUGH LEGARÉ, JAMES M. BAYARD.

Of these three diplomatists, who were successively ministers from the United States to the Court of Brussels, my notices must be short, for more reasons than one. They were accredited

to Belgium after the establishment of her independence; and in the comparative unimportance of their missions they had few opportunities of being prominent in political life, while they all afforded admirable specimens of the class which produces (though I by no means would imply *exclusively*) the real gentlemen of America—the inhabitants of the Southern, now to be distinguished as the "Confederate" States.

The quiet course of Mr. Maxcy's diplomatic career was closed soon after I made his acquaintance; and though I frequently met him in London and in America, I found no salient peculiarities of character and manner tempting a special portraiture; but even if I had, his lamentable and deeply regretted death would have stopped my pen. He was one of the victims killed by the bursting of a gun of large calibre on board a United States vessel on the Potomac, close to Washington, during an experimental trip and nautical *fête*, given to Mr. Tyler, the President, and his Cabinet, he being fortunate enough to escape the effects of the catastrophe which destroyed one or more of his ministers, and other official followers, including Mr. Maxcy. To this amiable and honourable gentleman I was indebted for many acts of kind attention. For none more than an introduction to his son-in-law, Mr. James Markoe, holding

a conspicuous post in the bureau of Foreign Affairs at Washington, and from whom and his accomplished wife I, for several years and during repeated visits to the Federal capital, received most courteous and hospitable welcome. Mr. Markoe has since then cast his lot with his fellow-countrymen of the Southern States; and his long official experience is, I believe, now valuably devoted to the service of the Confederate Government.

On my first visit to Washington in 1840, I had the great pleasure of being introduced by my old friend Sir John Caldwell to the family of Mr. BAYARD, at that time a senator from the State of Delaware to the Federal Congress. I was fortunate enough ten years later to meet him and his lady at Brussels, where he then filled the post of Minister Plenipotentiary. I shared his hospitality both in the New World and the Old; and I hope it is neither *mal-à-propos* nor contrary to *les convenances* to mix a cordial hope, with these diplomatic sketches, for the well-being of a family so conspicuously attractive, for the manly independence of one member in political life, and the surpassing beauty and gracefulness of another—I might without flattery say others—true ornaments to the social circles at either side of the Atlantic.

HUGH LEGARÉ, pronounced in America Legree, a name familiar to readers of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's rather too imaginative romance, was a man of higher note, from the offices he filled at home, than either of the two preceding diplomatists, between whose tenure of office at Brussels his intervened. I was far more intimate with him than with them, from the circumstances of a longer acquaintanceship and greater similarity of personal pursuits. Literature was at that period my profession and his recreation. While I was making books of fiction he was compiling articles of fact. And his scholarship, taste, and research would have been to me sources of still greater value than they were, had not a tone of pedantry and an air of pretension deteriorated the writings and disfigured the man. Legaré was an accomplished scholar, a man of great reading, and of considerable industry. He was of most agreeable manners, his excessive vanity and amazing self-opinion being so controlled, though not concealed, by good breeding and knowledge of the world, as to give piquancy to his sarcastic egotism and national exaggeration.

In personal appearance he did not possess the advantages of Maxcy or Bayard, both of whom, the latter in particular, were strikingly handsome. Legaré was of very short and clumsy stature,

his head and bust large, and his features broad and rather coarse. A biographical sketch of him published in 1846, from the pen of a friend, and prefixed to an edition of his writings, says that "at four years of age it became necessary to inoculate him for the small-pox. The artificial disease took a more than usual virulence, fixing itself upon his elbows and knees in large imposthumes. When these wasting tumours were at last dissipated they left his fine trunk greatly enfeebled, though otherwise unimpaired; but with limbs which though stout never afterwards grew to their proper length or shapeliness."

These outward disfigurements did not however at all militate against his self-confidence. Most amusing proofs of this are furnished in his 'Diary,' written during his residence at Brussels, and published with his other works; and displaying such examples of reckless sarcasm, that a few extracts will serve better to portray his character and his style, than could be effected by any pen but his own.

1833. 18*th June*.—"Dine at Court to-day; ambassador's day. In the evening go to Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald's. See Lady Flora for the first time since her illness. She offers me her hand, *which I press fondly*."—vol. i. p. 42.

22*nd June*.—"Get down at the gate of the

Park, near the Hôtel Bellevue. *Am reminded by my footman* that I am to dine at the Prince's at half-past four. Get up again into my carriage."—p. 45.

24*th June*.—"Nothing remarkable. Stretched off on a sofa to-day in the *salle à manger*, while my *valet de chambre* reads to me 'Erminier's Philosophy of Law.'—p. 19.

5*th June*.—"Mr. T. B. tells me he has heard much of me, and that the English here like me better than my predecessor Hughes, who was a great favourite, although they say I am a very different person."—p. 34.

"The last words he spoke at Mr. Seymour's was, I am told, relative to me—'I am in love with that man.'"—p. 32.

"As I enter the saloon at the Prince's in the evening, Seton says he wants to console me about the T——s [in the Diary the name is given in full length], with whom he dined at Sir Robert's, and whom they vote the vulgarest *canaille* that can be. They say they were less amused with the old lioness than with one of her whelps, Mr. Anastatius (?) T——, who spoke his mind very freely," etc.—p. 46.

24*th June*.—"Sir Robert calls and gives me M. Nothomb's book. Mentions that the T——s dined with him. Says in all his life he never

saw anything so vulgar as the boy, whose voice drowned all other sounds at table."—p. 46.

16*th June; Sunday.*—"Fall in with Miss C—— and Miss D——; join them and have a long flirting talk with the latter. She is very pretty. I am *almost* in love. Shake her hand *and press it most fondly.*"—p. 41.

8*th Sept.; Sunday.*—"At six dine at the Palace. Dinner made remarkable by the presence of a radical *notabilité,* Dr. B——, a very vulgar *cuistre,* lecturing incessantly about first principles and proclaiming himself, in every word and look and gesture, Sir Oracle. What a world it would be if governed by these self-conceited and presumptuous popinjays! He talked incessantly at table. After dinner, when the Queen and her ladies are seated, he goes up to her Majesty and harangues her, in the most extraordinary manner ever witnessed since the execution of Marie Antoinette; thrusting himself between her Majesty and the lady next her, bobbing up and down his head and spectacles, like a duck in a puddle; gesticulating, etc. We looked on in amaze. At last Sir George Hamilton put Count d'Aerschot, the Grand Marshal, up to going to her Majesty's deliverance by engaging her in conversation. The manœuvre succeeds, for after a few minutes of indecision, the radical leaves the round table

and comes to us; but after speaking awhile (in a most absurd strain of egotism), finding no sympathy in our circle, and no obstacle to renewing his attack on the Queen, he is at her again, but d'Aerschot is on the alert, and takes him off by some means or other."—p. 86.

9th September.—"Mr. Seymour's in the evening; a small party given to another literary radical, Lady Morgan. I have always had from her writings, or the parts of them I had happened to read, a great aversion to her, and would not be made acquainted with her when I might fourteen years ago. Her Ladyship begins by high compliments to America, etc. I took the first opportunity to decamp. She had the good sense to say that Mother T——'s book was a very wicked one, and the absurdity to propose that she should herself go and make a better."—p. 86.

6th August.—"Received a note in answer to mine from *my adored* Lady Flora—thanks and acceptance, but dry to *ravish.*"

(N.B. *à ravir* he would no doubt mean, but that French phrase has no application as he uses it. In translation it is altogether absurd.)

The 'Diary' abounds in matter still more personal and amusing; and a portion of it details the mortifying disappointment of the author, at the failure to accomplish the ratification of a

commercial treaty between Belgium and the United States, too hastily agreed to by Baron de Behr, the Belgian minister at Washington.

On Legaré's return to the United States under the presidency of Mr. Tyler he was appointed Attorney-General; and Secretary of State *ad interim*, when Webster retired from that office, as detailed in my sketch of his career and character, in 'Civilized America.'

Legaré had not sufficient opportunity to fulfil or falsify the high opinion entertained of his ability by some of his private friends and a portion of the democratic party, to which he belonged. I saw him frequently between 1839 and 1842 in the United States, at Washington, Nahant, New York, and Boston. My acquaintanceship with him at Brussels, after the period at which he finished his Diary, led to a frequent intercourse. He was most hospitable, gave excellent bachelor's dinners, and was really the centre of a pleasant circle. The last day I saw him was the 16th of June, 1843, at Boston, to which place he had accompanied President Tyler for the purpose of attending the inauguration of the Bunker's Hill monument. I had the honour of waiting on the President on that day, with the other foreign consuls. My colleagues paid me the compliment of wishing me to be their

spokesman on the occasion, and I made a short address to the President, to which he gave an impromptu and very apt and appropriate reply. Legaré, who was standing by his side, came up to me, and smiling, said a few good-natured and approving words. That night he was seized with an attack of visceral derangement. He could not take any part in the great ceremonial of the following day, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill. At five o'clock on the morning of the 20th of June he died.

The partiality of friendship may be pardoned for exaggerating his merits. But to justify me in the prominence I have given to this really clever and accomplished American, I may be allowed to cite a phrase or two from the preface to his published work.

"As an author and a politician he rivalled the splendour of Burke and his flashing reach of thought; as a scholar, he entirely equalled Gibbon in labour and in learning; and would have placed himself in parallel with Mansfield as a lawyer. He was by far the most remarkable man our country has seen, in all accomplishments of public life. He declaimed to the winds or the waves; or pitched his tone to the murmur of the forest; or spoke in vaults, or lying stretched on the earth; or let loose the full force of his voice in

lonely places. By the unvaried practice of much more than Demosthenian methods, he overcame every defect, he carried every natural advantage to the highest excellence. His articulation became golden, his voice became clear in its minutest inflections, while in its more vehement bursts it grew capable of filling the air with its absolute thunder."

Several other American diplomatists, successively Ministers to England, have been more or less known to me, in their own country or in this. The infatuated section of the States, still calling itself *united*, seems driven in its present extremity to choose a representative of *dollars*, not of *talents*—of a family name instead of national fame. The Confederate States, more sagacious in this and all other public acts since their secession, are now represented in England by two gentlemen of great ability, whose firm, discreet, and temperate bearing is working its due effect on the public mind. And to them, the Honourable WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCY and Colonel DUDLEY MANN, is, I hope, reserved the credit of concluding a treaty with this country on the strict principles of political Freedom and Free Trade, as soon as the march of events justifies the Government in the recognition of the twelve Southern States, as an independent Sovereignty.

CHAPTER IX.

ITALIAN SKETCHES.

Circumstances connected with "urgent private business," in Crimean phrase, forced me to break up a pleasant establishment in France, to remove to Belgium, and subsequently to Holland and Germany. A later movement transplanted me and my family to England, thence in an official capacity to the United States of America, and back again to various countries of Europe.

My intimate connection with several of those countries, and a prolonged residence in most of them, with pleasure trips into Switzerland and Ireland, have furnished me with ample materials for recollection and record. But as they embrace the disruption of the kingdom of the Netherlands, with anecdotes of monarchs, ministers, and other political characters who played prominent parts in those transactions, and also sketches of literary celebrities, including Sir Walter Scott and many

others, there is not space enough in the two volumes which I am now completing, unless by the exclusion of other subjects more immediately demanding attention. I therefore lay aside all that relates to my Belgian and Dutch experience, and the revolutionary passages in which I was somewhat concerned, inklings of which have been given in the preceding chapters. I also pass over whatever relates to Germany; and I have already (in a separate work) treated of AMERICA in its aspect of civilization, which the portion most arrogantly assuming that quality as exclusively its own seems desperately resolved to repudiate.

Therefore, by a long stretch of mental, political, and physical geography, I transfer myself and my readers to the country and subject of most immediate European interest—Italy.

ITALY, a year ago, bursting from her long enthralment, like her own great volcano after ages of repose, emitted volumes of flame and light. Mischief unavoidably followed the eruption; but it was the safeguard against more perilous convulsions. And, as the lava cools, and Vesuvius is clothed with new strata of vegetation, so the ebbing flood of revolution leaves the state embellished and enriched.

Distant observers felt a sense of awe in the spectacle which the framers of its incidents had

not leisure for. On the edge of a crater, or in the thick of battle, one is lost in excitement, and insensible to fear as an essential element of the sublime. Thus the actors in the great drama of Italian regeneration are less able to judge of it than those who, removed from the scene, can take in its vast proportions.

And is it not sublimity in action? Nothing vague or vapoury, but all solid, real, and as I fervently hope, enduring. Let us look at the Peninsula as we may—scientifically, artistically, or historically—its present political condition absorbs all other considerations; and whatever we may have to say about it, we must begin with *that*. We pass over the far-back times of classical renown—the dark doings of the Middle Ages—the brilliant deeds of the Renaissance—the outrages of modern tyranny—the prostration of national vitality—the desecration of the arts—all are forgotten, pardoned, or redeemed, by the heroism of twenty millions of people shouting pœans to the Freedom they have won.

On the morning of November the 7th, 1860, Victor Emmanuel made his entry into Naples, with that other personification of true chivalry, Garibaldi, by his side; and the unity of Italy, conquered by the courage of those two men, became a triumphant fact.

It is a high privilege to all true lovers of liberty to have lived to witness this result of so many struggles, reverses, and victories. It was inevitable. The Genius of History had written it. The voice of Destiny had proclaimed it. The will of Heaven has accomplished it. Sure to come, the time and the men only were wanting. Instruments in the hands of Providence, but guiding spirits to the subaltern agents in their enterprise, these two warriors—the Liberator and the King—stand out among the foremost of all the world.

So mighty an event could be effected only by the force of arms. War, the undying instinct of man's nature, the one absolute necessity for working out the fate of nations, obtained, with startling rapidity, what the efforts of wisdom or the wiles of diplomacy could never have procured. This momentous transaction ought to humble the pious pride of those fanatics, who will not see in frail humanity the imperfection of which turbulence and violence form integral parts; an organization meant no doubt to proclaim its mortality, and its contrast to the purity of beings in a higher sphere.

If the peace-preaching politicians would be satisfied with that, if they would see in these mysterious dispensations a higher power guiding

the movements of mankind, they would pour forth thanksgivings that civilization is fulfilling its behests, while truth and reason are resuming their reign.

But those apostles of an ideal perfectibility still vainly attempt to separate humanity from its strongest natural impulses; as the ancient Greeks, carrying out their principle of the ideal in art, would soften down in their statuary man's animal characteristics, and endeavour to merge the human in the divine. Those theorists have inevitably failed in their attempts, whether ethical or artistic, everywhere and in all ages. They spoil the man, and they violate the design of God, who never meant his creatures to be more than what he made them—a perfect *work*, but by no means perfect beings.

Dazzled by the miraculous deeds so lately done before its eyes, Europe stands gazing, without being yet able to comprehend the whole action of the scene, and can only wait and wonder for what is to come next; while enthusiasts in the cause of Italy may turn to the emphatic prophecy of Sismondi, some thirty or forty years since.

"The Italians, everywhere victorious over their own tyrants, have been everywhere forced back under the yoke with redoubled cruelty, by the hands of foreign despots. Italy is crushed, but

her heart still beats with the love of liberty, virtue, and glory. She is chained down and covered with blood, but she still knows her strength, and believes in her future destiny. She feels that she is doomed to take the lead again. Europe will know no repose till the nation which in the dark ages lighted the torch of civilization and liberty, shall be herself able to enjoy the enlightenment which she created."

The partial fulfilment of that prophecy has come to pass. The great work is nearly done; and marvellous it is that much of it was done by unwilling hands, and projected by heads unconscious of the mission they were engaged in. When Louis Napoleon made war against Austria, and Victor Emmanuel fought side by side with his powerful ally, they had set bounds to their undertaking. One of them longed for the formation of a Lombardo-Sardinian kingdom. The other talked of freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. But when the former object was attained and the latter boast relinquished, the brother monarchs thought their scheme of political speculation was complete. They did not know the depth of their game, nor the amount of the stake they played for. Central Italy meant for a Bonaparte, and Naples for a Murat, were destined to a far nobler fate. The smothered instinct

of nationality was reviving. Tuscany, Modena, and the associate states, followed the yearnings of the popular will. They became joined to Piedmont, by a spontaneous fusion of forces. The two Sicilies only waited open-armed for their deliverer. He came, he saw, he conquered; a Cæsar, guiltless of treason against liberty, single-minded, frugal, true-hearted; a dictator but not a despot; a sovereign in all but the title; an uncrowned monarch whose throne was in the hearts of his fellow-patriots, whose triumph was grand, whose reign brief, and whose abdication in favour of the king he enthroned was all in all magnanimous. Such was GARIBALDI. Such he is. Such he will be till the latest page of history shall perish. Whatever his future lot, whatever of new success or of failure may chequer his career, nothing can rob him of the glory he has gained, and invested beyond risk in the treasury of Fame.

It is not merely that this eminent man, following a generous impulse, won an easy victory over a feeble stripling the inheritor of an unholy power, and, like the archangel brandishing a fiery sword, drove the anointed sinner from his Paradise. Garibaldi's greatness began before the paltry king in question was born; when, a poor adventurer, he flung himself into the midst of South American

tumult, and fought his way at sea or on land—always in the cause of freedom—the bravest of the brave. When the day of his own country's new struggle dawned, he recrossed the ocean, and was one of the first in the field. When Rome in 1848 became the theatre of armed revolt, Garibaldi was foremost in the patriot ranks; and ever in the hottest of the fire, in the most exposed positions of the crumbling ramparts, he was the heart and soul of that splendid resistance to the French besiegers, which ended in a defeat that was far more glorious than some victories.*

Retreating from surrendered Rome with a staunch band of followers, he escaped the enemy; and in that fearful retreat he lost his faithful and devoted wife, the companion of so many of his adventures in the New World, his second self,

* Very soon after the fall of Rome, the destruction of the Republic, and the return of the Pope, I was invited to a *déjeûner* at Mr. Cobden's, in Westbourne Terrace, to meet the Prince of Canino, at whose palace I had been a frequent visitor in the preceding spring, and who had just arrived in England. The conversation was almost exclusively confined to Italian affairs. Nothing could be more interesting or impressive than the accounts given by the Prince, who had been a member of the Provisional Government during the revolt. Many striking traits were included of Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini, the brother triumvirs; but everything was eclipsed by the graphic accounts of Garibaldi's heroism. On the last day of the defence he came from time to time from the ram-

his truest hope on earth. What man might not have sunk under such accumulated misery, with no stain on his manhood, no slur on his fame? But Garibaldi rose high above fate itself; and to my view it was the next ten years of his life that really tested the mettle of his mind. For those ten monotonous and unexciting years he worked hard for his livelihood. He earned his daily bread. He did not retire, like other baffled patriots, to some unseen retreat, to hatch conspiracies, issue proclamations, and excite to hopeless revolts. It may be that all these means were justifiable and even judicious, and useful in the end to the cause of Italian freedom, by keeping alive the fire which warmed and fed it. But such were not Garibaldi's tactics—such was not his vocation. Essentially a soldier, he was formed

parts to the council-room, his dress torn to tatters by the bullets against which his person seemed to bear some charm; almost frantic with grief and lamenting "the impossibility of getting himself killed." He would not to the very last consent to a surrender. But when all the members of the Government were unanimous as to its inevitable necessity, he called in accents of energetic despair on all those who chose to share his fate. And leaving the doomed city to be once more desecrated by foreign force—but not this time by *uncivilized* Gauls—he left it by one gate while the French columns poured in at the others, and commenced his memorable retreat, followed I believe by about two thousand of his gallant companions in arms.

for the battle-field. During the ten years' lull he followed his old calling, as captain of a vessel trading between America and Europe. But when the trumpet sounded the new alarm, he at once sprang from the deck to the shore, offered his services to his king; and seeing in the success of allied France and Piedmont the surest hope for his life's idol, Italian unity, he threw himself upon the hated Austrians at the head of his *Bersaglieri*, and with a small force of these irregular heroes did prodigies of valour in the war of Lombardy.

With the peace of Villafranca, came another phase in Garibaldi's transit over life. Relieved of his military command, he entered the Sardinian parliament as member for his native town of Nice. The annexation of Savoy and his own birth-place to France was vehemently opposed by Garibaldi, and he has never forgiven the men whose diplomatic subserviency effected the sacrifice. Italy was dismembered, and he felt himself despoiled; robbed of his inheritance, his birthright, as all true patriots consider their native country. He was again thrown on the world and the resources of his genius. He was not long idle. His daring invasion of Sicily, his irresistible progress from Marsala, where he landed with a thousand followers, to Calabria and so on

to Naples, as the idol of millions of worshippers, needs not to be told. On the 9th of November, 1860, he laid down every visible insignia of power. But his real dominion over the minds and the hearts of the people he has liberated, and his influence, be it hoped, over the king, must last for ever, a paternal authority during life and after death a sanctified example.

Garibaldi, within three days of his joint entry with Victor Emmanuel into Naples, returned to his island home in the Mediterranean—not a banished exile, not a plotting pretender—merely a soldier reposing on his shield, his sword by his side, ready for his country's call. What great designs he may have then contemplated, what hopes he nourished, what visions he was wrapt in, it is not easy to divine. He oracularly pronounced for war in March 1861. He warned his old comrades to be prepared. He invoked the gathering of a million of volunteers. These were bold and impassioned words. But thank Heaven they were only words! During the time that has since intervened the conjoint persuasions of other European powers failed to convince the dogged stolidity of Austria that a prompt and honourable transaction joining Venetia to the rest of Italy for a fair and liberal compensation, was the best solution of a great difficulty.

This consummation must be still the desire of all right-thinking men not hurried away by ambition for some great emprise, as Garibaldi himself may be. Too much must not be expected from him. His impetuous spirit may not brook the cold forms of diplomatic caution. His baffled ardour may writhe under delay. The groans of the enslaved may come in imagined murmurs from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean; and calls for relief from the walls of Venice be fancifully echoed from the rocks of Caprera. The hero in his solitude must not be judged like common men. Allowance should be made for his strength as well as for their weakness. His stern integrity cannot be expected to bend like their elastic pliancy.

Garibaldi has been frequently compared to several of the celebrities of old and modern times, to Timoleon, Cincinnatus, Washington. And in his voluntary retreat in Caprera who can fail to trace a likeness, without attempting to force a parallel, between him and Napoleon in his reclusion in Elba?—Both looking towards the shores of their native land, with deep designs and lofty aspirations, planning a quick return, to resume the race of war and win the prize of conquest.

But there is no real resemblance in the cases

nor in the men, beyond the facts of geographical position, personal qualities, and political antecedents. Garibaldi, like Bonaparte, was an absolute ruler. They both attained their eminence by their individual energy. Their sway over the minds of others was almost unlimited. Their courage indomitable. But no comparison can be carried out between the mighty Emperor and the adventurous chief—the enslaver and maker of many kings, and the conqueror and creator of one only—the master of a hundred millions of souls, and the liberator of ten millions. Comparisons are absurd at times as well as odious; and false analogies are as deceptive as they are common. I shall not therefore risk a probable failure by following up this theme, but will leave to others to calculate the degrees of merit between the fallen monarch, who brooded in one island on the recovery of his throne, the resumption of his power, and the renewed subjection of his country; and the retired dictator, whose noble thoughts have no personal aim, beyond the glory of giving freedom to the last fragment of the people which is doomed for awhile to prolonged bondage.

Besides the enfranchisement of Venetia nothing is wanting to the total unity of Italy but the absorption of the small remaining territory of the

Popedom, following the fate of Umbria and the Marches. The inevitable hour is coming for the close of the pontiff's temporal power, beyond an insignificant extent round his residence, wherever that may be fixed. That it should not be much longer at Rome seems evident. To reign over a portion of that single city and the narrow *rayon* assigned to it, would be too lowering to the pride of a sovereign who so lately governed three millions of souls. Louis Napoleon has upheld the Pope for eleven years in a temporary and fluttering state of pomp and pretension, like an eagle holding in his talons the prey he had lifted from earth, only to let it drop down to a surer destruction. It would be cruel to degrade the object whom it is only necessary to humiliate. And to leave the despoiled Head of the Church at the feet of his former subjects would be not only personally dishonouring to him, but disparaging to the sect of our common religion which he personifies, and which it is not the policy of any Christian power to debase, however desirable it may be to reform it.

The main object of European policy is to separate the temporal from the spiritual power of the Pope, without any violent shock to the feelings of the Roman Catholic world. It will be only repeating an oft-tried experiment by a dif-

ferent and less harsh proceeding; and the most pious adherent of the Church need have no fears for the result.

The Papacy in its really religious sense runs no risk. Its "doom" has been frequently and falsely sounded from the days when Charles V. in 1527 had Clement at his feet, to those when Napoleon I. in 1800 held Pius VII. in his grasp; and later, when Garibaldi in 1848 caused the expulsion or ignoble flight of Pio Nono, down to the present time, when Victor Emmanuel hovers on his frontiers like a bird of prey waiting for its victim. But it is certain that the religious supremacy of the Pontiff will survive and flourish, protected by the very destroyers of the political despotism, from a policy stronger than the "destiny" proclaimed by some old Father of the Church, as sure to uphold it "until eternity has opened its jaws for the last man."

Pio Nono once fairly removed from Rome to some safe and honourable place of refuge, and the way clear for the inauguration of the King of all Italy, the sanguine hope of Garibaldi may be at length fulfilled, and the establishment of one great nation be proclaimed in the Eternal City, from the porch of the Vatican.

And would Garibaldi's occupation be gone from that hour? By no means. His sword would

find ample employment in other fields. Oppressed nationalities would still abound. Garibaldi is a true patriot—but he is something more, a true philanthropist, with a mission of world-wide import to fulfil. He began it long ago in another hemisphere. He has continued it up to this very time. And even should Italy be now peaceably left to consolidate its new existence, still Hungary and Poland are awaiting the aid and invoking the coming of the Liberator.

And in Italy itself how much is there still to be done. What a laborious task of social regeneration. A people so long at variance with its own best interests, at war with itself, enthralled beneath the yoke of perpetually-shifting masters, and with each fresh usurpation growing callous to shame, has much to learn and to unlearn before it can establish a substantial scheme of polity, and take its place as one of the great European Powers. Many dangers and difficulties may be in store for the united millions of this grand confederacy. Scattered and divided, it may be as hard to fuse them into nationality as it would be with the lost tribes of the Jews could they but reappear to claim a revived cohesion. But let fair play be given and time sufficient, and leaders will no doubt be found to meet every exigency; and this new-born people will not

perish in the very birth-day of their renovated life. Cavour played successfully his great part, and at his lamented death Ricasoli and his associate statesmen took possession of the stage. They have ample scope for exertion in the vast arena. Materials for the finest effects abound. The elasticity of young ambition pervading the popular mind, pride in the dignified position of the country throughout the late provincial revolutions, self-reliance, the most sustaining of human motives—all these are noble elements for the construction of a great constitutional monarchy. And all the jealous efforts of small rival States joining together, like brawling rivulets forming one broad river, will be so many sources of strength when acting in combination.

The march of events has been so rapid and romantic that an electrical vibration has thrilled through Italy. The brilliant doings of the almost fabulous year 1860, the talents displayed, military, forensic, and governmental, have shown the people to themselves in the mirror of their own exploits. They now know themselves for what they really are. And what will not be the inspiration for the students, the artists, the professional tyros entering the lists of fame? Youths who so lately were but isolated items of paltry populations, will now spring up, comparative

giants. The man of Florence, Modena, or Milan will swell to large proportions of mental power, in conscious dignity, a real ITALIAN citizen. The boys now approaching manhood, imbibing the heroic ideas of the period, will develop in their maturity a loftier order of sentiment than prevailed under a less ardent and elevating system. And even should the dazzling prospect be obscured by adverse elements, and the political edifice rising up with magical speed be curtailed of some of its magnificent proportions, yet this great movement against oppression must give a stimulus to moral and intellectual progress everywhere, teaching how tyranny may be overthrown by courage unalloyed with crime.

The chief imminent danger in the way of Italian progress is that of an overweening confidence in its future destiny. There is a tempting phrase which may be possibly taken as a text, in Sismondi's before-cited prophecy. "Italy feels that she is doomed *to take the lead* again."

Now nothing is more fallacious than the hope that dictated these words. Italy should not lay that flattering unction to her soul. The almost evident meaning it is calculated to convey is that modern Italy is destined to resume the place in the world's governance formerly held by ancient

Rome. That is not only an anachronism, but an impossibility. European civilization has long since settled that question. Rome did her great work, and left nothing to be done with the barbarism which she taught to overthrow her. The inevitable laws of social progress completed the refinement which follows the first removal from savage life. Those fast improving populations, of such rude origin, soon became the rivals of their conquerors. As the barbarians advanced, the civilizers receded, until a gradual equality was the result, which, for age after age, left it hard to assign to the nations their relative degrees of superiority in arts, commerce, literature, or political science. France, Spain, Germany, Britain, each and all followed the example of Rome, and imitated her as she had imitated Greece; and, in a few centuries after their subjugation, they took their places, side by side with the descendants of the mighty race, to whom it may be truly said they owed their political existence.

But Italy, over-run by foreign foes, Franks, Lombards, Germans, torn by internal factions and rival dynasties, by Princes, Emperors, Kings, grand Dukes, and Popes, reviving the arts and literature, and mixing much taste and elegance with horrid traits of moral guilt, from the overthrow of the Western Empire down to the pre-

sent time, could never have been truly said to "take the lead" over the rest of the civilized world. Therefore Sismondi's allusion must have pointed to the lead so long maintained by universal Rome—or it meant nothing.

But, at any rate, an assumption of superiority over her modern neighbours, however elevating may be the consciousness of her claims to respect and admiration, would be unworthy of what she has done and what she is able still to do. The good wishes and the moral aid of every nation whose sympathy is worth having she is sure of in her arduous career. Her population will be large enough to protect her against foreign aggression, and the instinct of self-preservation will superinduce, it is devoutly to be hoped, domestic tranquillity and a vigorous industry, in fresh fields of commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural pursuits. The nature of the Italian mind, so keen, so sensitive, will henceforth secure her distinction in the fine arts, whatever may be the emulation among other people. To run a race of amicable rivalry with them, to surpass them if she can, should be her constant aim. But to start with the fixed idea that she is "doomed to take the lead," would but excite jealousy, envy, and possibly hatred, in those who now watch for the consolidation of

her independence, in a spirit of most generous anxiety.

The name of Napoleon the Great has been already introduced in connection with this now engrossing subject. How indeed write or think of Italy without a frequent recurrence to him, one of its grandest illustrations, the field of his first immortal exploits, and the subject of his never-ceasing speculations and reveries. No one made Italy so much a study. It was doubtless chiefly in a military point of view that he regarded the country; but that was the peculiar bent of his mind; and still nobler considerations were subservient to it. He was however to the last deeply imbued with an interest in the scenes of his former glory, amounting nearly to a passion.

Many readers will remember a remarkable passage bearing on the present subject, in the work which gave so vivid and so painful a picture of Napoleon's banished life at St. Helena.* But, as I am not aware of any English translation of it being published, an extract may be new to others, and, independent of its interest in relation to Napoleon himself, is I think particularly appropriate at this actual juncture.

* Journal de la Vie privée et des Conversations de l'Empereur Napoléon à Saint-Hélène, par le Comte de las Cases. London, 1824.

Count Las Cases, in his journal, vol. iii., page 166, says :

"Longwood, Sept. 20, 1816.

"The reading of the chapter on the battle of Ar-
"cola, on which my son and myself had been occu-
"pied, awoke the recollections of the Emperor, and
"fixed his mind on what he called *le beau théâtre*
"*d'Italie*. He ordered us to follow him to the drawing-
"room, and he there dictated to us during several
"hours. He had spread out his immense map of
"Italy, which nearly covered the floor, and placing
"himself on it, on his hands and knees, a compass
"and a red pencil in hand, he compared and mea-
"sured the distances with a long piece of tape, of
"which one or the other of us held one end.

"'This is the way,' said he to me, laughing at the
"posture I saw him in, 'to measure out a country, to
"understand it rightly, and trace the plan of a cam-
"paign.' What he dictated would make the basis of
"a capital sketch of Italian political geography. The
"following is the substance of it."

I omit several pages of a clear and condensed statement of the boundaries, extents, and geographical formation of "the boot," its divisions into east, west, north, and south, its communications with France, Switzerland, and Austria, its configuration on all points from the Alps to Sicily, the harbours, bays, and rivers ; in short, an admirable summary of almost all that is necessary to be known, in a general way, of the Peninsula and

its dependent islands. But after enumerating all these details, the portion of Napoleon's remarks, of more immediate interest just now, is that wherein he considers the question of a united Italy, such as he already saw in the future, but the realization of which he was not destined to witness.

"'The harbours or roadsteads,' continued the Em-
"peror, 'of Ventimiglia, Vado, Genoa, Spezia, Porto-
"Ferajo, the Gulf of Naples, Tarento, Ancona, and
"*Venice*, those of Sicily, Istria, Dalmatia, Ragusa
"and the mouths of the Cataro, all belong to Italy.

"'If all these places were united into one grand
"State, it would constitute a maritime Powers of the
"first order. Genoa, Pisa, and Venice were the most
"important ports of Europe in the middle ages.

"'Italy, washed on three sides by the sea, has only
"about two hundred leagues of land frontiers, one-
"third less than the frontiers of France; and she is
"guarded in front by the most powerful barriers
"against foreign aggression. Destined, by her geo-
"graphical position and the extent of her coasts, to
"be the mistress of the Mediterranean, she would
"have nothing to fear from invasion but from the
"Alps, the most easily defended frontier in Europe.
"Twenty fortresses, large and small, would suffice to
"command all the passes of those mountains.

. . . . . .

"'All this great population,* professing the same

* Then estimated by Napoleon at seventeen or eighteen millions, but now amounting to a fourth more.

"religion, enjoying equally the advantage of a tempe-
"rate climate, having the same language and literature,
"would feel the same influences, and become amalga-
"mated as has been the case with the United Kingdoms
"of Great Britain and Ireland, the provinces of Spain
"and France, and which may become so one day with
"the small states of Germany. The different por-
"tions of Italy have had and still have more in com-
"mon with each other than all those have had.

"'If ever this great event is realized, where fix the
"capital? From its peculiar configuration Italy has
"no central city. Would it then be Rome, Milan,
"Bologna, or Florence? Genoa or Venice could have
"no pretensions to it, being too much at the extremi-
"ties of the nation.

"'First. ROME, from its recollections and position
"and from what it already is, might again claim to
"be the capital of this fine country. Distant one hun-
"dred and thirty leagues from all points of the Alpine
"frontier—whence Italy might be attacked from
"France or Germany, a hundred leagues from the
"southern limits of the Kingdom of Naples and the
"coast of Sicily, something less from Sardinia; the
"unhealthiness of the air, the sterility of the envi-
"rons, and the want of a good neighbouring seaport
"are the main defects of Rome as a capital.'"

The pretensions of MILAN are then considered and dismissed, that place "being too near the frontier in "case of invasion by land, and too far from the other "extremities exposed to it by sea."

FLORENCE is also pronounced unsuitable in the case now under consideration, the formation of a united

Italy; and BOLOGNA is next mentioned as far preferable, "because in case of the frontiers being forced "by invaders, she would have still for defence the line "of the Po, and would be in prompt communication "by her canals with Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, the "ports of the Romagna, Ancona, and Venice."

These latter remarks prove how the military view was predominant in the mind of the great Captain; but in the eyes of the Statesman, the Historian, and the Philosopher, the palm will, beyond all question, be given to ROME. And the proclamation of the National Sovereignty will be expected "from the Vatican,"—making good the words of Garibaldi, his country confirming his claim to be not only a patriot but a prophet.

In the foregoing pages, I have hastily expressed my impressions of Italy in its recent and actual state, and ventured to anticipate what it may attain to under the auspicious circumstances now in operation. I am aware that this rapid *résumé* of events must be pretty similar to much that has already been written in various public papers. But I could not resist paying my mite of tribute to the hero of the day and his companions, and also of placing on record, in a form less fugitive, the immediate facts of their astonishing career.

I now retrace my way on the well-worn track of memory for a dozen years or more, to the

period of my personal knowledge of the country and the people. All was then comparatively tame and unexciting—little of political interest, much of the old routine, few adventures, and an apparent stagnation, which was soon, however, changed into the stirring but deceptive outburst of abortive revolution.

I entered Italy from Switzerland by the Simplon and Domo d'Ossola in September, 1847, passed on by the usual route to Milan, by Lake Maggiore to Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, Florence, Perugia, Rome, and Naples; and thence retraced my steps to Rome, and, after eight months in all, left Italy again, by Civita Vecchia and the Mediterranean, touching once more at Leghorn and Genoa, and landing at Marseilles in May, 1848.

This was but a small space of time, and quite insufficient for any purpose beyond the most superficial acquaintanceship with the places visited or the people seen. Personal causes of anxiety, from serious illness and other domestic trouble in the party I travelled with, were unfavourable to the enjoyment of the advantages which lay on my route. But I did not, like Smelfungus, "find all barren;" and I saw and learned enough to give ample food for thought, and an appreciation of the rich stores of art in all its branches,

with glimpses into the national character, since then so richly exemplified.

But assuredly, at the beginning of my visit, the people formed the very last subject of inquiry or observation to travellers in general. A few of those searching and analytical minds, which exist in all times and everywhere, were no doubt to be found amongst the ordinary crowd. But external objects were so attractive and numerous, that the inner life of the inhabitants excited little or no remark. The principal towns contained several English settlements, established for purposes of education or the enjoyment of a cheap and idle existence; and numerous passing tourists formed a throng of transient accidental elements. Both these classes contained materials for charming circles of society, enlivened by occasional Italians of real or doubtful rank, of agreeable manners, and character good, bad, or indifferent, as the case might be. But there was neither time nor necessity for any rigid scrutiny. The object of both parties was attained. The *forestieri* wanted amusement and information. The natives (called, of course, by the English "*foreigners*") wanted to be received and in their turn entertained, to make money in various ways—and now and then a marriage. Their policy was to be obliging and useful to the wandering tribes in

whose tents they found hospitality, and the very last thing they cared to display was any real peculiarity of the national character. That was to be found only in the remote rural districts, or the small towns niched in obscure valleys or perched on mountain-sides, where rarely a tourist trespassed, except for purposes of art—treasure-seeking, or scientific explorations. Such recondite pursuits were altogether out of my line.

My chief sources of delight were in the magnificent scenery of the country, the shores of the Mediterranean, the Alpine and Apennine ranges, the lakes, the forests,—those unpeopled regions where wood, water, rocks, and mountains are the elements of beauty, or where ruined monuments of art are so much material homage to the infinite sublimity of nature.

Next to these were the glorious productions of genius, in collections, groups, and single figures;—sculpture in its cold dignity, and painting in its divine warmth; form, in exact proportions, the scrupulous imitation of life; colour, the magical presentment of life itself.

And here I cannot help avowing my instinctive preference for painting in comparison with sculpture. The two words I have just used, in reference to the two arts—*form* and *colour*—are the concentrated expressions of their separate in-

trinsic qualities. And it is in the peculiar sympathy of individuals for one or the other of those qualities that is to be found the source of each particular taste. The great value of carved or chiselled form being an exact copying of nature in its outlines, the sense of touch seems emphatically that required for its thorough appreciation. A blind man can almost completely understand its merit. But the highest distinction of painting being expression—I am now speaking in relation to the human figure—colour, and colour only, in its varieties of light and shade, can produce a really life-like effect, and sight alone can comprehend it. Marble may give the accurate contour of feature and figure; the shape of the eye, the curve of the mouth, the roundness of bust, the litheness of limb. But the liquid tone of those orbs of light, the ruby tints of those dewy lips, the soft carnation of that bosom, where are all those? On the canvas, in the genius which guides the painter's brush, in the magic mixture of colour, and its reflection in the brain of the enchanted beholder.

I could not dare to speak disparagingly of the noble art of sculpture, which I honour and reverence; but I am the still more ardent votary of painting, which I love. The finest *chefs-d'œuvre* of sculpture always leave a want in my mind.

That want is the absence of colour, and the remedy for it is the application of what is wanting.

Many an oracle of taste would pronounce this suggestion to be heretical, bizarre, or barbarous; and would shudder at the notion of a painted statue. Such would nevertheless, in my opinion, be the very perfection of art, in its twofold combination. I have always smiled at the extravagance of the sculptor Donatello, when he gave the finishing stroke of his chisel to the celebrated *Zuccone*, and apostrophizing the bloodless, sightless effigy, exclaimed, in frantic egotism, "*Parla!*" If Pygmalion, enamoured of his inspired work, warmed it into life,—as let us by all means believe,—by the force of his great passion, he must in the same superhuman effort have sent the blood rushing through the flesh-converted stone, in veins and arteries filling the heart's reservoirs, while the flush of COLOUR pervaded the palpitating frame, and the miracle stood revealed, a breathing tribute to immortal love.

Well, art or nature may never see a new Pygmalion, any more than a second Prometheus. And another Michael Angelo may not exist, combining the powers of both sculpture and painting in himself, in a degree sufficient to execute an imitation of the Greek artists' mythological feat. But why could not two adepts in the sister arts

join together their talents and their tastes, and embodying the dualistic system of the two philosophers of old, into an image of its respective attributes, produce the painted statue of a female, combining all the united charms of form and colour, and try its effect,—not on cold, presumptuous pedantry, not to submit it to the fiat of some clique of self-dubbed connoisseurs, but leaving it to the unbiassed judgment of public opinion?

This is by no means a wild, or even a novel idea. How many admirers of high art have seen and approved the timid innovation of Gibson's so-called coloured statues, on the draperies or coronals of which small ornamental strips of binding have been tinted, to relieve the monotony of the dull chill marble; though the great artist has not ventured to make his Aurora "rosy-fingered!" And what thousands of spectators have looked delighted at Danneker's Ariadne, in Frankfort, the sunshine falling on it through the medium of a pink curtain, and giving a charming but incomplete hue to the polished surface, which thus seems almost the semblance of real flesh.

Why not follow up these much admired experiments, whose greatest value is their suggestive encouragement to a more perfect exhibition?

And let it be remembered that the master-

mind of English poetry, Shakspeare, availed himself of the notion in one of his dramatic works. He, to be sure, borrowed the scene of Hermione's appearance as a fictitious effigy from Robert Greene's 'Pleasante Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia,' as he took the title of his play from the anonymous book, 'A Winter Night's Pastime.' But he, at all events, endorsed the original draft with his own solvent name, and is thus responsible for the admitted fact of a simulated *pose plastique*,—a supposed painted statue,—ever so far back, without any regard to dates, geographical distances, or "the Unities," in any way.

Hermione, in the last scene of the 'Winter's Tale,' the great original of the modern *tableau vivant*, standing motionless for the mystification of her husband,—or his redemption, let me rather say,—has not recourse to the trick of whitening her face (common to the masqueraders of society in the present day), or closing her lids, to feign the appearance of ordinary stone. On the contrary, she displays the natural bloom on her cheeks, the redness of lips, and the lustre of open eyes; proving that, in those remote and less fastidious times, nature was habitually imitated in all these respects, or Leontes could not for an instant have been imposed on by Paulina's well-devised stratagem.

Leontes. Would you not deem it breathed,
And that the veins did verily bear blood?
Polixenes. Masterly done.
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leontes. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.
I will kiss her.
Paulina. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her cheek is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it; and stain your own with oily painting.

And so, from consideration for the imagined artist, whom he for awhile supposed to have laboured so hurriedly for his gratification, Leontes did abstain from kissing the moisture off the imagined statue, to be immediately rewarded by the embraces of his living wife, "warm," as he found her to be, for so he joyously describes her to his surrounding friends. But the only fact I care about in this *dénoûment*, before or behind the curtain, is that *a coloured statue* is thus proved, on high authority, to have been a legitimate and not unusual work of art in Sicily,—sometime or other.

But I seriously think there is no good reason for the disgust with which some lovers of statuary, in its "round, unvarnished" purity, whether in marble, ivory or wood, consider this imagined desecration of it, by the addition of colour. Suppose a vein of flesh-coloured marble was

discovered, would there be any objection to its being fashioned into images of real life, any more than their being cast in discoloured bronze? Busts in black marble are by no means uncommon. The famous black Diana of Ephesus, Ceres, and other goddesses, were indeed violations of all fitness and good taste. But art cannot be considered as perverted by a negro bust, in its most natural semblance of hue as well as shape; and fragments of figures partially painted have come down to us from antiquity.

And it must not be retorted that the very thing now pleaded for is to be already found, in wax-work or porcelain, or approached in terra-cotta, or gypsum. The two latter substances are well adapted for the imitation of drapery, for the funny little men and women in Dresden china, or other mere parodies. Wax-work is quite insufficient, from the sickly look of the material however ingeniously painted, and from the mediocre talent devoted to it for ordinary exhibitions or anatomical uses. Zumbo of Syracuse, we are told, was a great modeller in wax in the seventeenth century; but I don't know if his specimens still exist, nor has he left any successor of celebrity. However, that particular art may be susceptible of great improvement, fragile and evanescent as the substance used must be. The

brown-skinned samples of Indian groups in the Crystal Palace, coarse in material and colouring, are really striking and somewhat life-resembling, and they may be followed by others of a better style of execution. But it is in firm, finely polished marble that the truest semblance of flesh can be produced; and if colour were judiciously applied, to perfect the illusion, it should be adapted with great delicacy and by some tasteful hand. It is not perhaps the "oily painting," against which Paulina warned the impetuous king, that should be used. Rather, probably, some cunning preparation of water-colours, laid lightly on in dainty tinting, than the pigments ordinarily mixed up for portraits on canvas or panel, impasted in a rose-coloured concrete.

I have no doubt the application, to answer its purpose fully, would require frequent experiment and much skill, not exactly that devoted to chiaroscuro and the laying on of thickly prepared coats of paint, nor to encaustic colouring burnt in and polished; but such as would be adapted to a totally new branch of the same art, of a peculiar though far less difficult kind.

But, leaving this brief episode of speculative criticism to the artistic consciences of sculptors and painters, and the question it involves to judges far more competent than I can pretend to

be, I hasten to relieve my readers from the apprehensions which those random remarks may excite.

There is no real cause for fear that I may follow the lead of the unmerciful *dilettanti*, who fancy they "are nothing if not critical," and in being so, are something infinitely less. No. I will let the exquisite statues and pictures of Italy rest on their pedestals and in their frames and frescoed exposure,* safe from intrusive notices on

* It is impossible to allude ever so slightly to the early frescoes of Italy, the awakening symptoms of matured perfection, scattered in remote places, the small towns and solitary convents of the Apennine recesses, without paying a tribute to the services rendered to art by the Arundel Society of London. Happy it is that there are amateurs, of a taste profound as well as pure, to seek out and save those curious specimens from perishing. England has many such, and among them the members of the Arundel Society take a prominent place. To furnish reduced but accurate copies of the existing works of the Italian masters of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, is the well-known object of this society, two of whose most active members, Mr. Layard and Mr. Danby Seymour, have lately given much information to the public on this subject. Several of the chromolithograph publications of the society afford specimens of pictures by Perugino, the great master of the Umbrian school, Fillippino Lippi, Sauzio the father of Raphael, Pinturicchio, his friend, Luini, Leonardo da Vinci, Ottaviano Nello, and others, beginning with Giotto and ending with Raphael himself.

Whatever may be the relative opinions of amateurs on the merits or deficiencies of pre-Raphaelite art—as distinguished

my part, which could add nothing to their celebrity, and would but feebly shadow forth my admiration. Cathedrals and churches, duomi and campanili, palaces and villas, towers, in and out of the perpendicular, have been tortured and distorted for ages, by fanatical worshippers or fantastic pedants. Travellers and tourists—there is a wide distinction between them—have done and overdone the thing, in prose and verse. Description has been exhausted, curiosity tired, and patience worn out. I will give *my* readers a respite. And whatever may be the sins of commission in this desultory work, there shall be at least the virtue of one omission. I will not disturb by a whisper the Venus, the Apollo, the Niobe, or the Laocoon; I will let the Faunus

from the modern crudities and caricatures that go by that name—all lovers of pure feeling and fine colouring must approve the efforts of persons of talent and liberality, among whom the accomplished Mrs. Higford Burr is conspicuous, to preserve some specimens of those frescoes, placed in such danger of destruction, by the troubled state of Italy and its long-growing apathy and indifference. Could these irremovable treasures have been transferred from the walls of the churches and convents where they were unfortunately painted, and converted into cash, their ignorant owners would have taken good care of them, and English artists have been able to study original works, the want of which is however in a great degree compensated by the chromotint copies of the Arundel Society.

dance, and the Gladiator die, without breaking in on their joys or pains, by a smile or a tear.

. . . . . .

The necessity for confining myself within the prescribed limits of this volume causes me to suppress, or at least to postpone to a later occasion, some remarks on the more important cities, the shrines where those immortal idols of art are, figuratively speaking, bowed down to and worshipped.

Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Naples were successively the sources of abounding admiration and genuine enjoyment. I passed through them too hurriedly, but not with unworthy haste. After three months' sojourn in Florence, my first real resting-place, I wended my way to Rome, snow on the ground and frost in the air. The winter of 1847-48 was very wet in Italy. Rome had its share of rain, and Naples still more than that. I there saw the burly hypocrite who then filled the throne, take the solemn oath to the Constitution to be so soon so sacrilegiously violated; and I had scarcely got back to Rome, and resumed my place in its gay and animated crowd, when the whole world was startled, and almost stupified, by the political shock of the French revolution of February, 1848.

It was then that I really saw Italy in its incipi-

ent regeneration. The first stir of intellect seemed like the arousing of sleepy nature. The human mind awoke suddenly to the flash of light sent electrical from France; and the prostrate nation sprang at once to its feet, with its front upraised to heaven. I witnessed that awakening. I saw the first throbbing of the national heart, and like all observers, I wondered what would be the result—or rather, when would the great inevitable result occur.

Rome, the capital, immortal in the past, and the main source of existing aspirations, was the focus to which all political projects converged. The excitement of those who took an interest in public affairs was excessive; and the accessory movements of society gained a fresh impulse. Private entertainments abounded. Everybody seemed in the full enjoyment of their faculties, and everything connected with financial speculation or diplomatic intrigue showed vigorous signs of life.

But all this vitality led to much confusion in the minds of those who, having no fixed pursuits, were thrown on the great flood of action and tossed from wave to wave. I myself was sensibly affected by the active idleness which I revelled in. Seeing everything, mixing in all things, seizing with avidity each passing subject, and hurried

back to remote ages by every new object and at every step, my mind could not settle down into any regular or useful train of thought. Writing, except the most casual and flimsy correspondence, was out of the question—and I gave myself up to pursuits, if not exactly frivolous, certainly very unfruitful in solid results.

But it would be ungrateful to forget, and ungracious not to allude to in these passing notes, the several agreeable meetings in our social circle, devoted to speculative discourse, on phrenology, Fourierism, and other subjects, some practical and some perhaps impracticable. Two individuals of great ability and varied information, Doctor Castle and Professor Orioli, gave great value to those informal discussions, which might well have taken the more ambitious form of lectures. Another gentleman, who has since figured favourably in parliamentary and official life, was an ardent promoter of these "diversions," not so recondite but quite as amusing as those of Purley. The active-minded and untiring Mrs. Trollope was one of the persons known to fame who took and gave interest in and to our gatherings. And among others of public note, but no longer living, were two veterans, Sir Frederick Adam, formerly governor-general of the Ionian Islands, and General Godwin, some years later celebrated for his

vigorous conduct of the last Burmese war, in the first of which he was no undistinguished actor. I am glad my recollections give me this opportunity to devote a leaf of my manuscript—I wish it were a leaf of laurel—to his memory. For although his services were of small account comparatively with the grand events in India which immortalized Havelock, Outram, Lords Gough and Clyde, and so many more, General Godwin was made prominent, not only by his zeal and energy, but by the strictures which assailed him when he first started on the expedition he conducted so admirably and brought to so successful a close. All military readers will remember the mistaken accounts, which erroneously represented General Godwin as a superannuated invalid, and gave the public an impression that he must have been a decrepit valetudinarian. He was, in fact, among the most active of the fine fellows forming the army, and to whom he gave so brilliant an example on all occasions of difficulty and danger. But that brave old soldier died after his work was done, from over-exertion, and before he could receive his well-won rewards of title and honours; and his epitaph is written in the memorials of the service he adorned.

While the travelling English, as usual, found amusement and sometimes sought instruction, the

public agitation led to fears of disturbance, in the reactionary minds of the cardinals and the government. And it was even for awhile decided that the festivities of the Carnival should be for that year suspended. Had such an impolitic intention been persisted in, it would have increased the danger it was meant to obviate, and the people, if defrauded of the privilege of their national saturnalia, might in the growing excitement have become ungovernable. It was this reflection probably which caused a change to pass over the spirits of his Holiness and the Sacred College. The Carnival was held with all the accustomed extravagance, to the great delight of myself and my friends, and all strangers who had only witnessed the feeble imitation of it in Paris or other cities. The masquerading was superb in its grotesque vivacity. Sugared hail-showers of *confetti* were flung from balconies and carriages in violent profusion. The races on the Corso were exhibited with great spirit, and were, from their novelty and for the nonce, more exciting than the performances of many a commonplace course in England. Then the *Misèrere* in the Sistine Chapel, and the illuminated dome of St. Peter's, seen from the Pincian hill; the interior performances of the great cathedral; and finally, the father of all the Roman Catholic world, with up-

lifted hands scattering his benedictions from the balcony of the most magnificent of churches, were sights that leave their impress for ever on the memory, and some of them an indelible influence on the mind.

Private considerations forced me to hurry my departure, at a period when the critical nature of public affairs gave every inducement for a further stay. Carlo Alberto was then in the full tide of his first success against the Tedescan tyranny. Volunteers were hurrying from Rome and other parts to join his army, and share its triumph or its ruin. The Pope was day by day profusely giving blessings to groups of these handsome and youthful patriots, but who may say what backslidings were even then nascent in his secret soul? For the royal recreant of Naples had already been vainly striving to check the movement he had been forced to countenance. He even ventured to countermand the order to "march," issued to that most true-hearted of patriots, my old friend General William Pepe; but who, like the Iron Duke on a far different occasion, declared it was and should be "no mistake," moved on with his troops, and threw himself into Venice, to immortalize his already distinguished name, in association with that of the highly-gifted and pure-minded MANIN, by a noble but vain resistance to the Austrian besiegers.

I much regretted the impossibility of seeing Venice under the troubled circumstances of the time. My party could not encounter the risks and rough work of travelling in the portion of the country which was then the seat of war. And I finally left Rome before the convulsions which frightened Pio Nono to his ignoble flight, abdicating his sovereignty to his rightful successors, the people, who so heroically vindicated their title to the vacated throne.

I was far away from Rome during its memorable siege. But I followed its progress through every stage, and read with "'bated breath," but unabated interest, every successive report. The accounts of that great event are of easy reference, but they are not within the province of my reminiscences. The part taken by republican France, in crushing the first-born offspring of its own example, affords matter for deep thought, and could not be fitly considered in such flying pages as those to which I am now furnishing the feathers. The only possible justification for the fratricidal tragedy—the upholding of the temporal power of the Papacy—proves the baneful nature of that false system, which it has taken a dozen long years more of misrule to crumble to pieces.

But the siege of Rome, in 1848, and that of Venice in the same year, were the main inspira-

tions of the patriot struggles which in these our days are crowned with such great success. They kept alive, like the lamps always burning in some holy shrine, the faith of the votaries who watched the sacred flame. The siege of Rome was in itself the embryo germ of the unity of Italy, now in developed existence; and among the undying names linked with its records, that of MAZZINI assuredly deserves the first place. He was the leading spirit of the time, the master-mind; resolute, inflexible, unspoiled by temporary success, and not crushed by failure; making the best of good fortune and defying adverse fate. His brilliant state papers, for such all his decrees and proclamations were, while he sat as the chief of the Triumvirate, were models of eloquence and political logic. They might not bring conviction to opposing minds, but they must have impressed his worst enemies with admiration, and were like inspired words to those who sympathized with his republican doctrines.

It should not be forgotten that long before the great struggle which made Mazzini so prominent, he founded, as far back as the year 1832, the association of *La Giovine Italia*, the motto of which was "*Unità, Independenza.*" This was the real origin in action of Italian unity; which was meant to imply, Italy, self-created; or unification,

which signified that Italy was to be made one by some other agency besides her own internal action.

Words signify little in such a case. The object was the same, and casuists may be allowed to differ as to the means to effect it. Macchiavelli, Dante, and many of the profound thinkers of the middle ages, cherished the idea of Italian unity. It was checked during the rapid growth of civilization by the formation of many centres of power, under various petty sovereigns of small states. The municipal spirit was narrow and local. Rivalries, jealousies, and hatreds sprang up; and it was only when the irresistible course of events elsewhere awoke the national mind, and a combination of weak and wicked rulers concentrated its energies for their overthrow, that it was possible to attain what always seemed its pervading instinct.

Public opinion was of course divided as to the means of obtaining the great end in view. The *Moderati* would have been satisfied with constitutional government, as a boon from the reigning princes. But Mazzini, seeing it vain to hope for a *bonâ fide* liberalism from such a source, threw his whole energies into the struggle for republican institutions, and for them he long laboured, in defiance of opprobrium and detrac-

tion, with desperate fidelity, and has ever been the type and incarnation of that impracticable faith.

He and his disciples waged a great war, and lost it on that very ground. The republic of Rome, unmercifully extinguished by that of France, proved that the creed they preached had no power to bind men and governments together for a common cause. It was clear that that particular form was not suited to the genius and the traditions of European life. The high refinement of modern days repels the equality and fraternity so loudly proclaimed. It is felt that liberty, rational, modified, and tempered by controlling influences, may be enjoyed, with all the elegancies and charms of a high civilization, under monarchical and aristocratical institutions, and the pretensions of democratic well-being are left to the stormy chances of transatlantic experiments, and the narrow practice of the Swiss cantons.

But Mazzini, the great apostle of republican faith, was not the less eminent because that faith was felt to be an untenable heresy, within the sphere of his action. He waged a war against Heaven, allegorically speaking. The gods opposed him, and he fell to a fathomless depth; but he did not die under his defeat. The moun-

tains which he had hurled against his too powerful enemies did not crush him in their recoil. Still, year after year, and almost day after day, his power was acknowledged; and, though unseen, he was deeply and generally felt. His spirit seemed to move mysteriously from place to place, like an impalpable phantom, frightening if it could not visibly harm the world of despotism. From time to time his manifestoes were issued, his movements whispered, his expeditions sent out, and the ruin and death of his disciples announced, without any finger being able to point to his whereabouts, or any hand to arrest his course. The career of Mazzini for the last dozen years has been a marvel and a mystery. He has been the most constant and the most impenetrable labourer in the dark whose influence was ever felt in the open light of public affairs. It is quite in vain to attempt a denial of his talent, his perseverance, and his other elements of power. His influence may be considered malignant, a sort of moral malaria pervading society and carrying off many victims. But it is not fair to view him entirely in that light. He has done great mischief, no doubt, to the very cause his whole energies have been devoted to. His doctrines are repugnant to the prevalent feelings of mankind; and he has sometimes urged them

with a too violent pertinacity. But he has known when to yield, and how to be silent, at the proper season, rather than by a forced or inappropriate interference endanger the one great object of all Italian patriots, whatever their individual party-views; and it is sure that a dread of Mazzini's principles has been one great auxiliary means of strengthening the cause of constitutional monarchy, in the person of Victor Emmanuel. The very day that he entered Naples as King of Italy, and that Garibaldi magnanimously yielded up his dictatorial sway, the one taking possession of his throne, the other retiring to his rock, Mazzini disappeared from the same scene, and vanished into his usual obscurity; with what objects, what hopes, or what designs, time will certainly, and perhaps speedily, show; if indeed they are not sufficiently developed in his recent pamphlet, 'The Italian Question,' published in London. The following letter by Mr. Horace Greeley, an American, gives a sketch of Mazzini's appearance and character, the truth of which will be, I think, acknowledged by those who have seen him in private life, and considered him and his career without political prejudice.

YOUNG ITALY—MAZZINI.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

"I met Joseph Mazzini, the oracle of 'Young Italy,' at the house of a mutual friend in London, in May, 1857. I am sure he confided in and spoke frankly to me: but in what I shall say of him and his ideas, no reference will be made to that conversation. Personally, he dwells in my memory as rather shorter than Louis Kossuth, of a clear olive complexion, with an earnest, restless, melancholy countenance, and that general air of mingled sadness and resolution so often marking the faces of exiles. One of his colleagues in the Roman triumvirate, Aurelio Saffi, was with him, but only hovers in my recollection as a pale reflection of the master-spirit from whose voice and eyes he drew all his inspiration. Of the other Italians who were in his company, even the names have escaped me. The evening passed; the company separated; and I shall probably never in this life look on that sad strong face again.

"Practically, I am not a Mazzinian. I believe the instinct which rallies free Italy around the throne of Victor Emmanuel is wiser than the impulse which would hurl her, pell-mell, upon half a million of Austrian bayonets, under the leadership of Mazzini, who is right as to the end, wrong as to the means. I doubt whether Italy, even if unassailed from without, could to-day constitute herself a genuine republic. I believe the only safe road to that consummation runs through the halfway house of a constitutional monarchy based on the sovereignty of the people. So,

loving Mazzini and Garibaldi, I yet hail the triumphs of Victor Emmanuel, and trust in the present guidance of Cavour.

"But, though Mazzini is in advance of the time, he nevertheless contributes to make the time better than it would be without him. If Victor Emmanuel and Cavour are more immediately necessary to Italy, he is necessary to make and keep them what they are. Give the democratic element free scope in Italy, break down all effective opposition to it, and I should fear a reproduction of the anarchy and the sanguinary horrors of French Jacobine terrorism; stifle this element entirely, and the dark days of Austrian domination and Sardinian reaction would soon return. Italy is not yet a nation, though she truly and ardently aspires to be; her millions are not yet free-men, though they intensely hate that form of despotism whereby they have so deeply suffered, wherefrom they have so recently and but partially been rescued.

"This, then, is to be said for Mazzini and his adherents: in an age of compromise, they have never compromised, but ever held fast their integrity, and striven directly toward the goal of their hopes; of a race proverbially subtle and dissembling, they have never walked in craftiness, but avowed and justified their faith in the eyes of all men; in a country so besotted with priestcraft, they have waged open war on priestly bigotry and priestly domination, and stood firmly for the rights of conscience, the freedom of faith. In advance of their time, they yet help to prepare Italy for the coming of that time, and for profiting by it when it shall have come. Mazzini will pro-

bably never be President of Italy, united and free; but she will be united and free far sooner than if he had never existed, or never dared and suffered.

"His enemies revile Mazzini as infidel; but this is a calumny. He profoundly trusts in God, and hence distrusts and repels the sacerdotal mummeries wherein God's name is taken in vain; and as he profoundly loves both God and man, so he detests and fights whatever tends to hide the former from the latter."

Several newspapers and private communications positively state that Mazzini is still as busy as ever, intriguing and plotting for the furtherance of his republican views. It is probable. Granted that it is true.

The same organs of excellent information openly assert that Louis Napoleon is treacherously using all his secret means of mischief to thwart the object of Italian unity, and for the advancement of his imperial schemes. It is not unlikely. Admitted that it is a fact.

But even if it be so, and that these two mysterious agents are labouring in their congenial avocations; even if these extremes of political systems are really striving to *touch*, and for the same end, they cannot do so until the mass of constitutional monarchy which now separates them is dissolved, any more than it is possible to work out the simple problem that two and two make four, until the two and two are joined together.

As for myself, I do not believe in Mazzini or Napoleon as powers capable of marring the grand design now near completion. But I do believe that, under the guidance of Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, with Garibaldi and the associated military chiefs, Italian unity is an indestructible fact of European polity, in spite of brigand violence or priestly fraud.

CHAPTER X.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

It is no easy undertaking for any one, in his own proper person, to discuss the character and qualify the conduct of the most powerful of living monarchs. An author who writes anonymously, may attempt the task without constraint, speaking his unbiassed sentiments, and telling what he believes to be the truth. He is under cover from reproach, and need not care for what is thought of opinions delivered incognito. If he be a satirist, he has nothing to fear. He fences in a mask, with the button on his foil, and he may make many hits without actually hurting the breast he aims at. If a eulogist, his independence may be doubted by the world, but his zeal may be rewarded by the idol to whom he can reveal himself. But he who makes a public speech, or puts his name to the first page of a book or a pamphlet, treating on such questions, should possess nerve, discretion, and conscience.

I cannot pass over in silence the little I have seen or known of the remarkable individual whose name embellishes this chapter. A work like this must be "half made up" of written portraits, as it has no engraved ones; and for the one I now venture to produce—the most important of all—I have had little more than a glance, just enough for a photograph, if the sun had taken the likeness instead of myself. Mine must be a mere sketch; I cannot even tint it; but I proceed to give it, *quantum valeat.*

I have seen Louis Napoleon several times in several aspects. In London drawing-rooms, where he was looked on as nobody. In the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, lost in a crowd of colleagues and not thought much of. In the streets, as a simple *député*, braving the threats and the temper of the mob; as President of the Republic, at the head of his troops, on the Boulevard; or in the camp of Boulogne, as Emperor, riding down the line of many thousand men, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg by his side. In the gorgeous saloons of the Tuileries, surrounded by the pomp of the Imperial Court; in the Champs Élysées, almost immediately after he was shot at by Pianelli. In all these various phases of life he presented the same grave, cold, impassible appearance, with no sign of animation or perceptible

feeling. But what pent-up thoughts of ambition, pride, self-confidence, and courage, must have been working in his brain! He was and is a living mystery, a mortal enigma. No prophet has yet read the handwriting he may be said to symbolize. The sphinx's riddle was not harder to be solved. It is not in my power to throw much light on this Imperial puzzle, from a view of his personal bearing, or the shifting changes of his physiognomy. Had I only seen him on the occasions mentioned, in common with thousands of observers, I should not have presumed to place him in these volumes, taking advantage of his name as a decoy, without having anything beyond mere description or passing gossip to say of him. But it so happened that one opportunity was given me of marking him more closely, conversing with him freely, listening to him attentively, and making a real study of him,—not for time enough to enable me to know him, but quite sufficient to make on me a profound impression, proved to my own mind, by several subsequent events, to be as true as it has been indelible.

Returning from Italy in the month of April, 1848, I arrived in Paris during the full triumph of its revolution, and found a republic established where I had left a monarchy; the Tuileries, where

I had seen Louis Philippe in all his glittering state, turned into a hospital for wounded patriots, their mattresses hanging out to air from the windows; the members of the Provisional Government in uncertain possession of their new authority; public agitation, street alarms, everything, in fact, in a half-recognized, half-doubtful confusion. I passed quickly through, saw merely the troubled surface of things, attended some of the sittings of the Assembly, visited, in company with a diplomatic companion, a few of the political clubs, and hurried to England on private business.

In the following October I returned, and found matters in a far more settled state. The tremendous insurrection of June had decided the fate of the Communists, and moderate republicanism was for the time the admitted form of government. A constitution had been framed and proclaimed, the dictatorship of Cavaignac was undisputed; the election for deputies to the Chamber went on without tumult, and that for the choice of a President of the Republic was prepared for by the whole country with great solemnity. Between the two candidates put forward there could be no hesitation which to choose, if rational, reasonable, well-founded judgment had been the umpire. General Cavaignac

had made his reputation as a soldier. He had shown himself to possess bravery, good sense, and patriotism, and to be eminently generous and unselfish. These were his merits. His sole defect was that his father had been a conventionalist and regicide; and the blood of Louis XVI. was visited on the son of him who aided by his vote in shedding it. The Reign of Terror was still alive in the fears of the French people. Those who had even incidentally shared in its atrocities had unwittingly transmitted the inheritance of the odium to their children.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was known only as a pretender, who had put forward untenable claims to the throne of France, who had failed in two attempts upon it, and in one of them, while aiming at the sublime, had made the sad mistake of slipping into the ridiculous. He had not a single known quality to redeem his obscure antecedents. But as Cavaignac had the misfortune to be his father's son, so Louis Napoleon had the good luck to be the nephew of his uncle. That and that alone was his received and admitted title to success.

The election for President was really, then, not at all decided by the respective merits of the candidates. It was reduced to a question of fear on the one hand, and of fame on the other. The

votes were given, not for two men, but for two symbols. It was the red cap of Jacobinism against Napoleon's cocked-hat. The latter carried the day. The imperial principle prevailed; the republican was thrown aside. Cavaignac retired into private life. Louis Bonaparte planted his foot on an elevation, which he in his heart decided was the first step of the throne.

On the 10th of December, in splendid weather, and amid great but well-organized excitement, the voting began. On the 20th the National Assembly officially issued the proclamation of the election of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the Republic by a large majority. Everybody seemed taken by surprise at this result. But all was decorous and quiet in Paris. On the 24th the President reviewed the troops of the line and the National Guard in great numbers.

On the 5th of January, 1849, I dined with Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador, with a large party. And afterwards his Excellency took me by appointment to the Élysée Bourbon, for the purpose of a private presentation to the President, in preference to going through the ceremony with a number of others at a morning *levée*, where it would be of course a hurried and merely formal affair. I felt this to be very con-

siderate on the part of Lord Normanby, from whom I had always received much kind attention.

We were accompanied by one other of the party at dinner, a diplomatist of considerable note, who had been formerly a friend, was then an acquaintance, and is not I think even now my enemy.

In going to this interview I did not prepare myself for any great impression. I in fact thought the individual who was to give us the honour of an audience, eminent as was his position, a very ordinary person. I had seen him as such, heard him always spoken of as such, by every one, with one exception, and that was Count D'Orsay, who had valued him, when he was but an unavowed prince and an outlawed pretender, with a high opinion of his great qualities of mind, and a confidence in his future career, which appeared too fanciful and flighty to indoctrinate others. I had been in Paris all through the recent election, had mixed in well-informed circles, at the receptions and *soirées* of several of the ministers, Odilon Barrot, Léon Faucher, De Tocqueville;* besides Lamartine's;

* I cannot even passingly mention the name of De Tocqueville, very slight as was my acquaintance with him, without a few words of praise, such as may without the charge of flattery be applied to eminent men who are no more. There

had exchanged visits, and frequent conversations with my old friend de Béranger, and others in various ranks of life; and certainly, in the general opinion, the successful President was not held in much esteem. The caricatures of the day, under the auspices of or at least tolerated by the Government, had shown him in a very mean light—a sort of nobody, without a chance; and I remember one in particular, which depicted him riding towards Paris on a donkey, his head and almost his whole body being concealed under an immense *chapeau à cornes*, the identical cocked-

was a winning gracefulness and total absence of pretension in him, that made an impression far more serious than the tone of assumed importance in his colleague, Léon Faucher. De Tocqueville was rather in a false position, as minister under a form of government he did not approve—for he was not in heart a Republican—and serving a Bonaparte while his sympathies were with the Bourbons. Neither was his mind of that robust and vigorous stamp to stifle the voice of his political conscience, if it really reproached him with playing a part. His fame rests on his great philosophical work on American democracy. His thoughtful mind and amiable disposition are fully developed in it, and in his 'Correspondence,' published by his friend M. de Beaumont, with the highly interesting Notes of his Conversation, added from the pen of Mr. Senior to the English version of that work. De Tocqueville was fortunate in his translators; the first having most truly presented his peculiarly close, lucid, and firm style in its English dress; and the latter, who is I believe a young lady well known in literary circles, being equally happy, in her graceful rendering of the more flowing and unlaboured tone of his familiar letters.

hat of *Napoléon le grand*, the symbol before alluded to, which was the real recipient of the millions of votes that elected the inheritor of its renown.

The election itself created no very powerful sensation. France in the abstract was glad to have escaped—not from General Cavaignac, but from the red cap of "the Terror," the emblem so gratuitously and unfairly considered as his. The success of the new Bonaparte was hailed with joy, as a guarantee against communism, socialism, and their dreaded accessories. But scarcely any one seemed to care for *him* one way or another. And I was on all hands assured he was but a very ordinary sort of warming-pan, so to say, for whoever might be permanently chosen to power; and that he could be easily put aside and thrown over, by any of the rival parties, in a week.

With these undervaluing estimates in my mind, and fresh from associations of republican elections and "accidental" presidents themselves in the United States, I really felt, as I entered the unpretending vestibule and *salons* of the Élysée, somewhat as if I had been going to shake hands for the first time with John Tyler or James K. Polk, in the White House at Washington.

We arrived rather early. The President was without company. Two or three officers of his

household, like himself "in citizen's dress," as they would say in America, were with him. We were received with little formality, quite in the style of private life. The introduction was the simplest possible; and almost immediately the President entered into conversation in the most familiar and unstudied manner. Count Molé, Odilon Barrot, and one or two others of the ministers soon came in. Lord Normanby and my diplomatic companion joined them, and I stood alone with the President, replying to a few of his questions as to my intended stay in Paris, and some general observations on the then state of things.

It is impossible for me to recollect now how it was that the conversation became more animated; that it *warmed*, as I may say. More than twelve years have elapsed. I took no notes—though I did take note—of what passed, for I had no intention of recording it, even for private information or amusement. Had I then contemplated the preparation of such a book as this, I certainly would have taken down many of the words of that evening, uttered by one whose high position made him even then a portion of the public property, and who must now expect to have his lightest sentences remembered and quoted. But still, on the occasion I speak of, he

was entitled to the reserve due to a person in private life; and no expression which might possibly have fallen from him, derogatory to his station or damaging to his character, should be suffered to pass beyond the walls of his residence. No advantage should be taken of his condescension to the disservice of his reputation, nor should he be actually converted into "capital," either political or personal.

The first of his observations that struck me sufficiently to remain in my memory to this day, was his anxious wish to maintain order, and calm down the popular effervescence, to the study of what was really for the national advantage. There was considerable earnestness in his manner; and he spoke with a degree of openness, relative to some things then publicly going forward, that struck me as a great contrast to his reputed reserve, and also to his physiognomy and personal bearing.

I scarcely know how it happened, or on which side the subject was started, but the conversation turned rather suddenly on the danger the President was supposed to run, by his careless exposure to the possibilities of assassination, by riding out almost unattended, driving about, and frequently walking in the most crowded places, without the slightest escort or any precaution

whatever, more than the most obscure individual might take, which really meant taking none at all.

"On this hint he spake"—and it would be difficult for me to convey the deep and powerful effect he produced, by what he said and the way he said it. His tone was calm and emphatic. It did not harmonize with the notion of the extemporaneous utterance of newly-started thoughts; but rather that of deliberate conviction on a well-considered theme. He did not throw the subject off with flippant carelessness, with haughty bravado, or assumed scorn. He disposed of it as a lecturer might do delivering a moral essay to his listeners, taking a philosophic view of the question, and treating it at its real value.

He said, in the first place, that "he deserved no credit for his apparent bravery in running those supposed risks, for he apprehended none. He had done nothing to provoke assassination. He had committed no public offence to justify or excuse it. He had been freely chosen by several departments to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, without solicitation or canvass on his part. He had come forward as a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, as he had a perfect right to do. He had been chosen by a large majority, without the possibility of any undue influence on his part, for that of the government was

notoriously, and as a matter of course, employed against him. He had had no opportunity of misdirecting the power the nation had conferred on him, nor of creating even individual much less party hatred. In short, he had no reason to dread assassination nor to take any precautions against it; for though innocence of all political crime was no guarantee against the violence of a fanatic or a madman, it still lessened to the lowest degree the chances against any attempt by such persons."

"But even if the intention to assassinate me existed," continued he, "how could I guard against the attempt? A pistol-shot might reach me even if surrounded by guards, or a dagger here in my own house."

The fact that I myself was standing within a foot of him at the time struck me as a forcible illustration of his reasoning; and I think he saw the smile that I could not repress, and understood the thought that provoked it, for he said good-humouredly that he "did not suspect me."

He alluded to the many abortive attempts to destroy those whom he did not call his predecessors (though he might have done so boldly), Napoleon and Louis Philippe; of the Infernal Machine, and the not less diabolical instrument of Fieschi. He seemed pleased to dwell on the

subject, and enlarged on it, with the confidence of a man who speaks of dangers he is never likely to be exposed to. He did not say in express terms that "he walked under a star," that "he had a mission to fulfil," that "he was protected by his destiny," or any such like words as I have heard attributed to him. He did not make any laboured profession of faith in fatalism. But assuredly the impression he made on me was that he felt himself safe from the murderer's hand, that his doom was not to be so effected, that he had a duty to carry out—perhaps, he said, a part to play—that was his best safeguard, and that he felt certain of fulfilling it, or words which bore that meaning, followed by much more that I do not pretend minutely to recollect. But the whole effect of this conversation was, that I felt myself in the presence of no ordinary man; that all the vulgar notions—my own previous ones among them—of his mediocrity were erroneous; that he had a vigorous brain, a powerful will, and a brave heart; that he believed himself to be the inheritor of all his uncle's rights, and *wrongs;* that he was bent on his purposes to their utmost extent; and that he would never yield up the position he then held but with his life.

These opinions, so formed, I mentioned, nearly word for word as I now write them, to the circle

which I joined on leaving the Élysée Bourbon. I very often repeated them to various friends. I was quite prepared for and not one bit surprised by the whole series of events and acts which rapidly succeeded that epoch, to make up the consecutive phases in the career of Louis Napoleon.

Having had this glimpse into the nature of this remarkable personage, I may perhaps be pardoned if I presume, on certainly very insufficient data, to form some notion of his leading impulses, and the feelings by which they may be worked; as many, including the late Count Cavour, an illustrious precedent, have done before me. The speculation is irresistible, even if, like most others, it should end in failure.

Louis Napoleon has pronounced himself to be a *parvenu*. But he knows himself to be the son of a king, the nephew of an emperor and great conqueror of kings and emperors, and that he was born in the regal palace where he now reigns an absolute monarch. The affected avowal of upstartism had no real meaning. It was made to answer a purpose and produce an effect; but it could not have proceeded from a consciousness of inferiority. Louis Napoleon knew then, and he knows still better now, that he is the equal of the greatest sovereigns, and that he is able and entitled to meet them foot to foot, and at least

to hold his own with them. It may, according to the popular adage, take three generations to make a gentleman; but one is enough to make a king.

But he is, moreover, aware that he owes his present greatness to the traditional enthusiasm for that of his uncle. He is therefore most probably imbued with the belief that he is bound to make him his model in as far as he can. He is satisfied, as every one must be, that the great Napoleon's leading ambition was the glory of France incorporated with his own. He may therefore be impressed with the conviction that that also should be *his* first object. He no doubt cherishes the injunctions of the letter addressed by Napoleon to his nephew and intended heir (the brother of Napoleon III.) and dictated by the very delirium of inflated pride: "Never forget that in whatever position you are placed by my policy and in the interest of my empire, that your first duty is towards me, your second towards France. All your other duties, even towards the people I may confide to you, come only afterwards."

Napoleon the First erected an empire on the ruins of a republic, which had its foundation on the remnant of a monarchy. If Napoleon the Third felt that a like exploit was to be his first

mission, he fulfilled it. The limits of the first empire were preposterous; they collapsed from their immensity. But there were certain boundaries which were considered and called "natural." To have secured them was an object dearer than life to Napoleon the First. To recover them is no doubt the leading passion of Napoleon the Third. He has not his Uncle's impetuosity, but he has shown in some cases equal firmness. He works more slowly, but perhaps more surely. He has already obtained "the slopes of the Alps." He unquestionably longs for, aims at, and will if possible recover "the banks of the Rhine." The former boundary carried Savoy as an incident; the latter includes Belgium as a corollary.

Napoleon the First waged war with Austria and Russia. He encountered and defeated them on their own ground. Napoleon the Third has done the same, aided by England in the one case, by Piedmont in both, but he was decidedly the most prominent actor in each. The uncle overran Lombardy, and when on the high road to Vienna in the campaign of 1797 he stopped suddenly short, and made the apparently humane and magnanimous peace of Campo Formio. The nephew played precisely the same game against the same adversary in 1859, halted in the career

of victory, and patched up the treaty of Villafranca. The true cause of the first of those transactions was the failure of the Directory to reinforce General Bonaparte with the promised Army of the Sambre and Meuse. The fear of Prussian hostility and the "Quadrilateral" was the cause of the latter. It was caution, but by no means benevolence that prevailed in both cases, and produced the same results; and be it remembered that, in each, Venice was mercilessly abandoned to the cruel yoke of Austria. Napoleon bided his time, and subsequently looked as conqueror into the very gates of Vienna. Does Louis Napoleon fore-covet a like triumph one day? Peace was always on the lips of each while the sword was in their hands; from *la paix à l'épée il n'y a qu'un pas.*

The episode of Egypt was enacted soon after the peace of Campo Formio. It was short and decisive. Syria was the scene of Bonaparte's first failure in 1799. It came again into play this present year, 1861; and though it does not present a parallel case, there is a certain family likeness worthy of notice. The French were again in Syria. English valour, in the person of Sir Sydney Smith, forced one Bonaparte to withdraw from those eastern shores for ever. The resolute attitude of England again this very year

sounded the note of departure for the army of another Bonaparte, from territory where France must not plant a permanent footing. The Suez canal question of last century has been succeeded by a formidable scheme for another in the present. But political any more than historical parallels should not be pushed too far. Let Napoleon III. take warning in this case, as he has in others, by the failure of Napoleon I.

The next great move of the latter after his return from Egypt was his overthrow of the Directory and the Council of Five Hundred, and his assumption of absolute power. It was then he became a mark for the hands of murderers, and that mechanical appliances were brought into their service for his destruction. Louis Bonaparte overthrew *his* republic, seized on the supreme authority, and in his turn became the object of political vengeance. The infernal machine of St. Rejant had its counterpart in the diabolical grenades of Orsini. The escapes in each case were miraculous. But the impressions made by each on the two Bonapartes must have been widely different. In the first instance, the First Consul was in his carriage with only one companion, General Lannes. He might well think lightly of the innocuous explosion. In the second, the Emperor had beside him his young and lovely

wife, as well as attendant officers. It is said that the terrific atrocity by which it was attempted to destroy, not only him but her who was most dear to him, made a deep and serious change in the frame of his mind, on the very subject of attempted assassination which has been the text of this chapter, and that he has felt far differently from what he did before his life and hers were put into that joint and fearful peril, and as he felt when he escaped from the bungling aim of Pianelli. Nothing is more probable. The sound of a pistol shot is nothing so very startling. When the bullet has passed carelessly by, it seems as if it

"Whistled as it went, for want of thought."

If it has any effect, it is rather exciting than depressing. A man may hear it again, and again, and think less of it each time. The ear gets accustomed,—

"More Irish and less nice,"

if an Irishman may make the quotation. But the bursting of those devilish bombs—no matter what their shape or how the explosion is produced, has something so treacherous, so cowardly, so mean in it, as to leave a horrid feeling on the mind of him who has escaped, with a dear-loved woman by his side, whose danger causes a shock a thousandfold worse than his own. No matter

what may have been the misdoings of a man so placed, we cannot avoid sympathizing with and feeling for him.

The chief aim of Napoleon the First's ambition, after humiliating the great continental Powers, was the defeat of England. Prussia was included in the first category. Her turn has not come round in the present generation. But the ominous convivialities and bland professions at Compiègne, the other day, ought to carry their warning with them. England escaped altogether the threatened dangers of the last. Let her be well-prepared now, as she was then, to meet whatever may betide.

Hatred of England, on mere grounds of national rivalry, was Napoleon's notorious passion. It broke out in every word and act throughout his whole career. How does Louis Napoleon view her? What are his real sentiments, his private thoughts, his secret desires? *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*, was the favourite maxim of a former sovereign, who knew England well but did not love her, as he plotted and planned, in his gloomy closet at the Escurial, the prodigious armament destined for her invasion. The Emperor, "our near neighbour and good ally," has as yet manifested no hostility to the country where he found shelter and a home, and from

which he led the celebrated expedition which was meant to overthrow Louis Philippe, and put himself in his place. But he is supposed to have avowed himself to be the destined avenger of his uncle's downfall and death. He may consider himself to be the incarnate Nemesis which is to bring destruction on the race his immortal namesake suffered under. He may hope to visit the sins of the fathers on the children—or the grandchildren. He can afford to wait, if delay is sure to bring the threatened *dénoûment.*

I speak of *on dits,* of public conjecture, and private speculation. But I confess myself to be not one of those who view the present Emperor's character and projects in that light. He may, to a certain degree, resolve to emulate and imitate the renowned relative whose dynasty has been revived from political death in his person. In many leading points his policy must be the same, as far as his position is identical. But there are some so widely different, that there is no reasoning *à priori* for his following the same course, or acting on the same principles, in all cases. He may well be supposed to pause and reflect on those differences, and ask himself, "How would my uncle have acted if he were placed as I am?" As a good translator of a great author studies to choose such words as the original would have

been likely to have used, had he written in the language into which his thoughts are transferred, so may Napoleon III. strive to frame his policy according to what his uncle would have done were he living and reigning to-day, under the existing circumstances of our time. It is true that he shared in the contemporary ignorance of his country with regard to English character, resources, and power. He believed that France could subdue her. He prepared an armament, and really intended to invade her. He lamented, in his latter years, that he had not made his great attempt on Ireland instead of Egypt. He even went so far as to say that England was merely an island, naturally intended as an appanage of France. Was he not sufficiently disabused of those exaggerated errors? And would he not have found his best policy now to be that which actuates his nephew, an alliance, if not quite a solidarity, with England?

Be that as it may, I may repeat that historical or personal parallels ought not to be pushed too far. For even admitting that the Napoleon of to-day fashions his general policy on that of the Napoleon of yesterday, it is not to be imagined that one so acute, clear-seeing, and deep-thinking is recklessly resolved to carry his imitation insanely to all lengths—to undertake, for instance,

a crusade against Russia, or a descent on England. Louis Napoleon is not a man to attempt the impossible. His uncle was such a one, and what was the consequence? His fate is written; and is his successor the only one who cannot read it?

The great difference between the two Napoleons is, that the first was a soldier by vocation as well as education. The third is not one in either sense. He chose to put himself nominally at the head of his army for a special service. He adopted a trade, but was not trained to a profession. He became a master without having served an apprenticeship. He made a short campaign and fought a couple of battles. But that was not enough to make a warrior; and, fortunately for the world which is so much under his influence, not enough to give him that infatuated love of war which was his uncle's most marked and most fatal passion.

The design of the present Emperor of the French may be to hold out indications of a wish, if not exactly a plan, to invade England, for the purpose of concealing other views. The old flotilla of Boulogne of former days was, after all, but a blind to hide the design which ended in the campaign of Alexandria, the Pyramids, and Aboukir. The enormous preparations at Cherbourg to-day, the construction of "La Gloire,"

and other iron-sided ships fit only for the Channel service, may have no purport of actual hostility against our shores. The vast expense of our naval and land defences may have been forced on us by our neighbour, to cripple our finances, as he has so seriously crippled his own, and disable us from subsidizing other Powers, as we did of old, when the predestined force of France is let loose against them. Who knows? These are but conjectures, of as much worth perhaps as others. Where are the proofs? Where the accomplished facts, of whose "inexorable logic" we hear so much of late?

Every one nowadays forms his own theory about eminent men; I have mine about Louis Napoleon. I consider him to be, in his own despite, whether he likes it or not, indissolubly allied to England, by policy, interest, and necessity,—almost by fate itself. Separated from, opposed to, and at war with her, I consider him lost. Joined with her, he can accomplish everything his loftiest ambition should desire.

In the West or the East, in Europe, Asia, or America,* France and England combined are

* While these pages are passing through the press (December 1861), and in the midst of the fierce conflict raging in the disrupted states, the Federal Government, still absurdly calling them "United," is, I have good reason to believe,

able to regulate the world. Whenever they make common cause together they are sure to triumph; witness the Crimea and China. When opposed in policy, what is the consequence to France? Look at Italy. Did Napoleon imagine or desire its unity? Assuredly not. He wished to see it free, from the Alps to the Adriatic—free from Austrian influence, to sink under his own. Baffled in his intention of placing one cousin in Tuscany, another in Naples—two vassal kings in the style of his great prototype—see how he now submits to the glorious policy of England, which raises by moral aid alone a new Italian empire, out of a chaos of misrule, in defiance of Austrian hate, French

essaying the forlorn hope of creating an estrangement between France and England, and offering to the Emperor the wild chances of a conquest in Canada, as the price of that suicidal policy. A bigoted priest, a used-up politician, and a superannuated soldier, are supposed to be the emissaries sent, in this desperate emergency, from Washington to Paris. The deliberate outrage on the British flag in the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, from the "Trent," Royal Mail Steamship, following on many minor affronts, was chosen as the touchstone for English forbearance. Could England be forced into a war, and France seduced into an alliance, the infatuated Federals hope for some favourable result, to redeem the dishonour of their arms and their financial embarrassments. Unless I grossly mistake the Imperial policy (and it is possible that I may) the trio of Yankee intriguers will recross the Atlantic *re infectâ*, or leave their bones in Europe, as a monument of their futile mission.

jealousy, and German envy. Napoleon III. spoke but the truth when he proclaimed her freedom from mountain to sea. He fixed no date for the consummation of his fiat; but Rome and Venetia will surely follow the career of the parts already disenthralled, to make one national whole. Curbed by the entanglements of religious bigotry, or dynastic factions at home, Napoleon III. may falter in his Italian policy. He may possibly meet the fate of a mechanic caught in his own machinery, or an alchemist blown up by his fulminant compounds. But he cannot make the sun of liberty stand still, nor stop the tide of civilization.

And in connection with this all-absorbing question, another remarkable analogous trait in the conduct of the two Napoleons is involved, in the intricate point which now agitates the political and religious world, and keeps Italian unity in check—the question of the temporal power of the Pope. The clergy of the Romish church, in every degree of the hierarchy, have always been a thorn in the side of French sovereigns, and many of the latter have powerfully repelled the interdicts and anathemas of Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops. The style in which the first Napoleon treated the contemporary Pius of his reign is fresh in the minds of all readers. The way in

which Napoleon III. is managing Pio Nono is patent to the whole world this moment. The trenchant settlement of the former difficulties has been a warning, rather than an example, for the arrangement of those of to-day. *Festina lente* is the appropriate motto of the present dispute. But the various parties concerned have reached *le commencement de la fin.* Leaving the tangled knot to be untied by the Roman Catholic conclaves, in which Protestant states can scarcely be entitled to intrude, though England (as well as Russia) did formerly do so, and effectually, in the interest of Pius VII., it is far more important to us to see, and to believe, that the example of English character and conduct possesses an irresistible influence over Louis Napoleon. The best result of it is the certainty that he must, step by step, fall into constitutional paths, and become, in due and not distant course, the liberator of his people from the yoke they put into his hands to place on their own necks. He is already launched on the current that will carry him and them to free institutions, free trade, commercial intercourse, representative government, and limited monarchy. It is not possible that such a people as the French, after seventy years of struggle, can remain long enslaved. A thousand of despotism ended in a wild burst of liberty, so terrible in its shock

that its very memory frightened the sons of those who achieved it. But, on the other hand, eighteen years of constitutional freedom under Louis Philippe taught those sons the value of what they possessed, and which they only yielded up for awhile, to save themselves from the chance of imagined republican horrors, but which they will surely reclaim from him to whom they entrusted it for safe keeping, and who is this very moment preparing to give back the pledge.

There is one feature in Louis Napoleon's career which has a different expression in my eyes from that ascribed to it by observers in general. I allude to his two attempts to invade France, and seize by force what he considered his inheritance. There was, no doubt, something rash and romantic in the affairs of Strasbourg and Boulogne. They seemed but feeble parodies on the heroic return from Elba. They failed; and that was enough to stamp them as absurd, wrong, criminal, no matter what. Success, we all know, constitutes right, wisdom, virtue, no matter how. Those who laughed at the tame eagle of Boulogne could applaud the *coup d'état* at Paris. I confess myself to be affected differently. I can certainly smile at the first, but even now I still shudder at the latter. But Louis Napoleon, in laying his schemes, and choosing his ground,

knew the people he had to deal with. They are the most theatrical, but not the most dramatic in the world. The *mise en scène* of a piece is to them as important as the plot. Had the eagle been lucky enough to make its perch on the column, the *coup de théâtre* would have been as much a *grand succès* as the *coup d'état*. But it was those former failures that paved the way to that subsequent success. By putting forward his claim, and making two dashing efforts to sustain it, the pretender kept himself and it alive in the public mind. He saved himself from the crushing fate of absence and obscurity; and, in his very nothingness, he upheld his resolve to become, one day, something, much more than the world believed possible. Pluck and luck are the main elements of military and political success. The bravest man may fail in an attempt. The most fortunate may want courage to profit by his chance. If men are generally the creatures of circumstances, they are sometimes the creators of the circumstances that control them. Placed in the world by a great regulating power, man is the mainspring of the intricate works he keeps in motion. No one was ever a more manifest illustration of the fact than Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. On his present height, he should not be judged by the rules which apply to a

lower level; neither should he be moved by the dwarfed motives of inferior men. It is by proving himself really above them that he may acquire his right to the title of greatness. That does not mean alone elevation and strength, but also largeness, expansion; and no man is great, whatever be his power, unless his views are broad and generous.

Whatever may be now working in the depths of the Emperor Napoleon's inscrutable mind, whether the random speculations I have ventured to express turn out to be well or ill founded, England should be on her guard, ready for whatever may come, and prepared for all comers. No safe reliance can be placed on mere professions of faith, or probabilities of character, in him who swore to a constitution only to overthrow it; who makes war for an idea, or peace from a caprice; who proclaims enfranchisement while he plots annexations. But let the worst come to the worst; and if, blinded by the destiny he is said to invoke, he should dare to make war against England without provocation or just cause, what may be expected as the consequence? What has England to fear for the issue? She can look back with pride, and forward with confidence. When she lost her transatlantic world, she turned it by her wisdom into a source of un-

told wealth. Pouring into it from year to year the flood of her overabundant population, and with it arts, letters, science, and commerce, she has made it pay back her loss a thousandfold. In Europe, India, and China, plunging into war after war, not always with a scrupulous sense of right, but always with prodigious vigour, like a hunter bounding on his prey, and always coming out victorious. What has England to fear in a just and sacred cause, with her courage, wealth, and prestige? Even if the overpowering numbers of her menacing ally should assail her, would she have no auxiliary resources? Would Europe look on unmoved at her defeat? The instinct of personal safety would surely tell the nations that England's fall and France's triumph would entail their own inevitable ruin, one by one. They would league together in the common cause. A new alliance, holier than the last that impiously assumed the name, would assail and overwhelm offending France, and shatter its would-be demi-god to pieces. But even if that great confederacy of thrones and peoples were defeated, still England, holding in her hand, like hounds in leash, Socialism, Communism, and Republicanism, would surely let all loose on the brute despotism she fought against, trusting to Providence for the result. That would be, no doubt, anarchy. But

what of that, in such a case of supreme necessity? God made a world out of chaos; and he has power to form a new political creation if he sees good. If not, let mankind follow its destiny, which no man can foresee, but which HE will regulate, as it ought to be and as it *must*.

THE END.

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